FROM GETTYSBURG:

MY VIEWS ON BERLIN

BY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

The Saturday Evening POST

Dec. 9, 1961

20¢

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May YOU always
have an eagle in your pocket
... a turkey on your table
and Old Crow in your glass
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY
W. A. Gaines
FRANKFORT KENTUCKY
For 126 holiday seasons it has been traditional to give and serve
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- *the bourbon more people prefer to any other*

OLD CROW HOLIDAY PUNCH

Place a block of ice in a large punch bowl. Pour over it one bottle (fifth) of Old Crow. Old Crow is the *essence* of this punch. The whole taste hangs on it. Now add, without dilution, one can *(6 oz.)* of frozen lemonade concentrate and one can *(6 oz.)* of frozen orange juice concentrate. Add *⅓ cup* of red maraschino cherry juice and a large bottle of sparkling water (more, if desired). Stir. Garnish as illustrated. Serves 20 people.

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...use Listerine, at once!

PROOF! In medically-supervised 12-year tests with 3,000 people, those who gargled Listerine twice daily had shorter, milder colds than those who did not.

The first sign of a cold is a warning signal. Germs can swarm into action, increase a cold's miseries and make them drag on and on. But Listerine kills germs on contact, by millions... kills germs before they attack you.

No matter what else you take for a cold —aspirin, chest rubs, ordinary cough drops —remember, they do not kill germs because they're not antiseptic. But Listerine *is*. Listerine gives protection against colds infection.

LISTERINE® ANTISEPTIC—*always keep a bottle handy*

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East German cop looks Westward at freedom

My Views on Berlin. Former President Eisenhower comments on the perplexities the Western Allies face in the artificially divided, tension-filled German city—perplexities that originated at least as early as 1944. In the general's first Post article ("Now That I Am a Private Citizen," May 13, 1961) he wrote: "The task is to use the past and its experiences to help us peer more clearly into the future." His military experience in Europe during and after World War II, then as a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and later as commanding general of NATO forces, together with his eight years in the White House, uniquely qualify him "to use the past to help us peer into the future." "My Views on Berlin," the second of a series of articles the former President is writing exclusively for The Post, begins on page 19.

Author Jerry Ellison beseeching subjects

When Strangers Tour the U.S.A. Jerome Ellison, explaining the picture at left, writes us: "It was taken while I was working on the article at Idlewild Airport. On this story I followed 500 travelers and personally interviewed 200 in four languages. My title for this picture is 'Portrait of a Man Wasting His Breath.' I am trying to persuade 118 Irish housewives, just arrived in this country, to 'step this way for your Saturday Evening Post interviews.' No dice at the time, but I got many of them later." What do visiting foreigners think about America? For the answer, turn to page 68.

My Life With What's Left of Society. From Cleveland Amory, author of the best sellers The Proper Bostonians and Who Killed Society? (answer: publicity) comes an account of his attempts to "spread the culture" of Boston in the Far West—that is, anywhere west of suburban Dedham, Massachusetts. This needler of proper Bostonians and unproper unBostonians explains that "a good family is one that used to be better" (page 88).

Also: Nero Wolfe, without varying his daily routine of eating gourmet meals, reading learned books and tending the orchids in his roof garden, masterminds the investigation of a double murder (Kill Now—Pay Later, Part I of three, page 36). Hoffa, Reuther, Meany: three iron-willed men battling for power (The Fight for Rule of Labor, page 98). A story about the unusual rescue of a political prisoner (The Saint Who Said No, page 30).

The Cover. In quiet retirement at their Gettysburg farm after years in the public eye, General and Mrs. Eisenhower have naturally been reluctant to pose for pictures. Nevertheless, they agreed to let photographer Burt Glinn take this picture for the Post last summer. Although this is only the fourth photographic cover to be used on the Post since 1943, it is not so much of a departure from tradition as many readers might suppose. Our first photographic cover was on the issue of March 24, 1900, showing the statesmen involved in the 1876 election. Between 1937—when a color photograph first appeared beneath The Post's logotype—and mid-1943, forty-five such covers were published. That 1900 issue, incidentally, carried our twenty-first cover in the modern sense. This week's is our 3229th.

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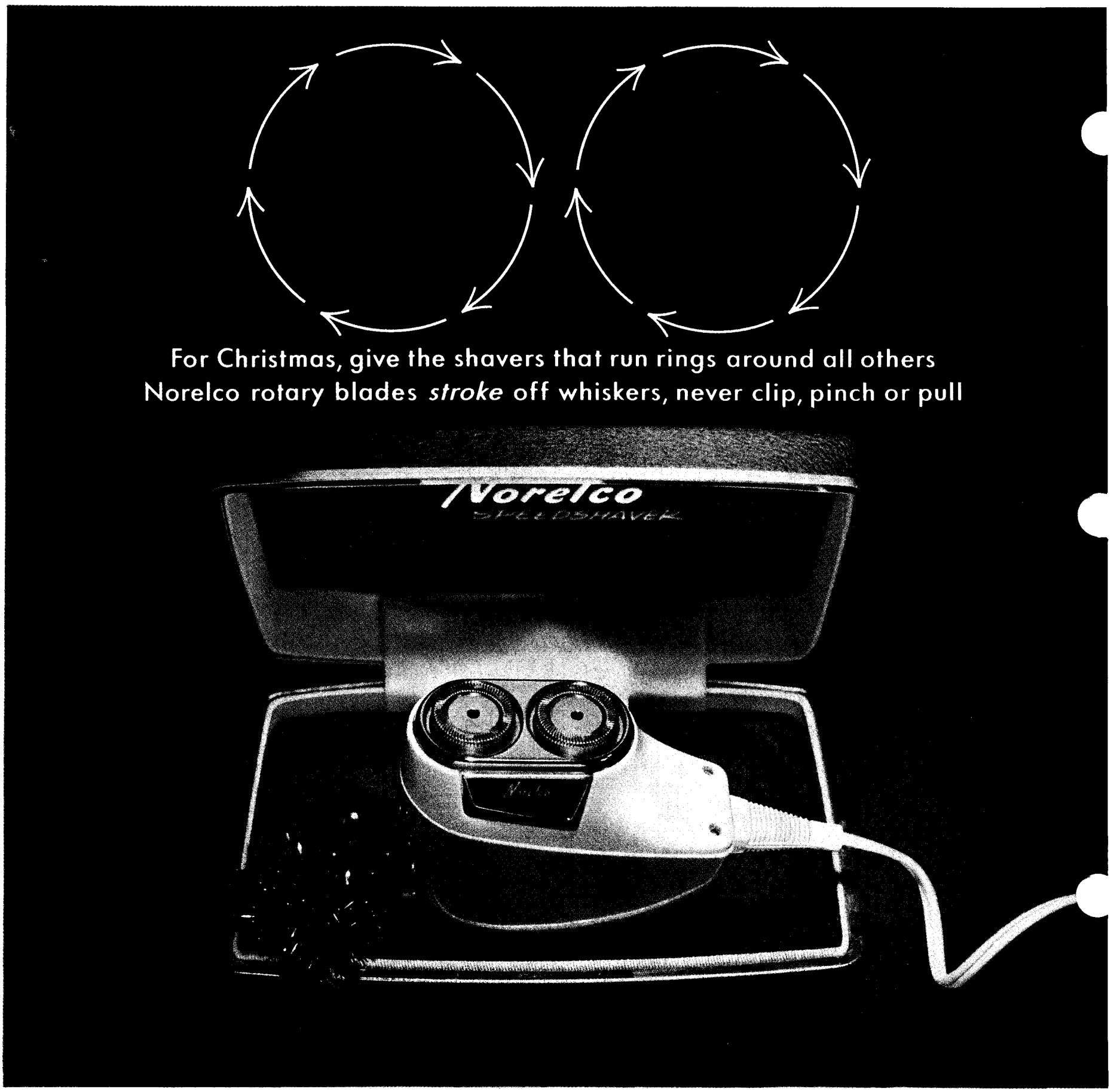

For Christmas, give the shavers that run rings around all others
Norelco rotary blades *stroke* off whiskers, never clip, pinch or pull

NEW 'FLOATING-HEAD' SPEEDSHAVER. Designed to *fit* the face, not fight it. Heads swivel automatically to follow every contour of the face. 110 or 220 volts, (AC/DC) adaptable to world-wide use. Deluxe travel case.

A great gift line of *Norelco* Rotary Blade Shavers...*for him...for her*

For pleasure on Christmas morning . . . and comfort every morning—give America's No. 1 Shaver—Norelco.

Here is no old-fashioned shaver that pinches off whiskers. That sort of back-and-forth ⇐⇒⇐⇒⇐⇒ clipping action went out when Norelco introduced rotary blades.

Norelco's rotary blades go round and round ↻ ↻ to *stroke off* whiskers—smoothly, cleanly and, above all, comfortably. They whirl in one continuous motion to give the most comfortable shaves a man's face has ever known.

The 'floating-head' Speedshaver has a powerful motor that adjusts automatically to the density of the beard. Nothing to set by hand. And all Norelco Speedshavers have 'flip-top' or side vents that pop open to get rid of whisker dust instantly.

The great gift line of Norelco Shavers (see opposite page) includes rotary-blade comfort for the ladies, too, in the attractive Lady Norelco and the petite Coquette. Feminine grooming never was so delightfully comfortable before!

A Norelco Shaver is sure to please. It's the world's finest shaving instrument!

Norelco®
ROTARY BLADE SHAVERS

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Norelco is known as PhiliShave in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. Other products: Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

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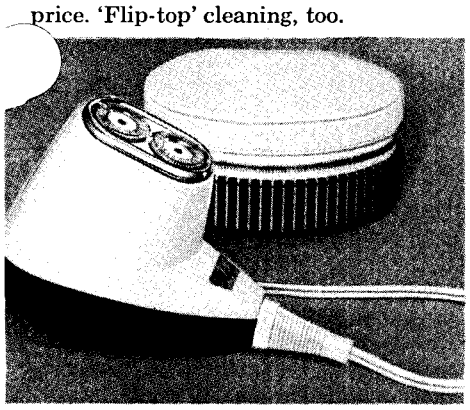
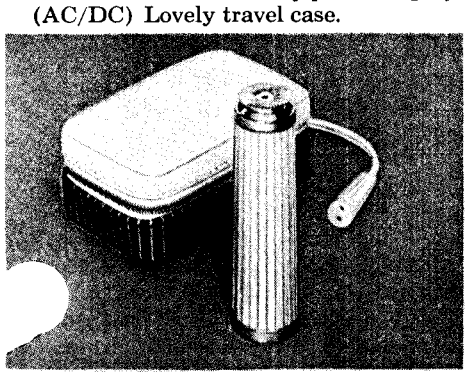
W NORELCO 'FLIP-TOP' SPEEDSHAVER.® World's largest selling electric shaver. Exclusive 'flip-top' cleaning. Popular price. (AC/DC) Deluxe travel case.

NORELCO SPORTSMAN. Pack the new shaver that packs its own power. Runs on two flashlight batteries tucked into handy travel case. Retractable cord. Attractive price. 'Flip-top' cleaning, too.



LADY NORELCO. The ultimate gift for particular women. Twin-head deluxe model. Can't nick or cut. In misty pink and gray. (AC/DC) Lovely travel case.



NORELCO COQUETTE. Pink, pretty, perfumed. New lipstick design makes it easy to use and carry. (AC/DC) Travel case.

LETTERS

THE LAND OF TV

Dear Sirs:

You may tout John Bartlow Martin as an experienced reporter, yet he sounds extremely amateurish in TELEVISION USA [Oct. 21–Nov. 11]. Yes, television is a medium of communication—and a very effective one—but let's let Mr. Martin in on a little secret: Television exists primarily, if not solely, for advertising, not for the entertainment of the populace. Entertainment and improvement are incidental. Television, in a word, is a modernization of the old-time barker at the country fair.

JAMES D. LANDSDOWNE
Lansdowne, Pa.

SINCE I AM A CARPETBAGGER, IT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MY DRAWL THAT DECEIVED JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN INTO MISQUOTING ME IN HIS INITIAL ARTICLE ON TV. I SPOKE OF THE "MASS" OF DAY-IN, DAY-OUT PROGRAMING. WISHFUL THINKING INDUCED SOME TYPESETTER TO TRANSPOSE IT INTO "MESS." ANXIOUS THAT JOHN'S MASS (WATCH IT, MEN) OF READERS UNDERSTAND THIS.

VICTOR A. SHOLIS
WHAS TELEVISION
LOUISVILLE, KY.

● *Author Martin says, "Mr. Sholis was indeed misquoted—though completely inadvertently. I originally corrected his quote in longhand, and 'mass' became 'mess' either through someone misreading my handwriting or through a typographical error. All inadvertency aside, though, I think Mr. Sholis might agree that what passes for a mass can very often be accurately described as a mess."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Is it any wonder that most U.S. television is poor if the following is a fair sample of the reasoning and attitude of the producers? You quote Mr. Oliver Treyz, president of A.B.C., as saying: "I would not be a party to urging families and children to buy whisky." He

then excuses his displays of violence by saying: "Violence is a fact of life. We live in a violent world."

While a relatively small proportion of your readers is violent, a much larger proportion uses whisky. Is not then whisky a "fact of life," and do we not live in a partly drunken world? If advertising whisky is bad, displaying violence must be much worse. Mr. Treyz wants it both ways. Was there ever such inconsistent reasoning?

M. W. BARRY
Guadalajara, Mexico

Dear Sirs:

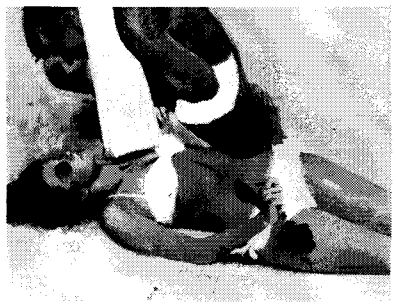
I am so sick and tired of all the acid comments on the great "wasteland" of television by "famous" writers like Mr. Martin and Government officials like Newton Minow. Did it ever occur to these men, and the many others who are so full of criticism, that there are millions of us who honestly and truly enjoy this great medium? We watch it to be entertained, which is its primary purpose, I believe. If we wanted to be educated, we'd go to night school. Granted, all the shows aren't superb and the commercials are sometimes obnoxious, but that's when I turn my set off.

MRS. A. A. DUPUIS
Glenview, Ill.

GIVING US A SHINER

Dear Sirs:

My wife and I are not prudes, but we are thoroughly disgusted and nauseated by the prone, nearly nude female figure [painted by Coby Whitmore] lying on



the sand in your November 4 issue, illustrating THE GIRL WITH A SHINER [by Steve McNeil].

C. H. WRIGHT
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If there were teen-agers in our home, those pages would be destroyed to prevent immoral suggestions.

FRANCESCA E. RUSS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Is such a picture as this of any benefit to anyone?

GUY G. WALLACE
Louisville, Ky.

● *We thought our "girl with a shiner" was about as pleasing an eyeful and as fully attired as many of the trim female figures we see at beaches and swimming pools these days.—ED.*

SOMEWHAT OVERDONE?

Dear Sirs:

I just read SPEAKING OUT: LET'S STOP OVERDOING by Frank Pakit. [Oct. 28]. I've been through Little League, Cub Scouts and P.T.A. committees and agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Pakit.

DOROTHY WITZENBERGER
Hicksville, N.Y.

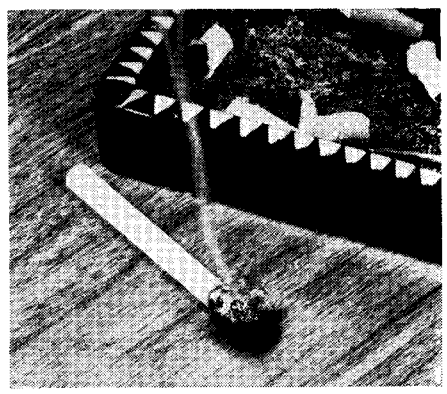
Dear Sirs:

Frank Pakit succeeded in sentencing himself with the very basis of his cry—that of *overdoing*. It would seem that somewhere along the way Pakit has become disgruntled with both Little League and the P.T.A., so he vented his frustrations not against his particular grievances but lashed out with encompassing generalizations in an effort to bring discredit upon the whole of each organization.

MRS. PHILLIP K. SMITH
Inglewood, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

We object to your criticism of Little League. . . . As parents of a Little Leaguer who works very hard to play his position, improve his batting average and reduce his fielding errors, we think this organization is doing much to



don't say "darn"...say

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Address packages, draw or letter on any surface.
8 fast dry colors.

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Trackless Cat Box Filler
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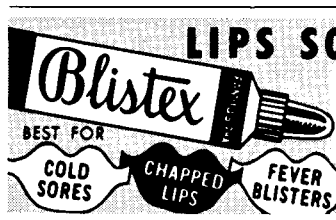
LIPS SORE?



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FEVER BLISTERS

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3-IN-ONE® OIL
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Wouldn't Dad strut this Christmas to have his name turn up on that handsome, quick-cooking THERMOS Camp Stove? (Burns any gasoline, and with inside fuel tank, it's always ready for instant use.) And Mom—wouldn't she love the luxury of a bedside beverage, kept iced or steaming all night long in a beautiful new THERMOS Vacuum Pitcher Set? On any gift, the THERMOS brand is a mark of quality; it means you're giving the finest. Choose from the host of magnificent accessories for smart living, indoors or out—"by THERMOS™".

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LETTERS

prepare our boy for other challenges to come. A healthy attitude toward competition is a step in the right direction.

EUGENE ARAMBEL
Williams, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Frank Pakit, have you ever experienced the sheer joy of watching your child's eyes sparkle when you told him you met his teacher at P.T.A.? . . . Do you know your school's legislative program? Are you acquainted with the members of your school board, and your school administrators? If not, the P.T.A. needs you!

MRS. CARL B. HOY
Vermillion, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

It should have been titled THE POT CALLS THE KETTLE. A few questions for Mr. Pakit:

Did you really see a bachelor's hideaway that "would cause an Arabian prince to sell seventeen of his palaces"?

Do you really think that if I serve Cornish hens at my cookout that you will be "obliged" to put up partridge and pheasant at yours?

Is it really true that "juvenile delinquency, our *favorite* horror story, is played up *without* restraint"?

Have we really raised our "cardiac and high-blood-pressure rates by seizing *every* fad to come along"?

Come now, Mr. Pakit. Let's stop overdoing. "Let's try relaxing and taking it a bit easier—shall we?"

JOHN BURGERS
Los Gatos, Calif.

FICTION PROBLEM

Dear Sirs:

Did I miss some hidden meaning behind the short story PROBLEM CHILD [by Robert Murphy, Oct. 14]? Or perhaps this story was meant for publication in *The Post*'s sister magazine *Jack and Jill*. The illustration of this story fails to arouse interest; but then what in the world could the poor illustrator have done with this piece of nothingness? May I suggest quality rather than quantity!

FRED MULLEN
Columbia, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

Recently our eleventh-grade college-preparatory English class read PROBLEM CHILD. . . . We are fascinated by what we consider to be one of the best satires since Orwell's *Animal Farm*. There seems to be some controversy over whether the author is satirizing juvenile delinquency or young nations of the world. Please enlighten us.

JACKIE SMALL
White Hall, Md.

● *Author Murphy says, "Most of these talking-animal stories are satirical, and they certainly are allegorical. People get different things from an allegory; some find juvenile delinquents, some find new nationalists, and some find that in dealing with bears and such, one gets farther by acting like Rafe than by running and hiding like rabbits."*—ED.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations! *The Post* has come up with a masterpiece. Certainly Bob Murphy's bit on the delinquent wolverine will go down as a classic piece of satire, unequaled in contemporary literature.

BOB ELGIN
Carlisle, Iowa

COVER DANCERS

Dear Sirs:

The Post's November 4 cover [below] by Thornton Utz may be a true picture of present-day dancing. But don't feel so sorry for the "paunchy, balding fellows"; they will get along. But what will happen to the rock-'n'-rollers when, at a comparable age, they attempt one of

their hectic come-to-me go-from-mes? After all, we older folks still have the waltz.

EINO E. ANNALA
Hood River, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Nothing could portray better the idiocy of the so-called dancing of today's younger generation. Here we see three grown-up couples dancing in the grace that is pleasurable to look upon and decent in every way; and they look with astonishment on the idiotic antics of the younger crowd.

ALFRED V. HOWELL
Sarasota, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Don't you know why those hipswinging rock-'n'-rollers dance that way? They have to. If they ever attempted a fox trot, waltz or any other dance that calls for skill and co-operation from a close partner, they would cripple each other.

GRACE MCDERMOTT
Washington, D.C.

YOUNG FRONTIERSMAN

Dear Sirs:

In your feature PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP [Nov. 4] you have, I suspect unwittingly—you may have had your tongue in your cheek—given us a really objective answer to the vital question of what's wrong with many of our foreign policies. Under the title RICHARD GOODWIN: YOUNG FRONTIERSMAN you classify him as the "29-year-old adviser on Latin American affairs" and "as President Kennedy's assistant special counsel, he helps frame such major programs as the Alliance for Progress."

His qualifications aside from "*summa cum laude* graduate of Harvard Law School" are further amplified by the revealing statement: ". . . despite his specialty, Goodwin cannot speak Spanish (you add most encouragingly, he is studying it now) and when appointed had never set foot in Latin America." I think you could render a real service to the public by giving us similar profiles on the other young foreign experts "on the way up."

A. C. RUBEL
Los Angeles, Calif.

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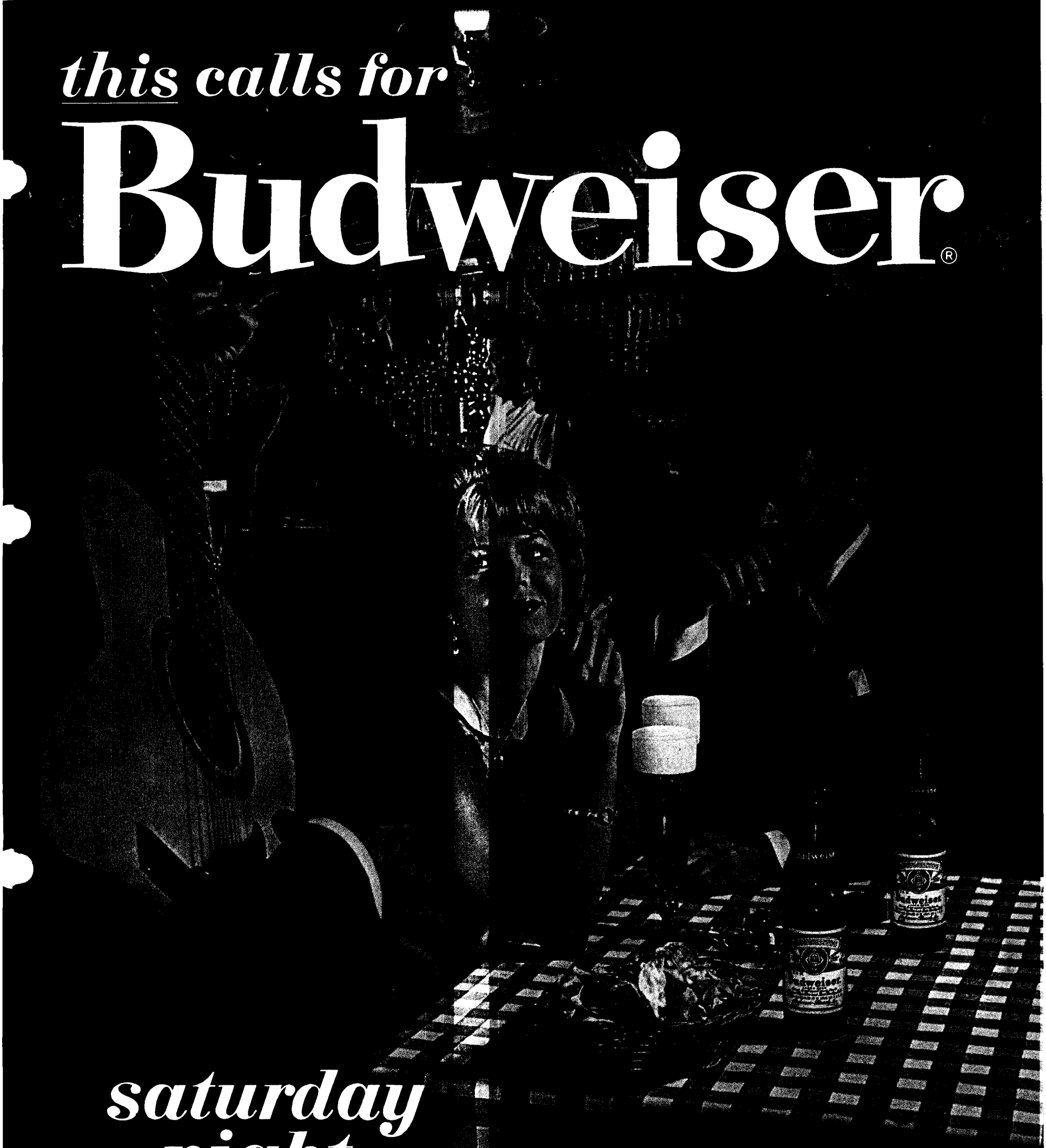

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"Readout" rear projector flashes answers to any circuit problems on translucent screen – completely documents alternate circuit conditions, suggests availabilities to keep communiqués flowing to their destinations with no delay.

Main "System Status" panel (above) features 8′ x 15′ edge-lighted world map. Green, yellow and flashing red bands indicate changing status of all message channels.

"Traffic Status" board visually indicates load on each communications circuit.

Control console provides push buttons to test availability of circuits whenever alternate message routing must be found. A Philco "2000" Computer is the brain center for routing computations on basic systems, including changing conditions of every circuit. It projects or prints circuit solutions immediately on demand.

Now the Defense Department actually sees the entire interconnected, world-wide armed forces communications system at a glance! Microwave, radio, telegraph, submarine cable, tropo-scatter—whatever the circuit—all the long-haul, point-to-point networks, terminals and control facilities anywhere have been consolidated by one central automatic control. Thanks to Philco engineering, Defense Department communiqués are guided to their destinations the fastest way.

A brilliance, depth and clarity never before achieved in a TV picture—that's the totally new viewing experience you get from the new Philco Cool-Chassis TV with "Vivid Vision." New circuitry and the exclusive Intensi-Tube give you for the first time the full range of contrast from absolute black through pure white, including all the important intermediate tones that create clarity and dimension. The patented Cool-Chassis construction insures longer TV life.

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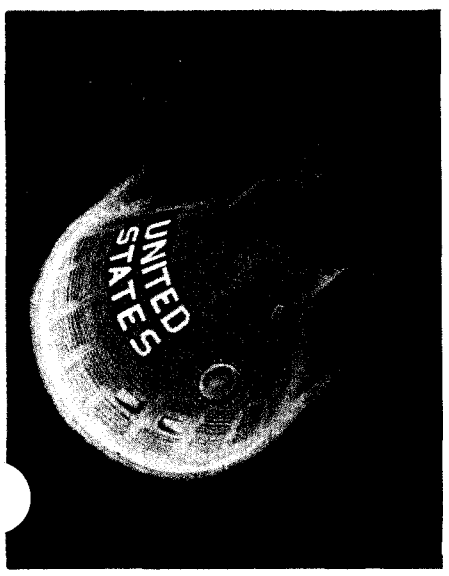
The Marshall Road family just bought TV's brightest picture . . . *and a new global communications control center!* | Philco ingenuity is responsible for both |

In their living room is a new television set with the latest example of Philco ingenuity — Vivid Vision! Because of advanced circuitry and a new kind of tube, what they see on their screen has the greatest brilliance ever. And that brilliance will last long after other pictures are gray and washed out.

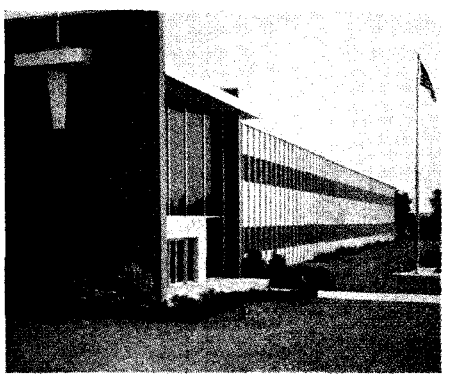
Another instance of Philco inventiveness is the new Defense National Communications Control Center in Arlington, Va. Here at one central point, world-wide communications can be guided to their destinations in the fastest way. This complex system was designed and installed by Philco in just 22 weeks in cooperation with DCA, the Defense Communications Agency.

Philco was chosen for this assignment because of its extensive research and development of advanced communications systems. The cost of government projects like the new control center is shared by the Marshall Rd. family and all Americans. And it is good to know that they got excellent value for their money. On a space project, a product for industry or a television set, the name Philco assures you of value and enduring quality. Philco Corporation, Philadelphia 34, Pennsylvania. In Canada: Philco Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.



When America's first astronauts were rocketed into space over the Atlantic earlier this year, Philco TechReps at various monitoring points were observing the space craft's attitude, pitch, roll, yaw, fuel, temperature and pressure, as part of the official NASA team. They were chosen for this important role because of the well-known excellence of this world-wide Philco division of technical experts.

Most hi-fi sets give you high fidelity so long as you have high volume, too; then when you tune it down for background music, that beautiful rich bass disappears. Now, thanks to Philco's new audio circuitry, your Philco stereo gives you full fidelity even at the low background-music level! You no longer have to shatter eardrums to get all the richness, all the nuances of the music you love.



Breaking new ground at the frontier of man's knowledge, Philco Research developed the sophisticated electronics of the Courier satellite, the highly advanced Philco 2000 computer, new techniques in "Pattern Recognition" that transform printing into electronic symbols. Present projects at Philco's new research center at Blue Bell, Pa., include space and satellite communications, microminiature electronic systems, unique television and radar screens and machines that make "human" decisions.

How do you get up to 3 cu. ft. more freezer space in the same size cabinet? Philco does it by using THINsulation instead of standard glass wool insulation. Made of foam, it's the most effective thermal barrier ever devised for a freezer. With far less bulk, it assures true zero temperature. The counter-high Philco freezer above is "flush fit," ideal for recessing with cabinets and cupboards.

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SPEAKING OUT

THE VOICE OF DISSENT

BASE

ISN'T OUR NATIONAL SPORT

By GEORGE PRESTON MARSHALL

George Preston Marshall has owned the Washington Redskins professional-football team for nearly three decades. In his time he has been an actor, stage manager, theater manager, theatrical director and the proprietor of a laundry in Washington, D.C.

Last October professional baseball once again went through its annual tribal ritual, the World Series, creating for a brief spell a lot of hoop-la, headlines and excitement. For the sake of the sport I was happy to see this. Baseball needs all the help it can get. The World Series does for baseball once a year what a routine schedule does for football every week during the fall.

Because of football's enormous growth in high schools, colleges and the professional ranks, I am compelled at this time to set the record straight. I want to proclaim in clear, pear-shaped tones that football has displaced baseball as the national sport.

I've suspected for years that baseball was cooked as the national pastime. What convinced me was a game I watched in Cleveland not long ago. The Indians used three relief pitchers. All were hauled in from the bull pen to the mound in an automobile. There are other parks, I am told, where jeeps and motor scooters are used for the same purpose. If a sport, desperate for a speed-up and gasping for pep, becomes dependent upon gasoline power, it is plainly no challenge to football as the national pastime. As baseball slows steadily, football gets livelier and more interesting every year. In addition, football has more impact on the American home than baseball, it's more important to the nation's economy, is more colorful and even has more sex appeal. Football leads to romance.

While I'm sure my opinion in the matter is unmistakably sound, my position isn't altogether neutral. For I am the principal owner of the Washington Redskins, a professional team in the National Football League. I bought the club in 1932 and operated originally in Boston. When my team did poorly at the box office there, I left and moved the franchise to Washington, D.C., in 1937. In Washington I've never had a losing season at the gate.

There have been many times in the last decade when I've felt like speaking out on the subject of baseball versus football as the national pastime. But I always restrained myself out of respect for the late Clark Griffith, who owned the Washington Senators. Mr. Griffith was a dear friend. He also was my landlord. I never wanted to hurt him by talking publicly against baseball. Nor did I want him to hurt me by kicking me out of his stadium.

The word "pastime" is defined by Webster as "that which amuses and serves to make time pass agreeably. . . ." It follows, therefore, that "national pastime" would be that sport or hobby amusing the most people in a nation, or occupying the greatest amount of their leisure time.

There was a long period when baseball filled the role. A "town" game then, it served as a rallying point for local citizens whose loyalty to the home team was unswerving. When Mighty Casey went down on strikes, sadness pervaded Mudville. Today most people in Mudville wouldn't be aware that Casey was on the team. Or, for that matter, that a team inhabited Mudville. Minor-league, or town, baseball is dead in most places, and its pulse is failing in others. People still interested in baseball switch on their TV sets and watch major-league games. They not only see better baseball but they see it free, and they are satisfied.

In 1961 there were only eighteen teams of consequence in America—the major leaguers—and they played in only sixteen cities. Baseball of lower quality was played in other communities, but in most cases the impact of these teams upon the public was scarcely noticeable. Baseball depends upon professionals to maintain its claim as the national pastime. In high schools, junior colleges and universities it doesn't measure up to football. So as the minor leagues diminish, baseball's case weakens.

Operating in a big way in only sixteen cities—it will increase to seventeen next year—baseball can't hope to hold its own against the combined forces of amateur and professional football, particularly now that pro football has grown so popular. This season radio and television will pay $615,000 to show the National Football League championship game, indicating how popular pro football has become.

Football began its ascent to the No. 1 spot shortly after World War II. By 1947 it was soaring like an Atlas missile. Baseball, meanwhile, began its decline in the late '40's. It would have fallen off sooner without night ball. This was a great aid until television changed the picture. The minor leagues, especially, were unequipped to fight this hungry new competitor. The shift of population to the suburbs didn't help, either. Football had to get the fans back into town only once a week. Baseball needed them every night. Subsequently the minor leagues got murdered. And football took its place as the national pastime about 1952.

Football's spectacular orbit into popularity isn't surprising when you examine the two games objectively. Football, to start with, is a sport that invades the American home at the high-school level. In one way or another the whole family becomes involved. Kids play the game, play in the band, twirl batons or cheer. Parents are quickly drawn into the act as exuberant, screaming fans. High school is where football has its roots.

At the college level football engenders social activities. A couple who live in Cleveland are invited by another couple in Columbus to see the Ohio State-Michigan game. There are cocktail parties, dinners and brunches. The girls buy new hats or suits. For baseball a woman will wear any old rag. For football she feels she ought to be chic. No sport should call itself the national pastime until it can sell a hat or a dress.

Football also sells mink coats, blankets, umbrellas and whisky, not to mention flowers, gasoline and airline tickets. It also rents hotel rooms by the thousands. People will travel great distances to see a football game. How many, for instance, would travel from Cincinnati to Los Angeles to see the Reds play the Dodgers?

Economically football surpasses baseball by far. Almost every high school and college has a stadium. A small city like Stockton, California, home of University of the Pacific, built a stadium not long ago that seats 36,000. And it is used by the college team only five or six times a year.

Equipment for football is expensive. It costs my club $40,000 a year. Uniforms for musicians are an added expense. And a band requires a conductor, an arranger, a librarian, a sound system and an

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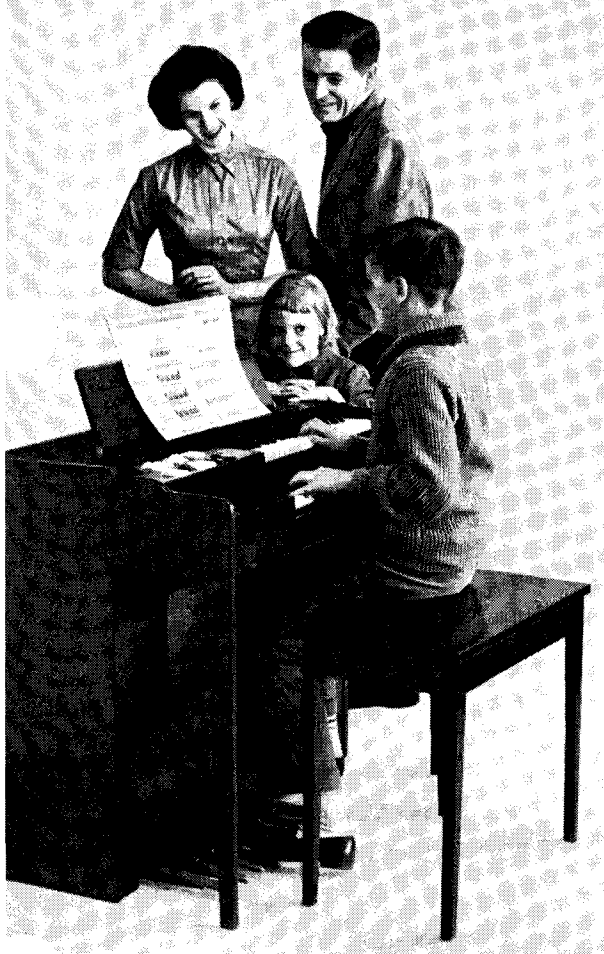

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And you'll delight in all the wonderful Lowrey features . . . *percussion* . . . *natural reverberation* . . . *the exclusive* Lowrey Glide, which lets you duplicate such sounds as ıwaiian guitar, slide trombone, string glissando . . . plus ɔwrey's incomparable variety of instrumental voices.

New Lowrey Lincolnwood 25. A complete full-console organ at a spinet price. Two 61-note keyboards, 25-note pedalboard, three self-contained speakers. Only **$1995.**

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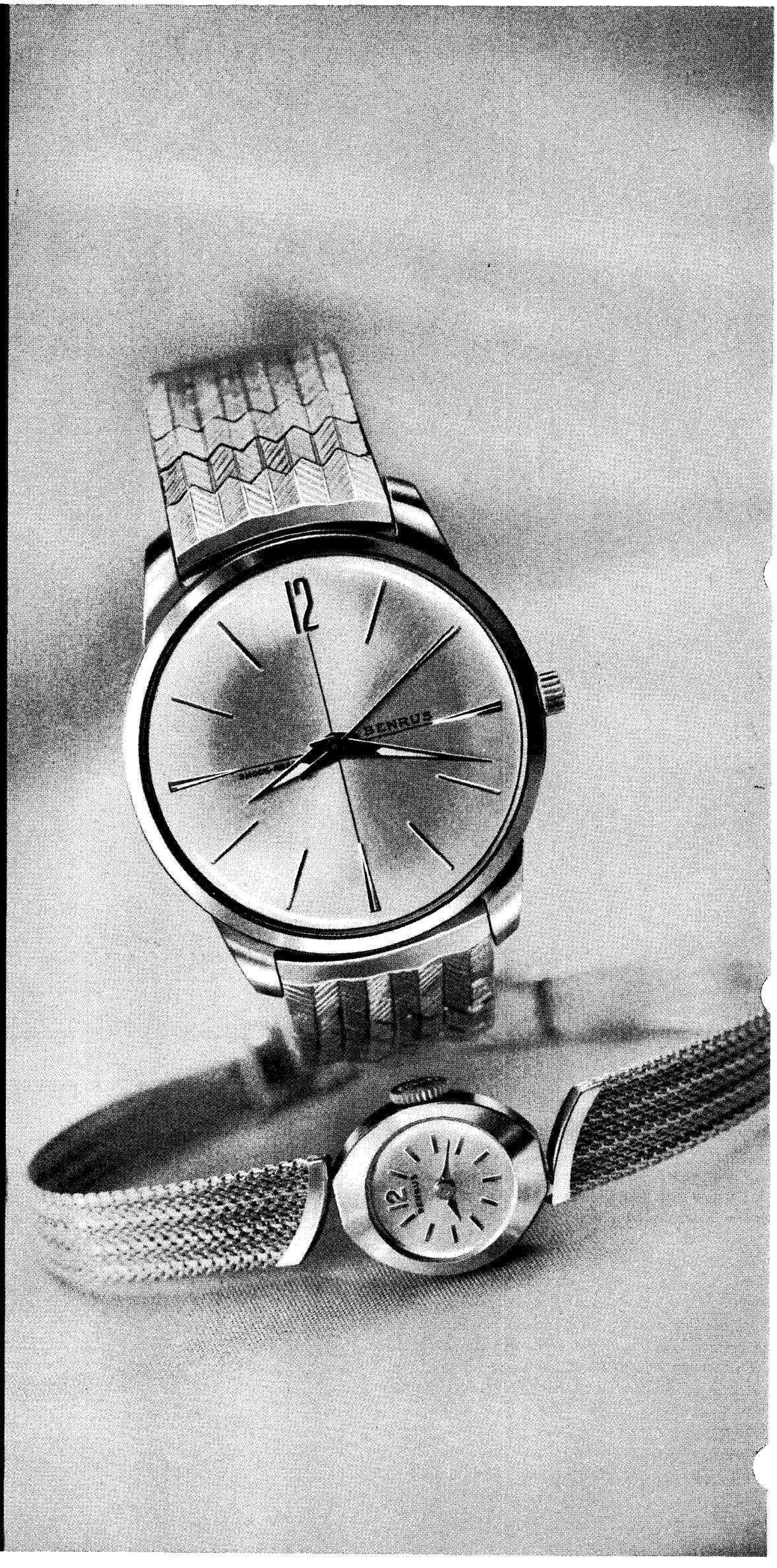

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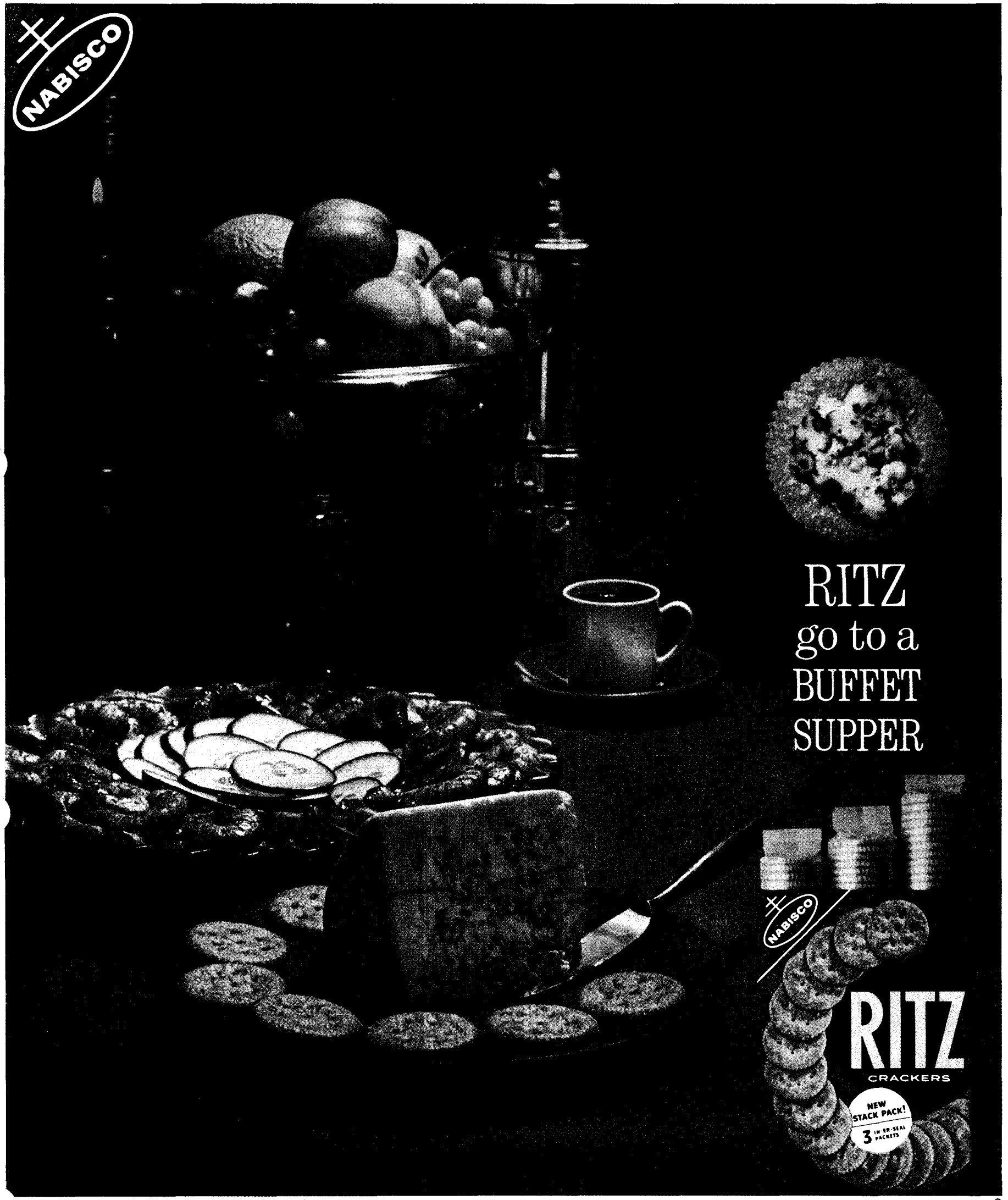

The setting is candlelight. The entree is shrimp in garlic butter. Dessert: fruit and bleu cheese. The crackers can only be Ritz. That distinctive Ritz flavor... rich Ritz crispness (*kept* crisp in each exclusively sealed, moisture-proof Stack Pack). Yes... the crackers can *only* be Ritz.®

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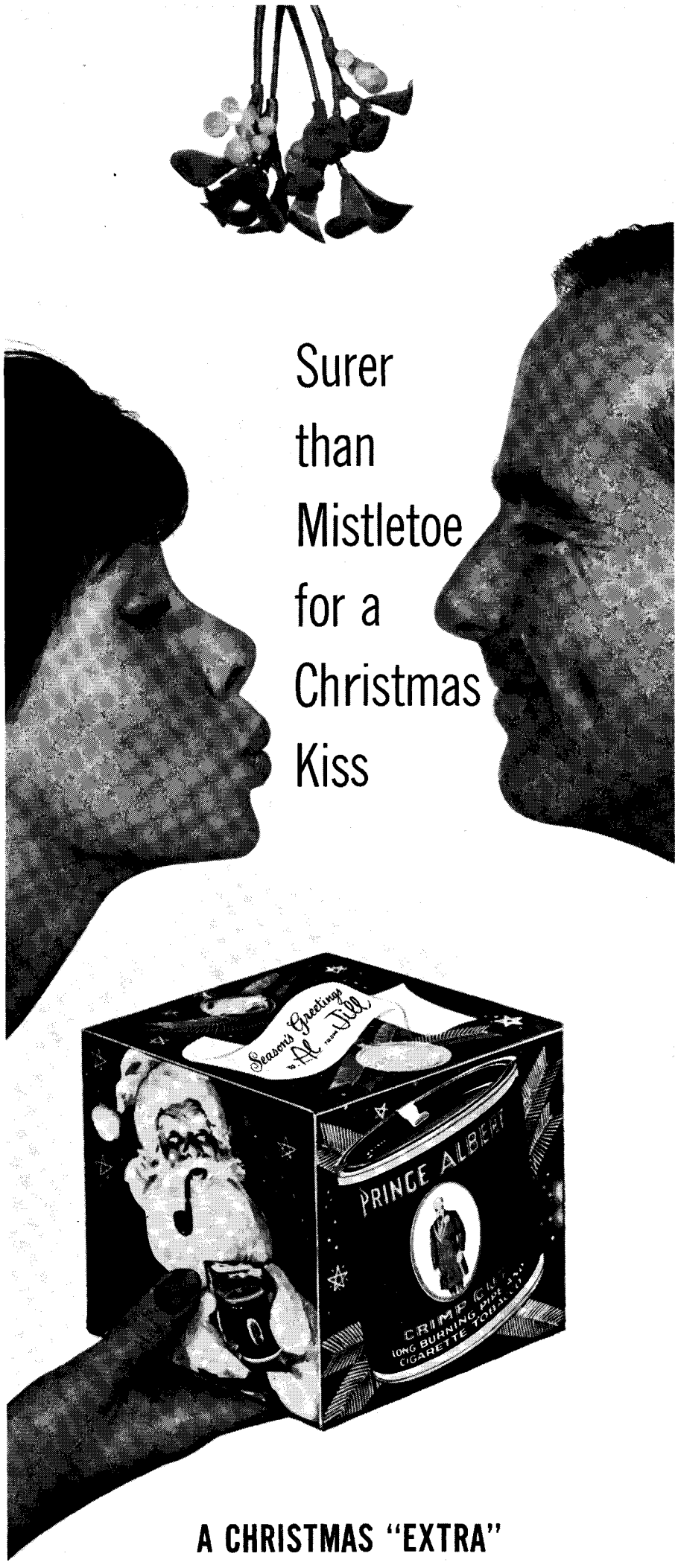
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SPEAKING OUT

engineer, all with salaries. Instruments are costly. When a Big Ten band steps onto the field, you're looking at thousands of dollars' worth of tubas alone.

But there are more than commercial values to football. The game fosters romance. If you gathered statistics, you would probably find that thousands of courtships begin with postgame dances or pregame rallies.

On the playing field baseball is a bloodless, unemotional spectacle compared to football. The very nature of the football uniform is exciting. It suggests the gladiator—man-to-man combat. Baseball is mostly a jawing contest. There is usually chronic bellyaching on the field. The spectator wouldn't mind if he could hear the arguments, but from his seat 100 or more feet away it's all a lot of pantomime. Guys don't argue often in football, but when they do, it usually results in punches or in helmet swinging.

In trying to preserve the illusion that it is still the national pastime, baseball resorts to foolishness. For instance, it passes out exorbitant bonuses to untested young men. Baseball would like the nation to believe that it is a dream game in which opportunity knocks gloriously for all. But those who view things maturely know that the bonus concept is mostly phony. The few boys who get big money are consigned to obscurity in the minor leagues, and few emerge.

Unable to compete with football for popularity in high schools, junior colleges and universities, organized baseball tries to make inroads among the knee-pants set by encouraging the Little League program.

In every town there are households that get excited over kid baseball and overenthusiastic parents who make asses of themselves in the stands. But Little League is mostly cute stuff. The real wallop in sports doesn't begin until the high-school level when boys begin to reach notable standards of performance and established rivalries are involved.

If baseball executives were smart, they would do two things to strengthen the game. First, they would end the season at Labor Day, and not try to compete in September with football. In the last three weeks of baseball's major-league season, perhaps four teams draw customers. The others stagger to the wire, losing thousands of dollars.

Second, baseball could improve itself with a sensible draft system, patterned after that of professional football. The only difference would be that baseball would have to draft players after their graduation from high school, not college. The teams can't continue their scatterbrained fighting for talent in this day of expansion. New franchises, hard-pressed for fans, just can't match bonuses with prosperous competitors. Strict proselytizing laws, with regard to college players, and the pro draft have brought about an equalization of talent in football not found in baseball.

Desperate to recapture its title as king of American pastimes, baseball has been swinging at wild pitches. It is fooling around too much with junior leagues which interest only the players and some of their parents. It isn't going after the bulk of the sports public.

So, in my opinion, baseball is no threat to football in popularity today. Nor can I see any immediate challenge to football from other sports. Horse racing has been making a lot of noise, belaboring us with attendance figures. But, with no betting, how many people would watch horses run?

Golf and bowling have increased in popularity in this country, though I can't understand why. I have studied golf for years and found only this—you hit the ball and then walk after it.

If golf is a game of cocktails and tweeds, bowling is one of beer and T shirts. This is a stupid game. You roll a ball down an alley, and one of two things happens: (a) it knocks down the pins or (b) it doesn't. People guzzle beer while they play. The noise is deafening, the atmosphere smoky and the participants wear the shabbiest clothing in sports. The women usually are attired in unattractive slacks and in gaudy polo shirts that bear such inspirational messages as SAM'S AUTO PAINTING.

I can't decide whether bowlers are duller than golfers. Both species bore you stiff with long, dry accounts of their trials. Only fishermen are less interesting. Most people fish to escape their troubles, but it's a bad alternative. The only thing I can say in behalf of fishing is that it is least susceptible to corruption of any sport. There has yet to be a case of anyone caught trying to bribe a fish.

Tennis is declining. This game has always been staged for the society-minded and the tennis associations—not the players. I have attended black tie affairs at Newport, Rhode Island, and observed those who made the gate receipts possible—the athletes—show up in rented tuxes, with two dollars in their pockets. And if one of them asked for a few bucks for laundry, he'd be admonished by the game's great guardians of amateurism.

College basketball throws around a lot of fancy attendance figures, but I believe it merely attracts the same people repeatedly. Besides, of every 10,000 in an arena for a game, I'll bet 5000 are students who get in for next to nothing. The public doesn't care about basketball. It doesn't even care about the game's scandals.

The sports crowd once showed an interest in boxing, but it doesn't any more. Boxing has half strangled itself, and gangsters have finished it off. It is now strictly a freak show for characters in poolrooms, bars, bookie joints and barbershops. It doesn't even deserve to be called a sport any more.

No sport can compare with football. That's why I tell you unflinchingly that this game—and no other—is our national pastime. THE END

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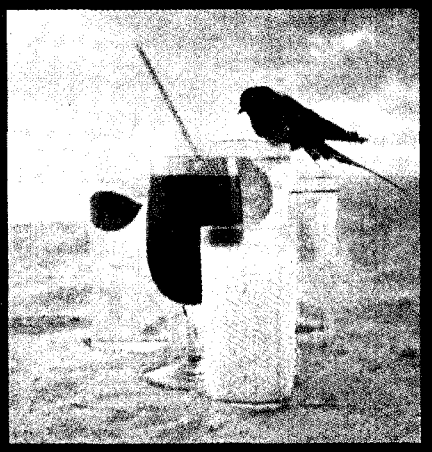

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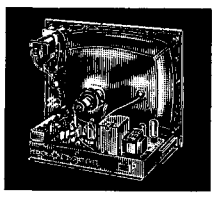

Few may look beyond the grace and beauty of new Admiral 23-inch (overall diagonal†) TV. Yet there's a masterpiece of precision inside—a chassis unlike any other, engineered throughout for unmatched performance and long life.

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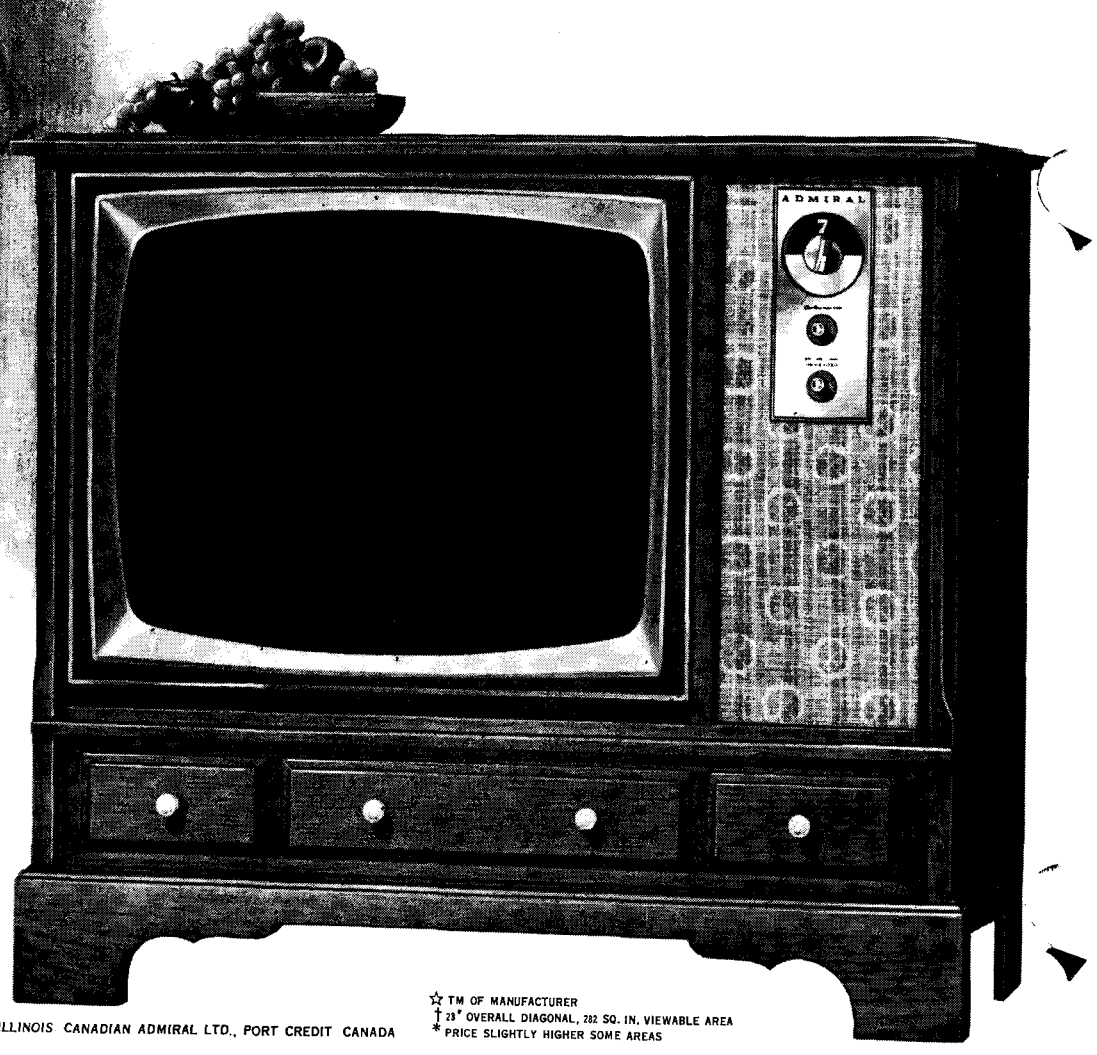

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THE NEW PLYMOUTH

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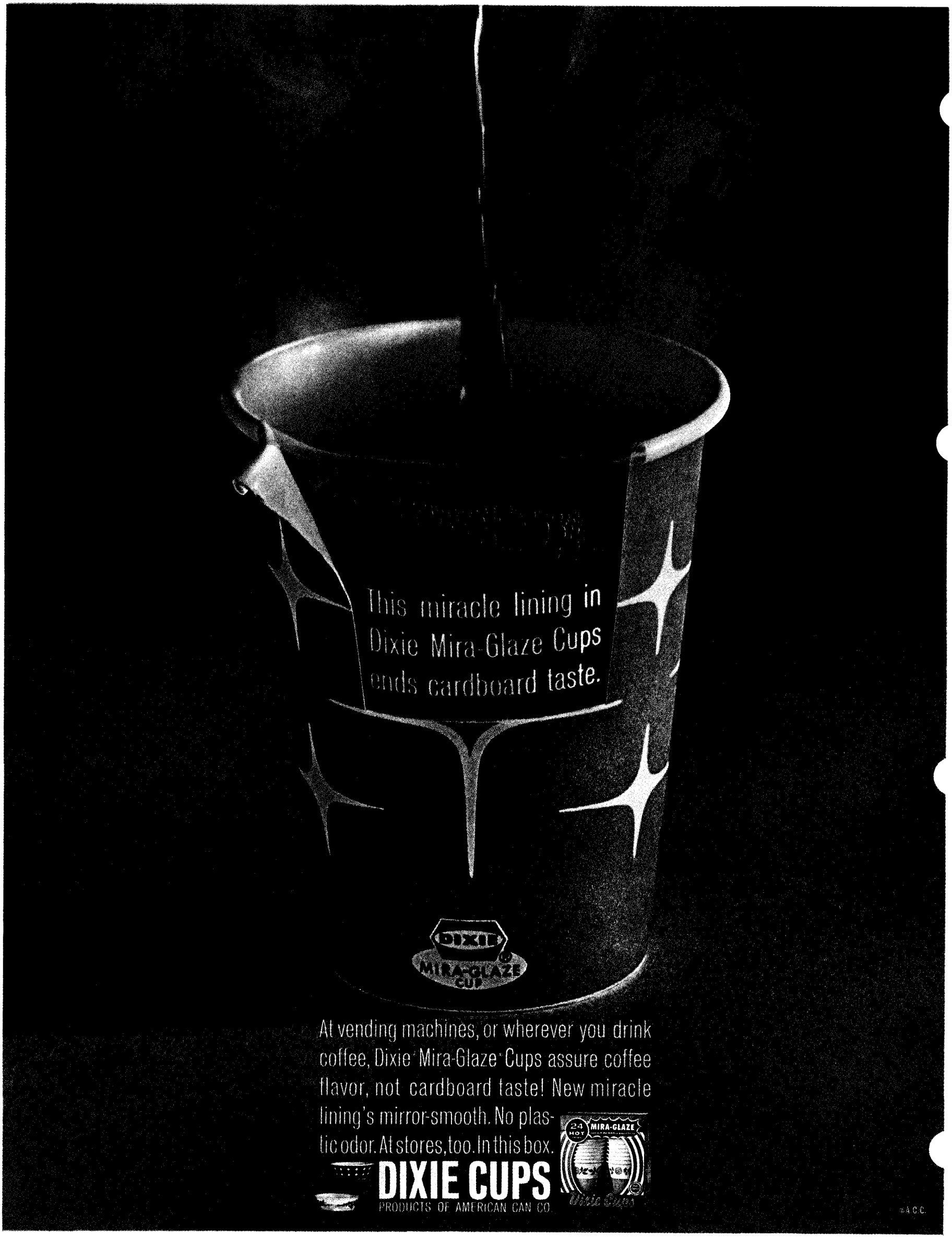

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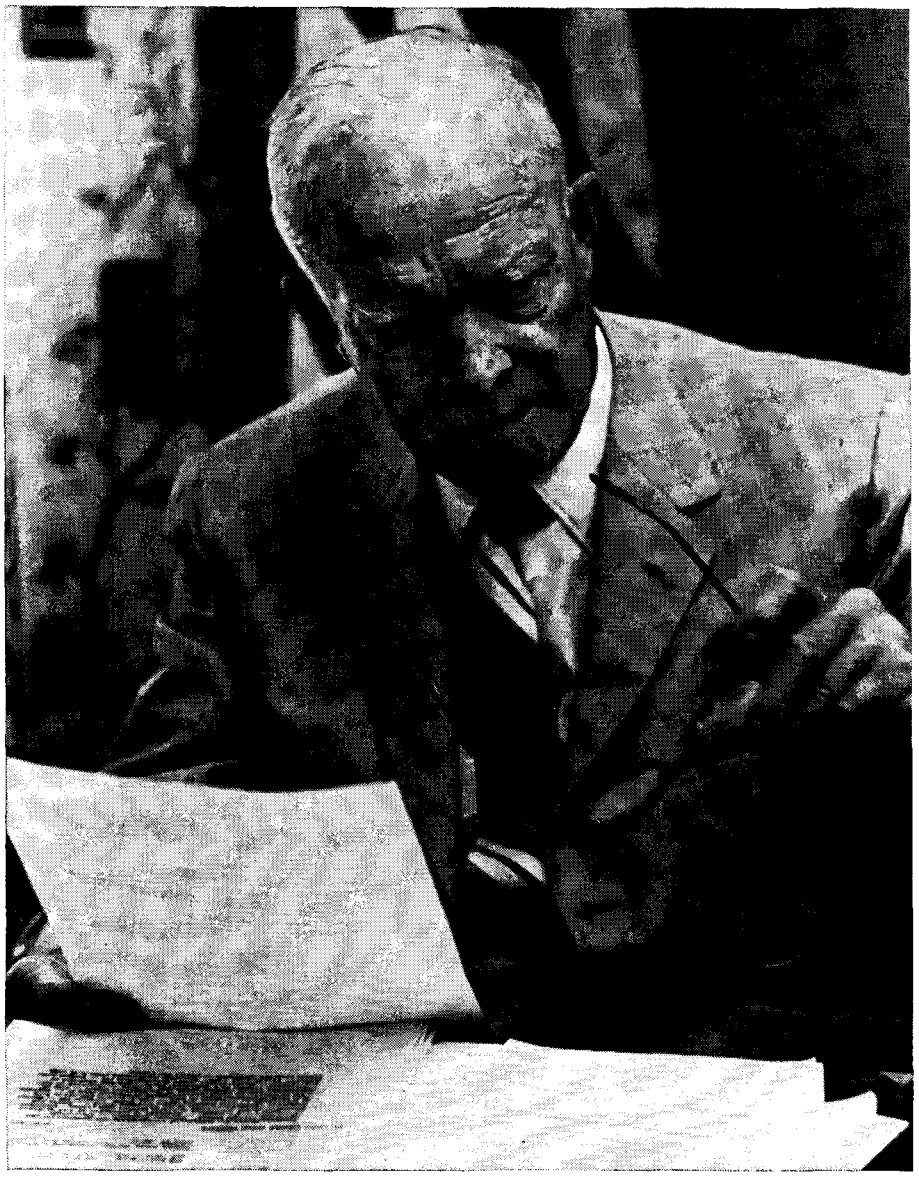
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
B. Franklin

The man who has dealt with the Berlin problem since 1944—as Supreme Allied Commander, as NATO chief, as two-term President—tells how we got where we are today, counsels America for the future.

MY VIEWS ON BERLIN

By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER



Photographs by Burt Glinn

No extensive poll is required to demonstrate that in this difficult age uneasiness and worry are too often replacing the feelings of confidence and security that were once priceless possessions of our citizens. Virtually every day visitors to my office or strangers accosting me outside its door ask, "General, what is happening to us?" "Will there be war?" and almost invariably, "Are we going to fight about Berlin?" Indeed, much of their anxiety seems to be centered around this one word, and the variety of questions they ask is almost literally endless. And the last ones on the list are "What can *I* do?" "What do *you think?*"

No one, though he were a Solomon, could pretend to give satisfactory replies to all these questions, but usually I start with one or two of my own. I ask, "Have you followed the news of this matter; do you have any ideas on the subject?" In this way I put my visitor on notice that I, too, am a private citizen and, like him, must obtain the bulk of my information from the radio, the television, the magazines and the newspapers. While establishing this common basis, I also remind my questioner that all of us, regardless of personal political leanings, must, in time of international strain or crisis, be united in support of the American position when it is clear and so proclaimed by the President. He alone has the constitutional responsibility for the conduct of foreign affairs; therefore, *the unity that is indispensable to maximum strength can be achieved only by supporting, in critical circumstances, the measures that he may project.* Consequently, I express to my visitors only such observations and thoughts as do not constitute in my mind any violations of these limitations.

Others may find it possible to discuss intelligently the current world debates centering about Berlin without reference to its early postwar history. I find this impossible. Any such attempt can only inspire new questions: "How did we ever get into this situation?" "Why do we have national responsibilities in Berlin?"

In the closing days of World War II, when the status of Berlin was in the process of being determined, our governmental heads were not blind to the serious potentialities in our dealings with the Soviets.

I should make it clear that although with the hindsight of seventeen years, some people may see certain of those political decisions as unrealistic, we must remember what the West's national leaders were then striving to accomplish. The Allies were fighting the war against Hitler, with the Soviets participating as a co-operating government. Our former relationships with the Soviets, formalized by the President's recognition of that government in 1933, had not been of a kind to inspire any great confidence in their friendly purposes

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"IN 1944 WE ANTICIPATED REAL DIFFICULTIES."

Then: Roosevelt and Stalin at Teheran. In an effort to bring about better postwar relations with Russia, the West's leaders did not press for specific mention of Berlin access rights in 1944–45 agreements on Germany.

and intent. Nevertheless, the peoples of the world had a right to hope, in 1944–45, that out of the sacrifices commonly borne in the successful effort to destroy Hitler's evil scheme of world conquest, there might emerge a platform of understanding on which could be established practical agreements for a peaceful world. The West's leaders were earnestly striving to bring about such a basis for better relations; had they failed to make this attempt, we would today be wailing about lost opportunities and "might-have-beens." Although those efforts seem now to have been futile and unrealistic, we can point to the fact that the United States and Great Britain did everything feasible and reasonable to get the Soviets to accompany us on the road leading toward a world of law.

In 1944, when the Allies were preparing for the invasion of northwestern Europe, Forrest Davis, reporting in *The Saturday Evening Post* of May 13 on President Roosevelt and the Teheran Conference of late 1943, said:

> It seemed to him [the President] that the creation of a reciprocal spirit of confidence among the Big Three was more desirable than specific compacts. . . .
>
> Mr. Roosevelt, gambling for stakes as enormous as any statesman ever played for, has been betting that the Soviet Union needs peace and is willing to pay for it by collaborating with the West. . . . He chose, moreover, to prosecute his policy so sincerely that the Russians, proverbially mistrustful, could have no ground for misgiving.
>
> At Teheran . . . the President threw his weight against explicit understandings on the future of Germany because he felt them premature.

If this is a correct interpretation of the President's thinking of that time—and I know of no reason why we should question it—then we can better understand the reasons for the lack of specific mention of Berlin access rights in the 1944–45 agreements on the division of Germany—a lack that in today's climate seems very strange indeed.

But the decisions then made were not, I happen to know, reached impulsively or without a great deal of study. In late 1943, when the Allies were preparing for the invasion of northwestern Europe, there was established on the political side a European Advisory Commission, a body which met in London and was composed of political representatives of the governments of the United States, Great Britain and the Soviet Union. It had the duty to make recommendations dealing with plans for governing a defeated Germany and, among other things, suggest the boundaries within Germany for the occupational zones of each of the Associated Powers. Ambassador John Winant was the American representative on the body.

When we, in my headquarters, learned during the course of the year 1944 that the commission's recommended plan fixed Berlin as Germany's capital and so established zonal boundaries as to place the city far inside the Soviet zone, we anticipated real difficulties.

I had first talked with President Roosevelt and General Marshall on the subject of future military occupation in January of 1944, when I visited Washington between my departure from Italy and arrival in England, some months before the D-day landings in Europe. At that time I thought and suggested that the whole occupation would be more smoothly conducted if we could avoid the establishment of national zones; I believed that quadripartite government over the entire area as a single entity would give no one nation an opportunity to be troublesome. But even then the President was apparently committed, with Great Britain and the Soviets, to the occupation of Germany by national zones. When I mentioned the matter to General Marshall he made no comment, other than that he regarded such affairs as purely political in nature. Incidentally, at that time President Roosevelt remarked to me that he would insist upon the industrial northwest area of Germany as the one to be assigned to American occupation, saying that in southwest Germany there was nothing but scenery, tourism and fishing, of which he wanted none. Not until the second Quebec Conference, in September of 1944, did Roosevelt abandon his claim for American control in the northwest zone. On January 28, 1945, Ambassador Winant wrote to the President, "You also told me that you wished United States troops to occupy the northwestern zone. . . . [My] Holding to your instructions to insist on the northwestern zone was responsible for delay in reaching agreement on zones. . . ."

In late January and early February of 1945 the Prime Minister and the President and their staffs, then on their way to Yalta, stopped at Malta for preliminary bilateral conferences. To that meeting I sent my chief of staff, Gen. Bedell Smith, to describe our future operational plans and to express the personal conviction to our American superiors that the Western Allies would, by force of arms, gain a line well to the east of that suggested by the advisory commission as the boundary between the Soviet and Western Allied zones. We felt that if our political superiors agreed with us they might decide to insist upon their right to occupy a greater portion of the German territory than then recommended. General Smith's presentation obviously changed no ideas; the advisory commission's plan, outlining boundaries about as they now exist—without the inclusion yet of a French zone—was to stand. Indeed I later came to believe that the Allied authorities had concluded that any attempt to change the recommended plan in any fashion would have produced an East-West quarrel, a "veto" and a deterioration of relations.

Incidentally, I have for years been under the impression that the governmental decision respecting the division of Germany was finally reached at Yalta. Recently, however, I saw a statement in a State Department document that *final* approval was given in September of 1944. If this decision actually had been made at the time stated, I would certainly have saved myself and my staff much study and work in suggesting possible desirable changes to our superiors. However, since reading this statement I have made a further examination of official documents. These show that while the members of the European Advisory Commission signed unanimously such a recommendation to their governments in September of 1944—amended in November to give the British the northwest zone—"it was not until February 1, 1945, in a telegram sent from Malta by the Secretary of State that Ambassador Winant was authorized to inform the European Advisory Commission of this Government's approval of the amended protocol," concerning the establishment of zones.

After the President's dismissal, a year earlier, of the suggestion that Germany be governed without division into national zones, and the acceptance by the governments of the line of division between East and West as recommended by the advisory commission, we later presented still another idea. This one was that Berlin might be abandoned as a site for the occupational capital. In lieu of using that city, then badly damaged by bombing, we felt it feasible to undertake the building of a cantonment capital, much like one of the great mobilization camps built in our own country for the training of troops. We suggested that it be located at the junction of the American, British and Soviet zones. This scheme likewise brought no positive reaction from our superiors. However, as evidence that the President might have had something similar in mind, he, in February of 1944, reportedly sketched out a plan for Germany's division so

Now: A West Berlin youth peers through the crude wall that seals off the Eastern sector

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"CHURCHILL URGED THE CAPTURE OF BERLIN."

1945: Soviet Marshal Zhukov and Ike. Zhukov displayed typical Russian intransigency when he purposely delayed the East-West signing of the routine agreement on the administration of conquered Germany.

that the national occupation zones would have had a common meeting point in Berlin.

It is to be remembered, however, that I, as a member of the uniformed services, had no official responsibility for advising on political subjects; my only reason for bringing up such matters, which I did only in informal fashion, was that we had found in some of our experiences with the Soviet military so much suspicion and arrogance as to minimize any confidence we might have otherwise developed in Stalin's good faith.

In any event, while our heads of government went off to Yalta and later carried on negotiations with the Soviets on matters of world-wide scope, we of the armed services concentrated on completing Hitler's defeat.

The final Allied operations plan for the overrunning of Germany was drawn up in the early spring of 1945 while most of our forces were still west of the Rhine, some 300 miles west of Berlin, and with the Elbe River—a serious military obstacle—running across our route of advance. At the same moment the Soviets were poised only thirty miles to the east of Berlin, with no major military obstacles on their front, since they had already established a large bridgehead on the west side of the Oder River. At any moment we expected them to launch their final attack. In view of time and distance factors, therefore, it was highly improbable that Allied forces could ever participate in—much less completely accomplish—an investment of Berlin. These circumstances, plus the fact that *by prior political agreement any territory captured by us within the planned Soviet Zone would necessarily be surrendered to the Soviets*, led to my personal decision to concentrate on two other important objectives. The first of these was to complete the annihilation of Hitler's forces at the earliest possible moment, as my basic 1944 directive required. The second was to capture and hold areas outside Germany not yet allocated to the several victorious powers, since rapid movements in these other areas might be fruitful in bringing the maximum extent of territory under Western control.

However, after Prime Minister Churchill found, late in March of 1945, that our forces were progressing more rapidly than he had earlier thought possible, he became unhappy with my plan, previously communicated for purposes of co-ordination to Stalin. He urged the capture of Berlin by the Allies as a most important objective and requested me to give all my efforts to that end. I think there is no use here to undertake a laborious explanation of the vast difficulties of making radical changes in extensive military movements once launched, or to point out that even though our spearheads had reached the Elbe before mid-April the center of gravity of our forces was still well to the westward and had other important missions to be carried out. Nevertheless, two small bridgeheads were quickly established by our forces on the far bank of the Elbe, although one was later eliminated by German counterattack. The American Chiefs of Staff were aware of the Prime Minister's proposal but continued to support my plan on the grounds that it would most rapidly destroy the remainder of Hitler's forces and attain victory. I made no major changes in the plan, for the simple truth is that prior political decisions had assured that no occupation of Berlin by us could have been permanent, while military considerations alone made an Allied attack toward that city unwise.

In military operations of the war's final weeks, we had annoying local problems with the Soviets as we tried to co-ordinate for a future meeting with their advancing elements—anticipated for some time in April. Another difficulty arose in making plans for accepting the surrender of the remnants of Hitler's forces. Every move of ours for co-ordination of our combined actions was received by Stalin with suspicion and complaint. He seemed most fearful that the Allies might, without Russian participation, receive the surrender of the hostile troops, even though we had been carefully instructed by our governments to avoid even the appearance of unilateral action. We therefore had invited to our headquarters a Russian, General Suslaparov, to act as a liaison officer between his forces and ours.

When Hitler's former chief of staff, Colonel General Jodl, after some preliminary maneuvering, came to Rheims to sign the instrument of surrender, effective on May eighth, this Russian General was present, making it clear to the enemy that the surrender was to *all* of the Associated Powers. Nevertheless, we were directed by our governments to keep the affair secret for twenty-four hours in order that the Russians could, on May ninth, stage a public and completely useless surrender show, attempting to give the impression that the later ceremony was the only "official" submission of the hostile troops.

Some time later I had an experience which helped to give further insight into the Soviet mentality. Our respective governments had previously drawn up the basic agreements for the occupation and the duties of the several participants. These provided, as a first step, that troop commanders of the several national forces should meet in Berlin on a suitable day to affix their signatures to a basic proclamation on the administration of Germany. Incidentally, the three commanders had now become four, since the British and American governments, in order to give to France a suitable share of authority and responsiblity in the occupation, had agreed to carve out of the zones of the Western Allies an appropriate one for the French. The Soviets had no objection to this but made no concession of territory themselves.

It was finally arranged that the commanders would gather in Berlin on June 5 for the signing ceremony and the first formal meeting of the "Berlin Council." All the papers had been tediously prepared by our respective governments in a time-consuming, back-and-forth process and sent to us in the field, and we of the West had been expressly warned to avoid the changing of a single comma, else the whole dreary exercise would probably have to be repeated. Consequently there was no reason whatsoever why the ceremony could not occur on the minute scheduled.

But even in such a routine and formal affair we had East-West trouble in Berlin. The Western commanders announced their readiness to sign, but as all three of us were, for the moment, guests in the Russian zone, we had to await the convenience of Marshal Zhukov, the Soviet commander. When the time of the meeting arrived, Marshal Zhukov sent word that there would be a short delay.

At the temporary residence assigned to me was a Russian liaison officer, who spoke passable English, and when the delay had reached half an hour I requested him to make inquiries as to the reasons for the postponement. He was unable to discover any reason—at least none that he was permitted to give me. Possibly he didn't even dare to ask.

As time passed I began to suspect that there was no basis for the delay other than a Soviet attempt to embarrass us of the West. After repeating several times my requests for information and receiving only the excuse that some last-minute matters required lengthy telephone calls to Moscow, I declined to be further victimized. I instructed the liaison officer that I would wait until five P.M.—it was then 4:30—and he was to inform the Soviet commander, Marshal Zhukov, that if we could not all sign by that hour I was returning at once to my headquarters at Frankfurt and would be absent from the ceremony.

As the messenger prepared to depart I received word that all was ready for the signing, and I was requested to

1961: Two heartbroken West Berliners gazing at friends and relatives trapped behind the wall.

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"A MONUMENT OF SOVIET FAITHLESSNESS."

A frightening predicament for West Berlin was the Soviet blockade of 1948. The West countered with an eleven-month airlift, using planes such as this to supply the enveloped city with food, fuel, medicine and clothing.

come to the appointed place. We all signed, and I regretted my inability to be present at a dinner that we were told, only at that moment, the marshal planned for that evening. I said that, in the absence of an invitation before coming to Berlin, I had made other arrangements for the night. In spite of elaborate preparations for this international banquet, and despite insistent urging by the host to attend, I declined to alter my determination to go back promptly to Frankfurt. By this time the marshal was the soul of hospitality, and I would have liked to stay for an occasion that gave every promise of being enjoyable. But while I might have found ways, I thought it advisable to impress upon my Soviet colleague that I meant what I said—and that he could count on my word when given. So I started home.

Whether or not he got the hint I do not know, but he did leave the party, in spite of well meant and urgent protests on my part, to escort me personally to Tempelhof, an airport some miles away, and stayed there until I was airborne. In later months I came to like Marshal Zhukov better than any other Russian I met, and I had with him a personal association close enough that the two of us were often able during the ensuing period to iron out many difficulties between our two commands.

Within the Berlin Council many affairs of minor significance were settled or at least smoothed over for the moment, but we had no authority to go beyond the limits laid down in the basic political documents written by the European Advisory Commission in 1944 and agreed to by the Allied governments in February of 1945. We took up matters involving administrative details concerning Germany, but we did not try to revise principal features of the basic papers—such as suggesting significant boundary changes or similar questions. Many things were fuzzy in the basic documents—especially the absence of specified routes of access—and of course the Soviets would never allow any revision or official interpretation concerning them that might give to the Allies any expanded or better defined rights.

I remained in command of the American forces until late November of 1945. Between that time and the day I entered the White House in 1953, there was an unbroken history of minor and major difficulties in or about Berlin. During most of those years I continued, in different capacities, to have some contact with incidents arising out of Communist intransigency. For two years I was Chief of Staff of the Army. Later, while serving as president of Columbia University, I acted, for a number of months, at the request of the President, as an informal presiding officer over the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who were incessantly concerned with questions concerning our situation in Germany and Berlin. For another year and a half I was commander of the military forces in NATO, the existence of which body came about because of threats posed to Western security by the Communists. During all those years the most serious threat the West had to face was the blockade by the Soviets in 1948 of land routes into Berlin, a threat that was met by General Clay's courageous determination—approved by the governments—to supply that city by airlift.

Possibly the Communists hoped, by the "Berlin Blockade" to force the Allies out of Berlin. If so, they were disappointed. When, in the spring of 1949, they saw that we were determined, despite lack of land routes into Berlin and specific agreements concerning them, to maintain West Berlin and the Allied positions in that city, they finally agreed to desist from physical blockade, if the West would in turn agree to end its counter-blockade and attend a Foreign Ministers Conference later in the spring. The blockade ended on May 12, 1949.

At the resulting Council of Foreign Ministers it was agreed among other things that the occupation authorities should "consult together in Berlin on a quadripartite basis." One purpose of these consultations—and resultant agreements—was to "mitigate the effects of the present administrative division of Germany and of Berlin," notably by "expansion of trade and development of the financial and economic relations between the Western zone and the Eastern zone and between Berlin and the two zones." The occupation authorities were to consider "questions of common interest relating to the administration of the four sectors in Berlin, with a view to normalizing as far as possible the life of the city." Most significant, the four governments agreed that the occupation authorities "*each in his own zone, will have the obligation to take the measures necessary to insure the normal functioning and utilization of rail, water and road transport for movement of persons and goods . . . and for communications by post, telephone and telegraph. . . .*"

The recent erection by the Soviets of a stone wall separating the East-West parts of the city is a monument in stone and barbed wire of Soviet faithlessness. It makes a mockery of the agreements reached and solemnly approved by the Soviets at that Paris Conference. Moreover, that wall is a confession of weakness on the part of the Soviets; it acknowledges the failure of their system to command the respect or loyalty of their own people. For its purpose is not to keep us out; *it is to keep their downtrodden, unhappy people in!*

After my inauguration as President, I found the Berlin situation to be always in a state of ferment. A check of the records shows that during the eight years of my Administration, items which included the status of Berlin came up specifically and formally on the agenda of the National Security Council some twenty times, many more times as an auxiliary or secondary item in papers devoted to other major subjects, and on countless occasions through the briefings regularly presented to the Council by the Director of Intelligence, Mr. Allen Dulles.

The formulation of foreign and national defense policy is not the simple matter of yesteryear, when transportation was slower, communications both sluggish and meager, and weapons were limited in range and power. The destruction of a distant nation in a matter of hours was not even dreamed of before the days of the atomic bomb and the guided ballistic missile; today it is an awesome capability. If a President is to be fully and constantly informed—as he must be—on all phases of situations on which he is constantly called upon for decisions and direction, his sources of information and advice must be more broadly based than any single department of government. The agencies most directly involved during my Administration were the State, Defense and Treasury departments, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization. The Vice President was a statutory member of the National Security Council. Because the viewpoints of the several officials on which he depends will in most cases reflect serious differences, the President can normally gain a better comprehension of all the complexities of any problem by directing that these differences be discussed, debated and argued by their chief proponents before him in person, while he listens and makes occasional comment.

For such reasons the Congress established the National Security Council in 1947. In my experience, satisfactory decisions in foreign and defense matters can best be made with the invaluable assistance of the National Security Council and its supporting working groups.

As might be expected during the early years following my first inaugural, when divided Germany and Berlin

From beyond the barrier his masters built, a Vopo—East German cop—contemplates freedom.

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"WE WERE IN BERLIN AS A MATTER OF RIGHT."

Camp David, 1959. Here Khrushchev withdrew his ultimatum on an East German peace treaty—which would have terminated Western access to Berlin—and Ike agreed to a second summit meeting at Paris.

were not in the same "crisis" category as were Korea, Iran and Indochina, governmental discussions on Berlin were long-range in nature and principally involved planning for future contingencies. However, the death of Stalin in March of 1953 initiated a season of intensive study and an analysis of the prospects that this event might be a signal for betterment of East-West relations. On April sixteenth of that year I appeared before a convention of the nation's newspaper representatives, proposing that a plan of disarmament should be promptly devised by the major powers, and announcing that if a satisfactory program could be agreed upon, America stood ready to devote a substantial portion of the money so saved to the economic development of emerging and less-developed nations. An included purpose was to settle the problem of a divided Germany and Berlin. This came to naught, though a better atmosphere seemed to exist for a time when the Soviet leaders announced their repudiation of the Stalin-era "personality cult."

As the year wore on, our policies toward the region were studied methodically and deliberately. In January of 1954 I approved the Berlin policy papers produced in the National Security Council, and most of the provisions continued to be followed quite consistently during the ensuing years.

Throughout my terms of office we insisted on making it clear to the Soviet Union that the Western powers regarded our situation in that city as one of right and principle, one which we were determined to maintain and that Soviet measures challenging that position would have the gravest consequences. This meant, of course, that we could not allow the Soviets to nibble away at Allied rights. The only way to prevent such nibbling would be to react vigorously to any local or minor harassments.

We recognized also that it would be necessary to continue to plan for all contingencies which might result from Soviet prodding and that such plans would include limited retaliatory measures, financial support to the city, increased air transport and the like.

In order to ameliorate the effects of any future partial blockade, we established an extensive stockpile of materials for the city of West Berlin. In our planning we emphasized, however, that such measures and a renewed airlift would be only supplements for more positive measures to defend our rights in Berlin. In the meantime, we planned to do what we could to bolster the morale and economy of the city, including the provision of economic aid.

The questions pertaining to Berlin were not exclusively West versus East. Despite the necessity for the Western Allies to act in concert, on details we could not always see eye to eye, because of varying national situations and outlook. Effective planning, therefore, was not easy. However, with Secretary Dulles—and later Secretary Herter—I spared no effort to sustain close contact and consultation with our principal allies, all headed by personal, as well as official, friends. A strong, united, determined NATO was then—as it is now—the greatest insurance the West had for the maintenance of peace in that area.

Many questions were highly intricate. For example, should an attack on Berlin by East German forces be considered in the same light as an attack by Soviet forces? What was the extent to which the United States should mobilize in the event of active or threatened violence in that city? Problems such as these I constantly considered, with the assistance of the NSC, during the first few months of my Administration.

An event that occasioned an unusual amount of National Security Council study on the German and Berlin question in 1953–55 was the growing pressure for a summit meeting—among the heads of government of the United States, United Kingdom, France and the Soviets. Always there are those who, here and abroad, believe that face-to-face negotiations among governmental heads can miraculously solve outstanding problems between East and West and soothe some of the irritations caused thereby. Neither Secretary of State Dulles nor I had any enthusiasm for such a meeting. Although the possibility was brought up almost continuously either in the press—foreign or our own—and in our Congress, I consistently declined to consider it favorably until some decisive act, rather than mere words, on the part of the Soviets would give some promise of improvement in their attitude.

One outstanding difficulty between East and West involved Austria. A peace treaty for that country had been approved by the major powers, but the Russians had unconscionably postponed its signing, and the matter was a constant irritant in our relations. But after long and inexplicable delays, the Soviets suddenly decided, almost two years after the death of Stalin, to sign that treaty. This act seemed to indicate a more responsible position on the part of the men in the Kremlin than we had so far been able to detect.

In the hope that a better attitude might be discovered and cultivated, our government agreed to attend a "summit" conference, which was finally arranged for Geneva, to convene in July of 1955.

In preparation for the meeting, the National Security Council and the State Department prepared a great many studies and estimates for my use and that of the American delegation at the conference. The most important question to be brought up was that of the division of Germany, with the situation in Berlin as an included problem. After much discussion an agreement was finally achieved to permit free elections in Germany to determine the fate and position of that entire nation, but nothing was ever done by the Soviets to implement the agreement nor to ease the tensions surrounding that unhappy city.

Other agreements were reached at Geneva, which could have had a direct and favorable effect on Berlin and Germany if they had been carried out, but all were finally repudiated by the Soviets. Some of the Geneva proposals, such as my "Open Skies" plan, either did not directly bear upon the Berlin question or were rejected by the Soviets.

For the next three years no great change in the situation was recorded. But after the Soviet ultimatum of November of 1958, announcing an intention to sign, within six months, a peace treaty with East Germany and thus, according to them, terminating Western rights in Berlin, a new trial of strength seemed to threaten. As a consequence Berlin came up continually in the National Security Council.

But then, having made his announcement, Mr. Khrushchev seemed to turn a more pleasant face to the West. He undertook a series of visits to other nations and invited some heads of government to Moscow. Reports from many sources and his own statement indicated that he believed the time ripe for another summit meeting.

By no means would I agree to such a meeting with an ultimatum hanging over our heads. I took the position that to negotiate on the Soviet threat was ridiculous; we were in Berlin as a matter of right and would sustain that right with whatever means might prove necessary.

However, Chairman Khrushchev's attitude seemed to be increasingly friendly; though he proposed nothing new for negotiation, I was quite ready to give him an opportunity to prove by his acts the sincerity of his words. Consequently, I finally invited him to pay a visit to the United States in September of 1959.

A West German woman weeps for her downtrodden countrymen a wall and a world away.

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"WE MUST ALWAYS BE READY TO NEGOTIATE."

My personal conversations with Chairman Khrushchev took place toward the close of his tour—at Camp David, Maryland. On our side we could uncover no new grounds for believing that another "summit" would prove more productive than that of 1955. But when he, in private conversations with me, agreed to withdraw his ultimatum concerning Berlin—and then lived up to his promise—I agreed to go to another conference, this time in Paris.

As the time for the conference approached, we unfortunately lost a reconnaissance plane (U-2) over Soviet territory. Incidentally, it set off here at home an immediate storm of partisan criticism concerning my conduct of foreign relations. At first the incident seemed to cause little concern to Khrushchev, who had known of these reconnaissance flights for some years. At most it appeared that the situation would result only in our attending the conference in a strained atmosphere. However, upon his arrival at Paris, he suddenly announced that he would not attend the meeting unless I should apologize personally and for my nation. This I of course refused to do—and there was no conference.

Yet during the remainder of my Presidency, Khrushchev made no further threats involving Berlin.

On October twenty-seventh, U.S. and Soviet tanks faced off across the East Berlin border in a show of force that chilled the world. After sixteen tense hours the Russians pulled back. Shortly afterward the U.S. followed suit.

But in spite of threat and obstacles, Berlin has gone forward remarkably. In 1945, at the completion of my World War II command, I saw Germany flattened and beaten. In 1961, at the completion of my tenure as President of the United States, I saw a new West Germany risen from the rubble of defeat and advanced to powerful preeminence among the free and peaceful nations of the world. West Germany's rise since World War II is one proof of the validity of our policy of firmness against aggression.

Between 1952 and 1960 West Germany approximately doubled its gross national product, its rate of new capital investment, its crude-steel production, its installed electrical generating capacity and its national income.

In six years, ending in 1959, West Berlin more than doubled its manufacturing production and its production of chemicals; tripled its production of food, beverages, and tobacco; and quadrupled its production of basic metals.

Thus West Berlin today stands as a shining showcase of liberty and wealth in a Communist land of darkness and poverty. The economic strength of West Germany adds a giant's might to NATO and the defenses of the West. We must never erase this record of monumental progress by abandoning, as too hard or too unsophisticated or too inflexible, our policy of insistence on rights—on the Western powers' right to be in Berlin, on West Germany's right to ally itself with the forces of freedom, on the right of all the German people one day to become citizens of a Germany united and endowed with political liberty.

Out of all these experiences and incidents I—and my associates—reached a number of conclusions, some old and well understood, some less well known. Among many others they include:

Berlin is not so much a beleaguered city or threatened city as it is a symbol—for the West, of principle, of good faith, of determination; for the Soviets, a thorn in their flesh, a wound to their pride, an impediment to their designs.

The Soviets want to banish the Allies from West Berlin because, first, it is to them an unwelcome show place of Western freedom and prosperity in a region otherwise completely regimented and impoverished; and, second, because the opportunity it creates for the unhappy East Germans to escape to freedom emphasizes to the outside world the emptiness of the phrase "people's democracies." In the meantime, they use it as a pretext to create and intensify tensions and to try to divide the West.

Soviet promises, and even signed agreements not backed up by certainty of performance, are worthless. The Russians will strive earnestly to avoid general nuclear war, but they will use every conceivable device to spread falsehoods and distortions, so as to create confusion, fear and loss of confidence throughout the free world. They constantly refer to us as "capitalistic aggressors" and colonialists while they themselves hold the peoples of once free European nations in subjugation by force of arms. Even more important, the Soviet leaders are afraid to share the truth with their own people, withholding from them the meaning of individual freedom, the facts about our standard of living in the West, the news that thousands of refugees in recent months have risked their lives to flee the peoples' paradise. They will continue to use threat, cajolery, bribery, deceit and any other means to further their purposes of world domination.

The Soviets have no intention of making any agreement where effective United Nations inspection in Communist areas must be accepted by them as a condition. Their police-state system is so well established over their own and subjugated peoples that, short of senseless and mutually destructive war, it will not disappear until free-world strength, firmness of purpose and world educational progress finally build up a global opposition that will make dictatorship unthinkable.

So my answers to questions about Berlin cannot be rosy with optimism, but neither are they black with pessimism. I observe to my visitors that wisdom points up the necessity for the free nations, particularly our own, to remain firm, steadfast and strong—spiritually, economically, militarily. We must always be ready to negotiate, but never to enter into bargaining where there is implied a weakening of principle or where freedom may thereby be, in the slightest degree, diluted. Our fortitude must always be equal to the continuity and intensity of the threat against us; and because of this we must be prepared to carry for years—even decades—all the burdens demanded in sustaining our position against Soviet clamor and every kind of aggression. The measures we adopt to preserve liberty must be responsive to our own studies and analyses; we must not allow ourselves to overmilitarize in fearful reaction to strident threat or to lower our guard in response to honeyed words. Steady, courageous and persistent support of our own positive programs will insure the maximum of safety.

And possibly this is the most important of all: We must be determined to do all these things without falling, as a people, into despair or hopelessness. We must realize that, as we put our minds to the positive and productive things that each of us can do, we shall always defeat any tendency toward despondency. We must never waver in supporting our Government and our President as they call upon us for sensible things and services necessary to meet every crisis of the future. We must determine, each of us, to do his or her part in spreading understanding among peoples, for while understanding is no guaranty of peace, without understanding there will be no peace. And as we strive, with the fortitude and nobility that Americans always possess in great crises, we shall experience the satisfaction that such efforts induce.

We must recognize once more, as we have in the past, that happiness is often the child of sacrifice. THE END

In the foregoing article, General Eisenhower has provided the background of the Berlin crisis. Meanwhile, Post editor Stewart Alsop, reporting from the scene, will tell what is happening in Berlin today. Look for THE CRISIS: KHRUSHCHEV'S WEAKNESS in our next issue.—The Editors

West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt, symbol of his indomitable city's will to remain free.

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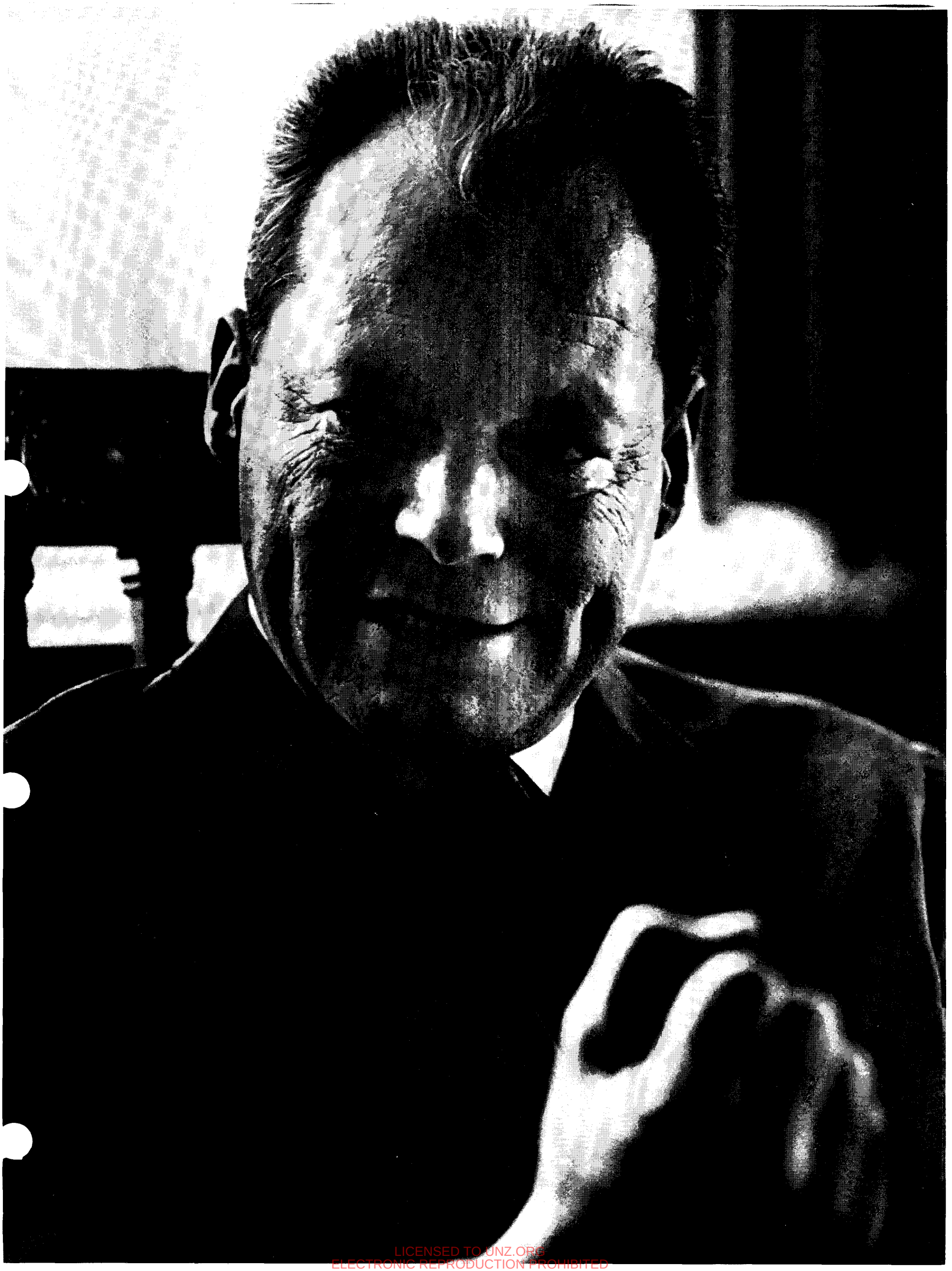

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THE SAINT WHO SAID NO

The story of Vasco's money begins, for me, at the beginning of an April day in a city that I love and will never see again. It concerns the time when the name of José Ramos pealed through my country like a bell. Only a few days before Ramos had come out of his long hiding in the hills and entered the city as a conqueror. His soldiers, the grime of war still upon them, marched ankle-deep in flowers, their boots crushing the blossoms into perfume. Whatever happened afterward, it is impossible to forget the look of the people that day. They believed that Ramos had killed the evil times forever when he hanged the old dictator. Therefore they laughed for no reason, embraced one another and stuffed their mouths with food and drink as if nothing had ever tasted good to them before.

Then the arrests began. Many, like Vasco himself, were more important than I, and they were taken first. There were no warrants, no lawyers, no courts. José Ramos gave no reasons for his actions, and in the case of Vasco none was needed. Excepting only the dead tyrant, no man in the country was more hated than Francisco Vasco with his immense wealth, his hermit ways and his strange religion. Vasco was childless in a country where babies are counted as gifts from heaven. He was Jewish in a country where everyone is Catholic from the cradle. He was rich in a country where most men rage all their lives in the trap of poverty. You will understand, then, why there was no outcry when José Ramos put Vasco into prison and announced that his money would be given to the poor. Vasco had hidden away millions, Ramos said.

The soldiers came for me at seven in the morning, just one hour after my newspaper, *Verdad*, had been delivered to the news hawks. The paper carried an editorial demanding that the government publish the charges against Vasco and the others it had arrested and guarantee them a fair trial. This editorial was not the act of a brave man, but that of a man of habit; my paper had cried out for injustice for many years, and it could not stop at Vasco. So I expected the soldiers.

The captain in charge, whom I had known all my life, stared at me out of a blank face. "Are you," he asked, "the editor Alberto Huesca?"

I said that I was, and he placed me under arrest in the name of the revolution. Before the captain's men pushed me down the stairs, he permitted them to smash the furniture in my office. They dumped my books and papers out the window into the street below, scuffed them into a pile and set the pile afire with a burst of tracer bullets.

The little bonfire that resulted was the last light that I saw for many weeks. The same impassive captain—his name was Julio Riviera, and we had fished together as boys—took me down a dark prison corridor and pushed me into a black cell. The steel door clanged after me and, as the key scraped in the lock, I thought first of my own pain and then of Felicia, my young wife, still asleep as I had left her, with her dark hair spilled over the pillow. No prisoner ever thinks, when first he hears the key in the lock, that the door of his cell has been closed forever. It was not until I could no longer make Felicia's face appear to me in the dark that I began to fear, with the panic that blindness brings, that I might die where my "friend" Julio had left me.

It was then that Vasco saved me. At first I did not know that he was in the cell. In a voice a man will permit himself only if he believes he is alone, I cursed the pain of my broken face and my spoiled life. There was a pause no longer than a breath before the silence was broken by a voice impossible to describe in its richness.

The voice said, "Poor child."

Those two words mean enough in English. In Spanish they mean everything. Ringing out of the darkness and the silence, it seemed to me—I do not exaggerate—that they came from another world. I was frightened, and I must have made some sudden movement, for the voice spoke again.

"Don't be afraid," it said. "I have been here all the time."

I suppose that I must have sounded stupid when I asked, "Who are you?"

"A prisoner."

"But your name?"

"Francisco Vasco."

How can I explain what happened next? I began to laugh. Here I was, locked in the dark with the very cause of my imprisonment. Mirth boiled out of me until I choked on it. Then I felt a thin arm around my shoulders as Vasco tried to help me. He said very little, and of that little I remember only one phrase. "Be patient. Soon you will be able to see in the dark." His voice quieted me and, like a child after a tantrum, I went to sleep.

Francisco Vasco was wrong about one thing. I never learned to see in the dark, and so I never saw his face. It is Vasco's voice that I remember and still hear sometimes in the dark. Stories have been written about prisoners who kept their sanity because they saw a patch of sky through the bars, or made a pet of an insect. Deprived of sight, I clung to the sound of Vasco's voice as if it were a spar in the ocean.

How long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by the key in the lock. Vasco's name was called, and I sensed, rather than saw or heard, his movements as he went to the door. Before he was taken away, one sound did come to me—the rattle of metal against metal. It was not until later that the meaning of the sound became clear to me. Vasco was in chains. Drowned as I was in my own plight, I wondered only briefly why I, too, had not been shackled. Then a tin plate was shoved under the door for me. It screeched over the stone floor, and I wolfed the cold rice and went to sleep again.

Vasco's return, many hours later, did not awaken me. I rose from sleep to the sound of his voice, as a diver swims upward to the light. I was new to prison, and the sense of nightmare was still acute—to awaken in the dark expecting to find a loved one beside you, to feel for the light, to call out a name. And then to realize where you are. That awful instant between sleeping and waking when the mind is a wanderer—that is the snare in which the prisoner is forever caught.

Vasco was singing. It was a strange song in a language that I did not know, and I fought to understand. Then, as my mind cleared, I recognized the weird music. The song was in Hebrew. Vasco was praying.

I waited until he finished before speaking to him. "*Señor* Vasco?"

This time he did not move toward me in the dark, and there was a lapse of several moments before he answered. When he did speak, his voice was shallow, as if he had no strength.

"I hope I did not wake you," he said.

"Not at all. The chant was beautiful."

"It is very ancient."

From his tone I knew that he did not wish to talk. But already it had become very important to me that I hear another human voice—a sound from outside the grave.

I said, "Have you been back very long? I did not hear you come in."

"Quite a long time," Vasco said. "I——"

Here his voice broke, and he gave a sharp cry of pain. His scream was smothered in the middle, as if he had clapped his hands over his mouth.

I leaped across the cell, slamming into the steel door on the way and

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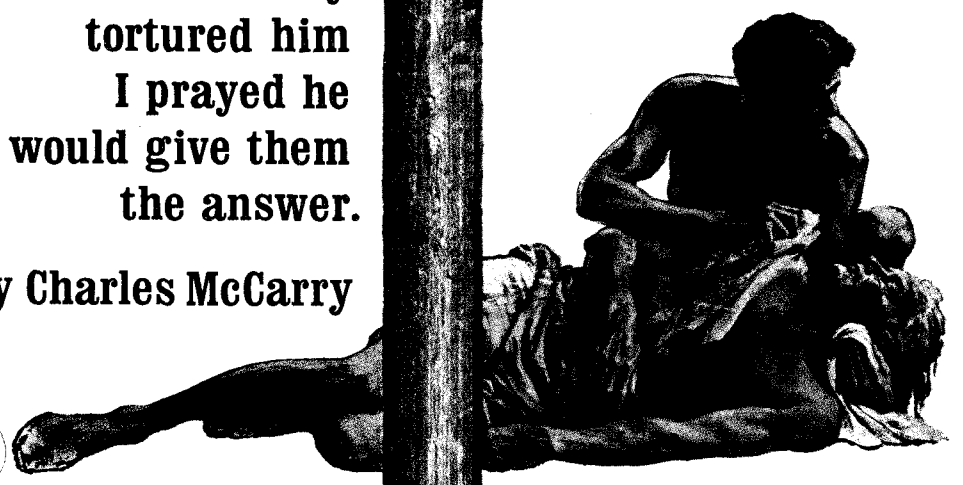
Each time they tortured him I prayed he would give them the answer.

By Charles McCarry



PAINTING BY JOHN FALTER

smashing my glasses, which had somehow survived the beating I had taken at the hands of the soldiers. With the reflex of a shortsighted man, I dropped to my knees, Vasco forgotten, and groped for my broken spectacles. My hand touched Vasco's face. And the hand came away wet. I lifted it to my nose, tasted it with my tongue. It was smeared with blood.

Vasco did not reply when I spoke to him, and I realized that he was unconscious. I felt his body with my hands—it seemed to me that the cell was blacker than ever now that I had lost my spectacles, and I confess with shame that those two useless pieces of glass were, at that moment, more in my mind than the suffering of Vasco.

Vasco's body was queerly twisted, as if he had lost consciousness in a moment of such excruciating pain that his limbs had twisted like strips of paper in a flame in a dumb attempt to escape from the agony. His face was wet with blood and so covered with cuts that I could feel the lips of his wounds open beneath my finger tips. I removed my shirt and tore it into strips. Then, working in the dark, I bandaged him as best I could. Finally I took his poor head in my lap and waited, with a fearful hand on his faltering heart, until he came to himself.

It was a long time before he regained consciousness, and he did so with a cry. I was afraid that he might take fright at my closeness, so I spoke. "*Señor* Vasco, try not to move. You are badly injured."

If I expected any reply at all, it was not the one that I received. Vasco laughed. Not my hysterical laugh of a little earlier, but the gentle laugh of a man who understands such a great deal that neither surprise nor bitterness is possible to him.

"Ah, Alberto," he said. "How well I know it."

Then he told me. Each day at a certain time Vasco was taken out of the black cell, blindfolded and led into another part of the prison. There, in a special room, the blindfold was removed, and a powerful light shined into his defenseless eyes.

Vasco was beaten by four large men who took turns. They were very methodical and used instruments as well as their fists. Other things were done to him which he did not describe.

At the end of his story, told in a parched but gentle voice, I wished to scream all of the curses that I had ever heard. Instead I asked the question that ate like acid in my heart.

"Why?"

"They want my money," Vasco said.

"Surely that is a simple matter. They can seize your assets and property."

"That they have done," Vasco said, "and what a disappointment it has been to them."

"Then they have not found all of it?"

"They believe that I have millions hidden away. Buried perhaps."

"And they wish you to tell where. But you will not."

"Just so, Alberto. I will not tell."

"They will kill you."

"No doubt."

"Then why not tell? Let them find the money."

Vasco laughed. "Oh," he said, "I do not think that they will ever find the money."

"But if you told them ——"

I felt Vasco shake his head. "Even then they would look in the wrong places," he said. "They would insist on looking in the wrong places."

Vasco groaned and clutched at his body. After a moment of pain, he was again unconscious. I rejoiced for him.

In the days that followed I awaited the calling of Vasco's name with a dread almost as great as if it were myself who was dragged off to torture. Each day the time he was away seemed longer. Then they would bring him back and dump him in an inert heap upon the floor. Before he awoke, I doctored him. Occasionally I could feel sutures in his face or smell the sharp odor of antiseptic, and Vasco told me that he was sometimes given injections. Ramos's men were anxious to keep him alive until he spoke.

Finally, he weakened to the point where the beatings meant nothing. When it was no longer possible for Vasco even to cry out, he was put into the hospital and given all the care that one would give to a beloved father whose slow death might be postponed for a few days by medical craft. This, of course, I did not know until he came back. He was simply taken away one day in the usual way and did not return. I was left in the dark, alone, to imagine him dead. Or, worse, finally punished to the point of confession.

Twice a day—I say "day" out of habit and so that you will understand

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People on the way Up

Beth Burt, egghead embryologist.

Chicken and egg both come first when biology-minded Beth Burt, 17, launches a research project. Turning her family's Boise, Idaho, home into a laboratory, the basement into a hatchery, Beth experiments with chick embryos, enlisting her parents and younger brother as lab assistants. Her experiments in producing smallpox and flu vaccines from embryos and changing the sex of unhatched chicks by injecting hormones into eggs won two regional science fairs, fourth prize at the 1961 International Science Fair in Kansas City and a summer scholarship in leukemia research. Beth, a bouncy high-school senior, doesn't think she's a brain, despite her lab triumphs. "It's just that I got involved in chickens and science," she says—"maybe too much involved with chickens." During the hormone experiments Beth raised 600 chicks in the cellar, aided by her businessman-politician father. Her mother was enthusiastic up to a point: "When they started autopsying in my kitchen," says Mrs. Burt, "I wished that Beth had taken on some flower-raising project." Beth became interested in science when, as a sophomore, she was asked by her biology teacher to enter the Southern Idaho-Western Oregon Science Fair. Her vaccine project took first prize. Looking forward to graduation in May—after which she hopes to enter Illinois's Wheaton College—she doesn't plan a fair exhibit next year. "I'm afraid my marks in other subjects will suffer if I'm working till four A.M. on a science project again." Beth, who once memorized 1050 Bible verses, wants to become a medical missionary. "You can no longer just be helpful to people," she says, "you must be helpful with a specialty. Mine is science."

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED LYON

Tom Meschery: Global-minded athlete.

If basketballs begin to look like world globes to Tom Meschery, 23, it's because basketball will help him travel far. Tom, a Philadelphia Warrior and the year's best rookie, plans to use his pro basketball earnings to prepare for a career in the U.S. Foreign Service. Born in Harbin, Manchuria, where his White Russian parents worked in the American consulate, Tom already has an international background. At the start of World War II Tom's father was in the U.S. trying to earn enough money to bring his family to America. But the Japanese seized Tom, his mother and sister, sent them from Manchuria to an internment camp in Tokyo. There Tom learned English and some French. After the war the family was reunited, moved to San Francisco. Tom played basketball for the first time when he was in the eighth grade. "From then on it was my game," he says. An honor student at St. Mary's College of California, he became an All-American, was first-draft choice of the Warriors. "I'd like to stay in basketball until I prove I can make it as a pro," says Meschery, who is six-six, weighs 225. "And the pay is a big consideration. I want to help out my folks and have money to support me while I'm working for my master's." Tom hopes graduate study will make him a better foreign-service officer and thinks a name in sports may help too. "Overseas," he says, "people respect athletes. In some cases a man with a sports background might be able to make contact more easily." Tom's dream assignment is Moscow, which his parents, fleeing the Russian Revolution, left forty-four years ago.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUS PASQUARELLA

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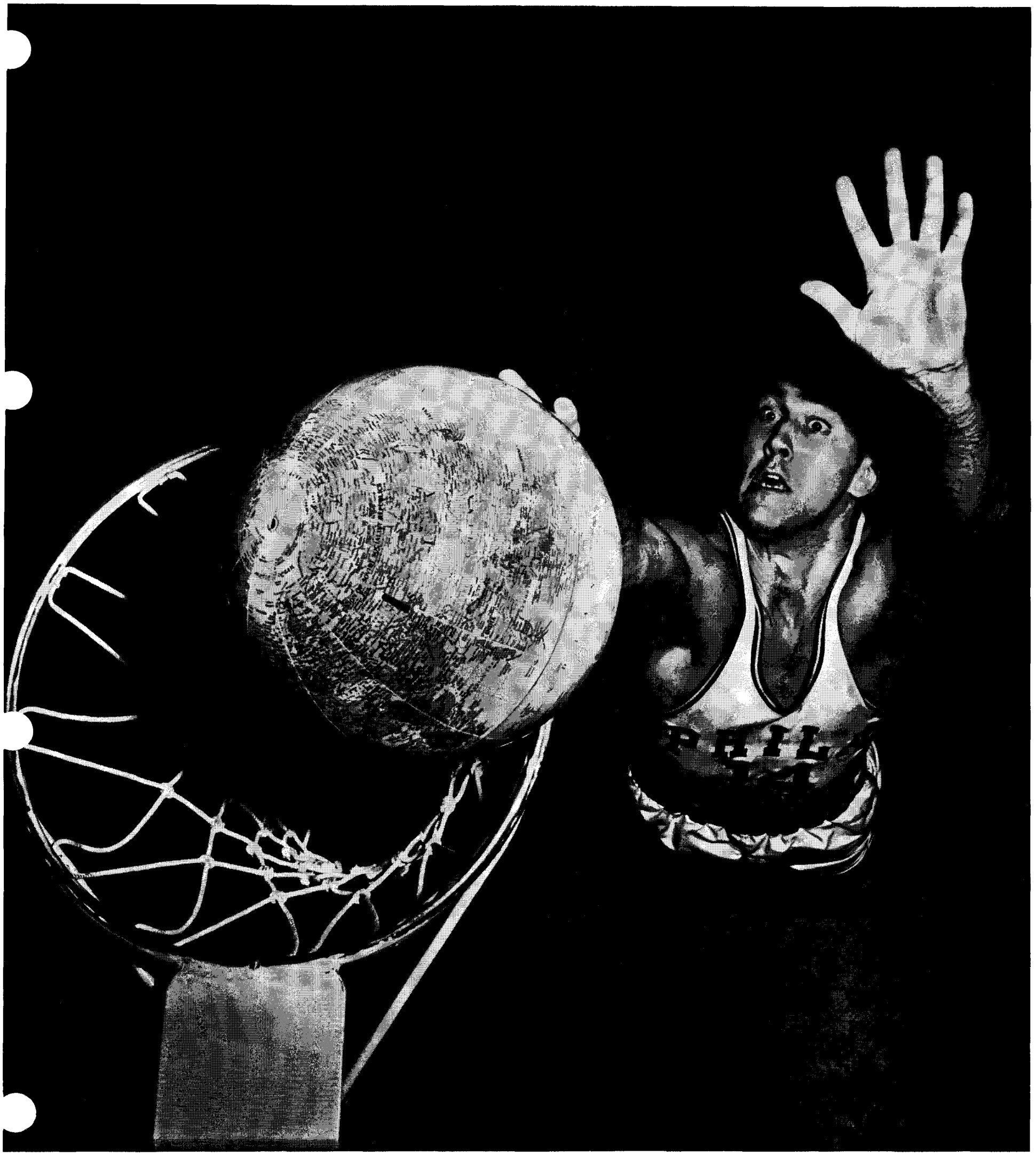

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People on the way Up

Katia Saks, Latin novelist.
Expressing herself with word and gesture, saucy Katia Saks, 22, speaks as she writes—imaginatively. Peruvian-born Katia is the author of four novels published in Spanish, is now living in New York City and writing a book in English. "I really think I'm going to have a short life," says Katia puckishly. "I shall have a troubled life—many romances and a doubtful marriage." At 18 Katia became a major literary figure in Latin America after publication of her third novel, *The Hypocrite*. Her first big seller, it was a life-in-the-raw tale of Peruvian fishermen. She researched it by hanging out in water-front dives, escorted by her father, and spending three days and nights aboard a fishing smack, chaperoned by her seasick mother. Acclaimed for *Hypocrite*, Miss Saks was dubbed by reviewers as the Peruvian Françoise Sagan, a sobriquet she dislikes. "I have my own name," says Katia, "and if it isn't good enough, it will disappear." PHOTOGRAPH BY H. LANDSHOFF

James McDivitt: Space pilot.
Facing a cosmic future, Capt. Jim McDivitt, 32, next week becomes the first graduate of the Air Force's new space-pilot school, at Edwards Air Force Base, California. Within five years or so, he will fly the exotic space vehicles now on U.S. drawing boards. "There will be many vehicles and many slots for pilots," Jim says. "I want to go where the job is." The job is immensely complex. Jim has had to master the principles of a variety of spacecraft, including space capsules and Dyna-Soar winged, orbital and suborbital craft. The Air Force wants a pool of men trained to tackle not just one space project—as were the Mercury astronauts—but *any* space assignment. For six months Jim studied space technology at research centers across the country. He spent more than 100 hours in simulated space flight. Next year sixty space students will follow Jim's footsteps. Accustomed to challenge, McDivitt flew 145 jet-fighter missions in the Korean War, won three Distinguished Flying Crosses and five Air Medals. Afterward, he chose the Air Force test-pilot school. His record at the school—the best in its history—made Jim the natural choice last spring when the Air Force sought a prototype student for its trail-blazing Space Research Pilot Course. Jim, from Kalamazoo, Michigan, lives at Edwards with his wife and their three children. None of the little McDivitts—the oldest is five—grasps the fact that his dad may be flung off this planet. But the day may well come. Unlike graduates from other kinds of schools, who go forth to make their mark in the world, graduate spaceman McDivitt must leave the world to make his mark. PHOTOGRAPH BY DENIS CAMERON

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KILL NOW PAY LATER

A Nero Wolfe Mystery By Rex Stout

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That Monday morning Pete didn't give me his usual polite grin, contrasting the white gleam of his teeth with the maple-syrup shade of the skin of his square leathery face. He did give me his usual greeting, "Hi-ho, Mr. Goodwin," but with no grin in his voice. By the time I turned from shutting the door, he had dropped his jacket on the hall bench and was picking up his shoe-shine box, which he had put on the floor to free his hands for the jacket.

"You're an hour early," I said. "They going barefoot?"

"Naw, they're busy," he said and headed for his office. I followed, snubbed; after all, we had been friends for more than three years.

Pete came three days a week — Monday, Wednesday and Friday — around noon, after he had finished his rounds in an office building on 8th Avenue. Wolfe always gave him a dollar, since it was a five-minute walk for him to the old brownstone on West 35th Street, and I gave him only a quarter, but he gave my shoes as good a shine as he did Wolfe's. None better. I never pretended to keep busy while he was working on Wolfe, because I liked to listen. It was instructive. Wolfe's line was that a man who had been born in Greece, even though he had left at the age of six, should be familiar with the ancient glories of his native land, and he had been hammering away at Pete for forty months. That morning, as Wolfe swiveled his oversized chair in which he was seated behind his desk, and Pete knelt and got his box in place, and I crossed to my desk, Wolfe demanded, "Who was Eratosthenes, and who accused him of murder in a great and famous speech in 403 B.C.?" Pete, poising his brush, shook his head.

"Who?" Wolfe demanded.

"Maybe Pericles," Pete volunteered diffidently.

"Nonsense. Pericles had been dead twenty-six years. Confound it, I read parts of that speech to you last year. His name begins with L."

"Lycurgus."

"No! The Athenian Lycurgus hadn't been born."

Pete looked up. "Today you must excuse me." He tapped his head with the edge of the brush. "Empty today. Why I came early, something happened. I go in a man's room, Mr. Ashby, a good customer, two bits every day. Room empty, nobody there. Window wide open, cold wind coming in. Tenth floor. I go and look out window, big crowd down below and cops. I go out to hall and take elevator down, I push through crowd, and there is my good customer, Mr. Ashby, there on the sidewalk, all smashed up terrible. I push back out of crowd, I look up, I see heads sticking out of windows, I think it's no good going up to customers now, they will be looking out of windows, so I come here, that is why I come early, so today you must excuse me, Mr. Wolfe." He lowered his head and started the brush going.

Wolfe grunted. "I advise you to return to that building without delay. Does anyone know you were in his room?"

"Sure. Miss Cox."

"She saw you enter."

"Sure."

"How long were you in his room?"

"Maybe one minute."

"Did Miss Cox see you leave?"

"No, I go out another door to the hall."

"Did you push him out the window?"

Pete stopped brushing to raise his head.

"Now, Mr. Wolfe. In God's name!"

"I advise you to return. If a crowd had already gathered when you looked out the window, and if Miss Cox can fix the exact time you entered the room, you are probably not vulnerable, but you may be in a pickle. You should not have left the premises.

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SECOND-CHANCE ACTRESS

How Anne Bancroft, moody star of The Miracle Worker, hit the glory road— with the aid of her psychiatrist.

BY JOE ALEX MORRIS

Actress Anne Bancroft, a vibrant young woman with the darkest brown eyes and the brightest future on Broadway, frowned as she considered the question. How had she, a mediocrity adrift in Hollywood, suddenly rocketed to stardom in the legitimate theater?

"It really began," she replied, "late one night in 1957. For five years I had been telling myself a pack of lies about the kind of life I was living and the work I was doing in Hollywood. I was twenty-five years old, I was broke, and I was frightened. Somehow I got up enough nerve to take the first step. I packed some bags. I telephoned my mother in New York and told her I was coming home and going back to dramatic school. I was going to face my shortcomings. I was going to look honestly at my assets. And I was going to work hard with what I had.

"That was the first time in my life I made a decision entirely on my own. And that was when I was ready to be an actress."

Miss Bancroft relaxed, easing back into her chair and swinging one sandaled foot. Her thoughtful expression gave way to an impish grin. "Of course," she added, "it wasn't that simple. Life doesn't change overnight."

There is factual evidence, however, that Miss Bancroft's life did change overnight. With numerous second-rate movies and scores of television plays behind her, Anne Bancroft was a theatrical nonentity until January 16, 1958. But that night on the stage of the Booth Theater in New York, she created the role of a pathetic, funny, courageous, lovable, frustrated, Jewish dancer named Gittel Mosca, in a two-character play, *Two for the Seesaw*, opposite Henry Fonda. By the following morning Anne Bancroft was the most sizzling new star on Broadway.

Demonstrating that her success as Gittel was not a one-shot, she triumphed again late in 1959, as Annie Sullivan, the tough, stubborn, Irish teacher of blind and deaf Helen Keller in *The Miracle Worker*. This time the chorus of cheers was so loud that Miss Bancroft was swiftly propelled into the front rank of living American actresses. Her income soared above the $150,000 mark. She commanded $10,000 for a single television appearance.

Next spring, when the motion picture version of *The Miracle Worker* is released, millions of Americans will see for themselves the dark-eyed girl who took Broadway by surprise.

Off the screen Miss Bancroft bears little resemblance to the stereotype Hollywood star. She doesn't permit any interference in her private life. She dresses casually. She is occasionally given to hoydenish behavior. She usually shuns Broadway and Hollywood social life, sometimes giving the impression she is either antisocial or neurotic, or both. She has never established a satisfactory romantic relationship. Her one marriage ended quickly in divorce. The men who have most often escorted her in years past—actor John Ericson, TV actor Scott Brady and Italian businessman Mario Ferrari-Ferreira—

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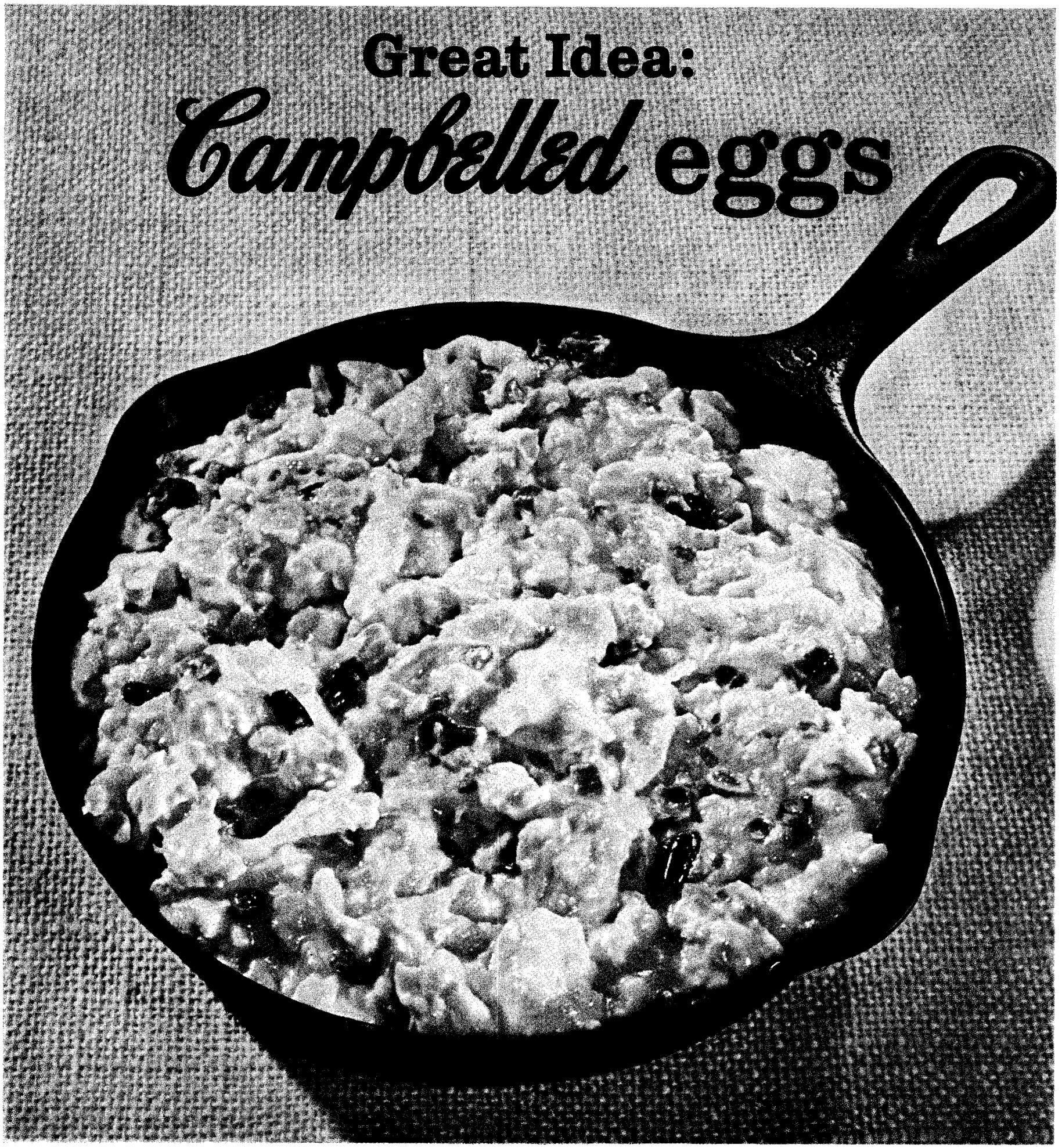
Great Idea:
Campbelled eggs



Vegetable Campbelled Eggs

Stir 1 can Campbell's Cream of Vegetable Soup until smooth. Blend in 8 slightly beaten eggs. In skillet, melt 2 tbsp. butter; pour in egg mixture. Cook over low heat until set, lifting eggs gently now and then. 4 to 6 nourishing servings.

Mushroom Campbelled Eggs

Stir 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup until smooth. Blend in 8 slightly beaten eggs. In skillet, melt 2 tbsp. butter; pour in egg mixture. Cook over low heat until set, lifting eggs gently now and then. 4 to 6 souper servings.

Chicken Campbelled Eggs

Stir 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup until smooth. Blend in 8 slightly beaten eggs. In skillet, melt 2 tbsp. butter; pour in egg mixture. Cook over low heat until set, lifting eggs gently now and then. 4 to 6 delicious servings.

M'm! M'm! Good! When the soup is *Campbell's*

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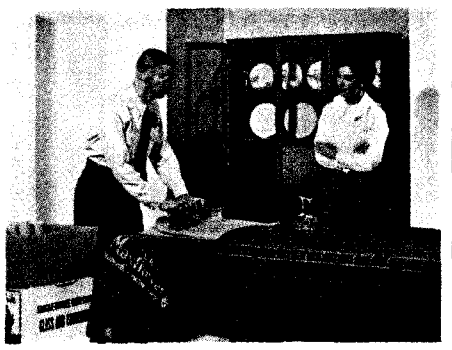

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ACTRESS competed only briefly for her emotional attention. In the past she has appeared to shy away from real romance and, as an actress, let herself be carried away by the illusory emotions of the theater. "All of my love affairs," she said not long ago, "have been flops. But that doesn't mean the next one will be."

Such oversimplification, however, gives an erroneous impression of Miss Bancroft's complex character. It is difficult, for instance, to find anyone who has worked with her who does not have a genuine liking and respect for her as a person, as well as an actress. Among friends and fellow workers she is outgiving and gay.

On stage Anne Bancroft is feminine without being conspicuously curvaceous, a trim five feet, six inches, with dark hair and olive skin on which she wears a minimum of makeup. Her profile is neat rather than distinguished. Her mouth is attractively curved, mobile and remarkably expressive. But it is her eyes that give her face dimension. Deeply set under black brows, they are luminous reflectors of joy, grief, scorn, or crazy mixed-up fun—depending upon her mercurial moods.

"She may not be the most beautiful woman in the world," remarks Arthur Penn, who directed both her Broadway hits, "but more happens in her face in ten seconds than in most women's faces in ten years."

At work she is industrious and earnest, qualities that stem, perhaps, from her shepherd forebears in southern Italy. She delights directors, stagehands and cameramen by displaying contempt for the hoary tradition that stars are entitled to special treatment and to regular outbursts of bad temper.

During the filming of *The Miracle Worker*, she was called upon to tumble backward into a creek full of small rocks. Another actress would have demanded a lengthy delay until the rocks were removed. Miss Bancroft merely hiked up the long skirt of her costume and stuffed a thick piece of foam rubber into her voluminous pantaloons and proceeded to tumble—not once, but four times—until the sequence was completed.

During the shooting of another scene, Patty Duke, who plays young Helen Keller, had to throw scrambled eggs (mixed with popcorn to make them less slippery) at Miss Bancroft's face. Miss Duke aimed accurately and hit her target. But after the exhausting scene was completed, the director said, "I'm sorry. We'll have to shoot it again."

Everybody shuddered except Miss Bancroft. "Oh, that's all right," she said, grinning. "I just *love* popcorn."

Miss Bancroft accepts direction gracefully or even gratefully, often stopping everything and saying, "I don't understand," or "Explain it again." Once she takes on a role, she tries to learn everything the character ever said, thought or did and, if possible, to go through the same experiences. She attempts to assume a new identity. So intense is her effort that she may seem to take on the accent, the gestures and the attitudes of the character, off the stage as well as on.

When she was rehearsing for *The Miracle Worker*, Miss Bancroft read everything she could get hold of written by or about Helen Keller and Annie Sullivan. She walked about in strange places for hours with her eyes taped shut, learned the deaf-blind manual alphabet and worked with patients at several institutions for the visually handicapped.

When she was playing the Bohemian girl Gittel, in *Two for the Seesaw*, Miss Bancroft created a widespread impression that she was acting the role in real life. She moved to a bachelor apartment in New York's Greenwich Village, wore sandals, and sometimes talked "far out, like." Gossip columnists mistakenly began describing her as a beatnik.

Actually she moved to the Village because she found an apartment in an old brownstone that reminded her of her grandmother's home in Brooklyn. Far from being a beatnik's "pad," her apartment is charmingly furnished with plants she has grown herself and Early American antiques.

Miss Bancroft's reputation for offbeat behavior is based largely on her spontaneous nature. She likes impromptu fun. She can mimic a coffeehouse poet or a *grande dame* with consummate skill and sometimes does it without advising bystanders that she is putting on an act.

She is only occasionally seen in the haunts of Broadway celebrities. Instead, she may eat with friends at inexpensive Times Square cafeterias, go dancing with them at popular but not high-toned spots or sit on the floor of her apartment singing ragtime songs with them until dawn.

"Some people think I'm a rebel," she told a friend. "But I'm not. I just don't always know the rules."

Considering her position in the Theater, she is known intimately by few show-business people. Those who do know her speak enthusiastically, but, oddly, each one is likely to single out a different facet of her personality.

To one well-heeled male escort she is "a glamour girl" and "a marvelous, tireless dancer." A more frequent escort, not so well heeled, reports, "When I'm broke, she'll willingly walk, and eat a hamburger, or settle for browsing in antique shops. She's great company—simple and natural. We walk a lot."

A girl friend has learned not to admire anything in a department store when they shop together. "Anne is so warmhearted," the friend says, "that she's likely to tell the clerk secretly to send it to me as a gift, just because I said it was pretty."

Cartoonist Herb Gardner describes Miss Bancroft as "a laugher—a deep laugher—a girl of fantastic enthusiasms."

A professional associate remarks that "Anne can just look at somebody sad on the street and start to cry."

"Anne," says one close friend, "is a unique human being. She has great intellectual insight without being an intellectual. She is alive—not just part of the time, but *all* the time."

"Aliveness" has been one of Anne Bancroft's characteristics almost since the time of her birth, as Anna Maria Italiano, on September 17, 1931, in the Bronx, New York City. Her mother, Mrs. Mildred Italiano, is a forceful, energetic woman from whom her three daughters inherited dark glowing eyes. During the squeeze of the depression, when Anne was a youngster, Mrs. Italiano went to work as a department-store switchboard operator. Her father, Michael Italiano, quiet and thoughtful, was then a cutter in a dress-manufacturing establishment—a seasonal occupation. Now he is a skilled, permanently employed patternmaker.

Anne was the second daughter, a thin, dark, vivacious little girl who attracted the admiration of anybody who would stop long enough to hear her talk or sing or see her dance or make a funny face. "I was a nuisance," she remembers. "I didn't even play with dolls. Why play

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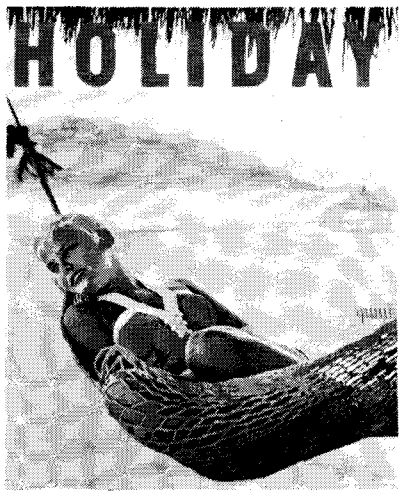

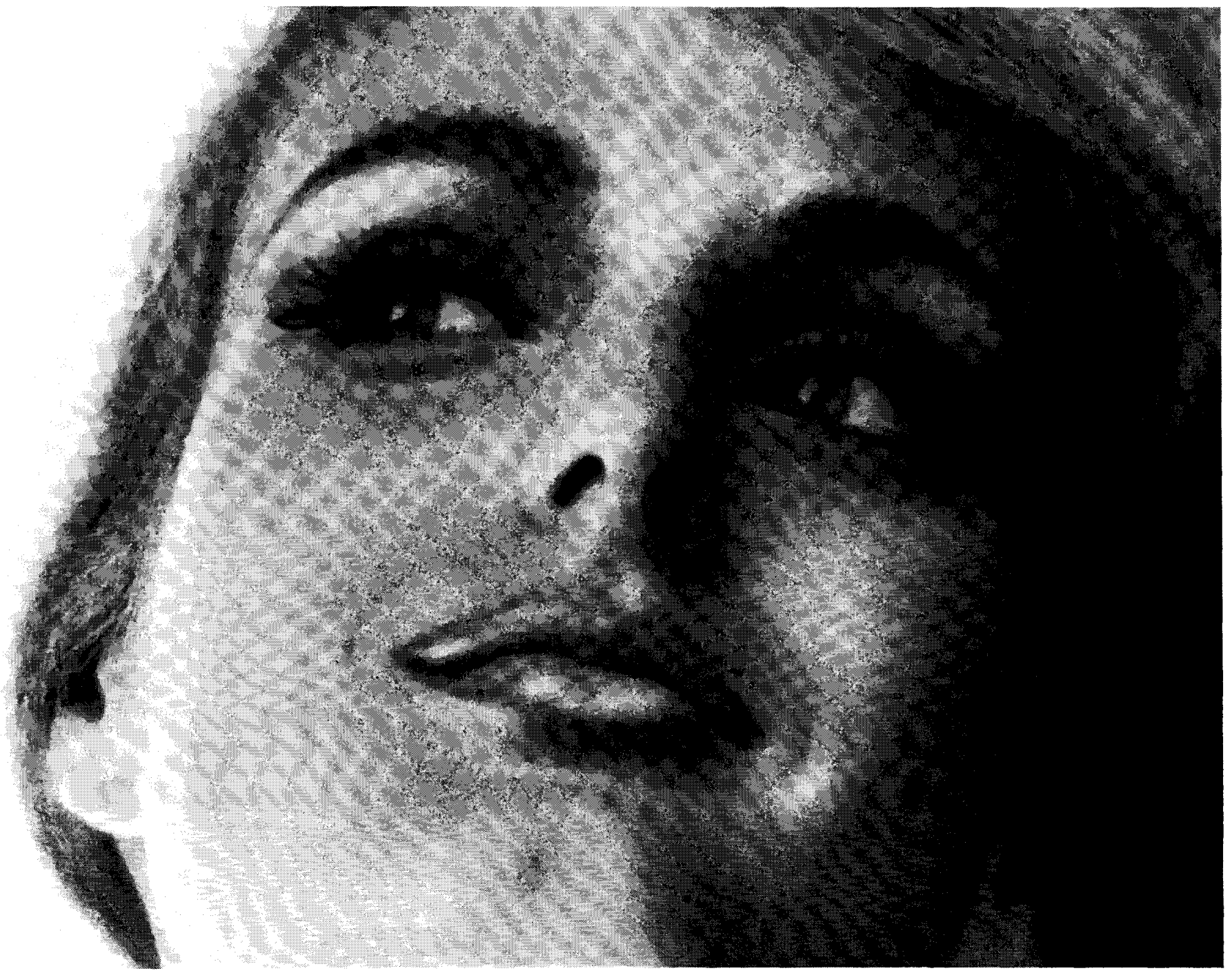

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ACTRESS with dolls, when you can sing *I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate* on the street corner?" The neighbors loved it.

Social activities were a minor part of Anne's life during her years at Christopher Columbus High School. Her mother, a strong disciplinarian, set a curfew of eleven P.M. and enforced it. Dates were limited and carefully supervised. But all of Anne's time was taken up by the local drama society, by amateur theatricals and by Saturday-morning dramatic skits at a Peekskill, New York, radio station. Everybody assumed she was headed for a stage career—everybody, except Anne herself.

Anne's attitude about acting as a profession was indefinite. She enjoyed being at the center of the stage. By nature she was warm and effervescent. But she was easily hurt by a harsh word, and she may have been instinctively wary of the fiercely competitive Broadway cockpit. In any event, when the time came to pick a career, Anne chose to become a laboratory technician.

Her mother had other ideas. Digging up $500 for tuition, she enrolled Anne in New York's American Academy of Dramatic Arts in the fall of 1948. "I was only sixteen years old," Miss Bancroft says. "I knew nothing. I wasn't serious. Being an actress wasn't on my mind. It was on mamma's mind."

Anne attended drama school for two years with no particular results. Then actress Frances Fuller, a teacher at the academy, chanced to hear her rehearsing alone during a lunch hour. Anne's intense, husky voice impressed Miss Fuller, and she arranged an appointment with her husband, Worthington Minor, then producer of television's *Studio One*.

Minor was impressed. "Anne had fantastic vitality," he remembers. "And she was so serious and so eager to learn!"

"I was serious, all right," Miss Bancroft says now. "Mamma had spent all that money on the academy, and I had been playing around for two years. Now I had to get a job. I had to do something. Serious? I was scared to death!"

Scared or not, she was hired. Quickly she became Anna Marno, a fresh, young dramatic actress who drew a deluge of fan mail for her performance as a peasant girl in Turgenev's *Torrents of Spring*. Subsequently she appeared in many television roles. She fell in love and became engaged to John Ericson, a handsome actor who was appearing in a Broadway play and planning to go to Hollywood to do a movie.

Then, in the summer of 1951, Miss Bancroft agreed to assist a fellow actor, Doug Rogers, by appearing with him in a screen test. The screen test was a great success. But it was Miss Bancroft, not Rogers, who was offered a contract.

When Miss Bancroft moved to Hollywood she was a confident young actress with plenty of undisciplined talent. For the first time she was out from under her mother's wing. Producer Daryl Zanuck changed her name to Anne Bancroft, and she began work on a picture.

Miss Bancroft had planned to be married to Ericson as soon as he arrived in Hollywood. When his movie deal collapsed, he remained in New York; impatiently she broke the engagement. Then, in 1953, she married a Texan, Martin A. May. They separated two years later and he got a divorce in 1957 on grounds of mental cruelty. In five years she appeared in more than a dozen movies, but they were second-rate or worse. As a motion-picture actress she went exactly nowhere. Why?

For a long time Miss Bancroft gave reporters a stock reply on her Hollywood experiences: "I was having a ball. I thought every picture I made was the greatest because there was my face on the screen. Me! In the movies! I had a late adolescence—twenty to twenty-five—and I spent it in Hollywood."

Recently she discussed those years with me in quite a different way. What unfolded was the story of an unsophisticated, strictly brought-up Bronx high-school girl who, with little intellectual or social preparation, wandered naïvely into the Hollywood jungle, got lost and very nearly vanished for good.

"I went to Hollywood," she said somberly, "with promise but no awareness, and with a talent for which I had no respect. I had always been told what to do and I had done it. Now Twentieth Century-Fox told me what to do, and I did it. I learned nothing."

Sorrow and frustration ignite actress Bancroft's face in the film *The Miracle Worker* as she plays Annie Sullivan, the teacher who devoted her life to providing the absent senses of sight and hearing for young Helen Keller, portrayed by Patty Duke.

She could not adjust to Hollywood society. Her first social contacts were with a group of young intellectuals, including some screenwriters who were undergoing psychoanalysis. She wasn't intellectually equipped to keep up with them. She made an effort to fit in, but failed. She felt she had been humiliated.

"I was scared of other Hollywood groups," she said, "or hated their standards. I rationalized by saying I was different, and therefore better. But sometimes I felt I was inferior. So I withdrew.

"I was making money. I lived with my agent's family. Life was safe. So I sat back and did what I was told. I was sheltered, as I always had been, and when I finally got lonely and afraid, I married a man whose family had a ranch and oil wells. I thought I was moving from one safe shelter to another.

"Meanwhile, the pictures I played in kept getting worse. My marriage was unsuccessful. My self-importance was beaten down. I didn't like any part of my life, and something told me it didn't have to be this way.

"I had kept in touch with one young intellectual who was in analysis, and I got the name of his doctor." After one session she knew analysis was her next shelter. "I'm still proud," she said, "that in all my misery I had the insight to see that it was my next shelter—not another man or a new place to live." She separated from her husband a week later.

For the next year or so Miss Bancroft's professional career drifted along with little change. Then, in February of 1957, she met three men who were casting a play with only two characters but who, after months of searching, were still unable to fill the two roles. The men were TV producer Fred Coe, TV director Arthur Penn and poet William Gibson, the author of the play *Two for the Seesaw*. None of them had heard of her, but Coe had agreed to let Anne Bancroft read for the part at the request of a Hollywood actor.

Unknown to Coe, Miss Bancroft had already read the script of *Two for the Seesaw*, and she immediately recognized Gittel as a fictional synthesis of girls she had grown up with in the Bronx. She knew the accent, the mannerisms, the high hope and despair, the warm courage and cynicism that Gibson had written into the part. By the time Miss Bancroft walked into Coe's office, she had practically transformed herself into Gittel, even to the exaggerated twist of her mouth as she laughed. Coe was immediately sold. So was Gibson when he saw her the next day.

Miss Bancroft met Arthur Penn upon her return to Hollywood. After talking to her, Penn wired Coe that she was "Gittel on the hoof." Penn, an astute and sensitive man, recognized that Miss Bancroft was bursting with talent but lacked discipline and control.

Miss Bancroft immediately and implicitly trusted Penn. "I was looking for something," she said, "and I met Arthur at exactly the right time. I was prepared to do whatever he said."

Then, just when Miss Bancroft's horizon was brightening, production plans for *Two for the Seesaw* collapsed. No male lead could be found. Miss Bancroft was back where she had started—on the merry-go-round of lying to herself about "having a ball" in Hollywood. But by this time she had changed and she didn't really believe the lies. And it was then that she packed her bags and went back to New York to start studying in earnest to be an actress.

She worked hard, lived at home and fell in love again. It was late September, 1957, and she was planning to be married soon when Coe telephoned and told her that Henry Fonda had been signed for *Two for the Seesaw*. Rehearsals would start soon. They wanted her for the role of Gittel.

"I told him I wouldn't do it," Miss Bancroft remembers. "I said I was going to be married. Then I thought: *I can do it and be married too*. So I said O.K. Then rehearsals started. My fiancé was away. I became so involved in the play and in Gibson and Penn and their respect for me, so full of all I had not had for so long—respect and trust and recognition and joy—that I never wrote my fiancé another letter. I just didn't know what to say to him."

Miss Bancroft lost a fiancé and became an actress—but not without a rip tide of toil and heartbreak. At first she overacted. She moved awkwardly to the wrong place at the wrong time. Everybody who saw her in early rehearsals cried out for her dismissal—everybody, that is, except Coe, Penn and Gibson. The four had a lot in common. All were having their first experience in a legitimate theatrical production on Broadway. They stuck together, and Penn had the patience and skill to make the most of Miss Bancroft's talents.

"Anne took a hell of a beating," Penn recalls. "But she had the courage to stick it out."

The result was overnight fame and fortune. Gibson had already written *The Miracle Worker* as a television show and arranged for Coe and Penn to take it to Broadway eventually with Miss Bancroft in the leading role.

Since *The Miracle Worker*, Miss Bancroft has continued her studies at the Actors Studio. She impressed professionals there with a performance as Eliza Doolittle in *My Fair Lady*, a radical change from her past roles. She is taking dancing and singing lessons and successfully demonstrated talent for both on Perry Como's television shows. She turned down several highly profitable chances to star with top movie personalities, including Frank Sinatra, because the roles didn't seem right for her.

Early next year she hopes to appear in an entirely different kind of show—a comedy—that will display her abilities in a field far removed from her previous stage performances. The outcome will test the judgment of Coe, Penn and other professionals that she can "do anything" in the theater and that she will be the great female star of our era.

In any event Miss Bancroft has come a long way since Hollywood, emotionally as well as histrionically, and she has a simple explanation for it all. "I'm no longer afraid," she says, "of what's inside of me."

THE END

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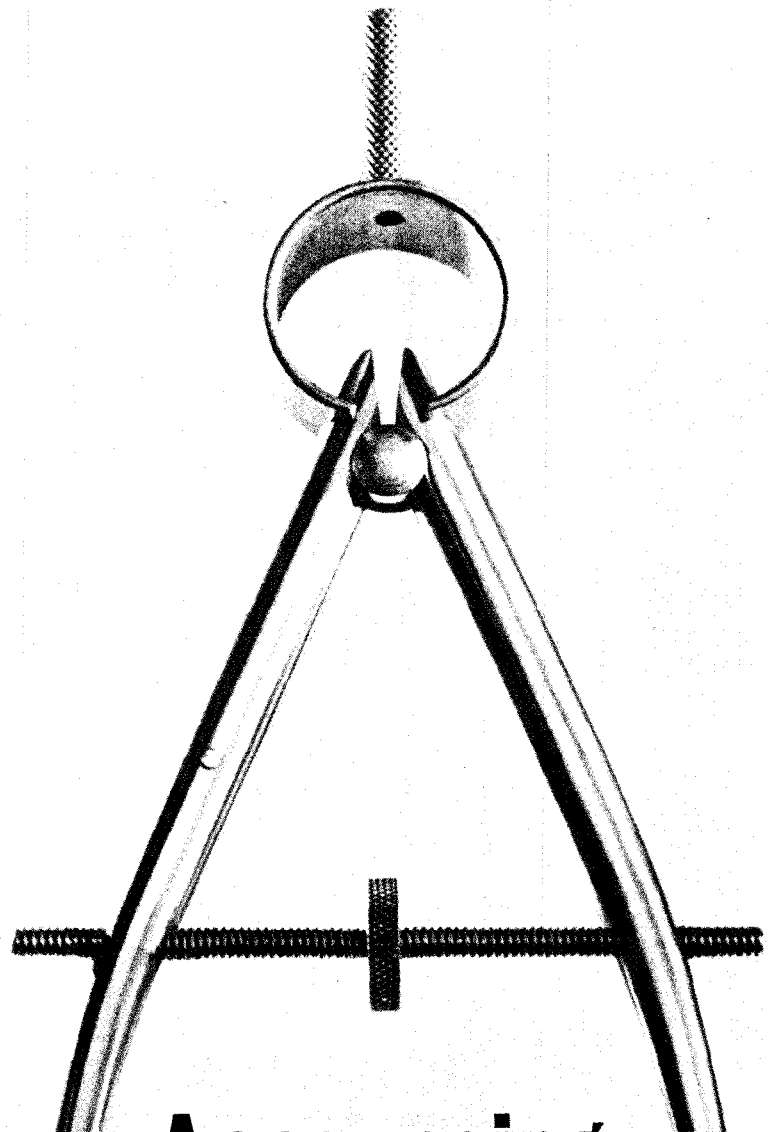

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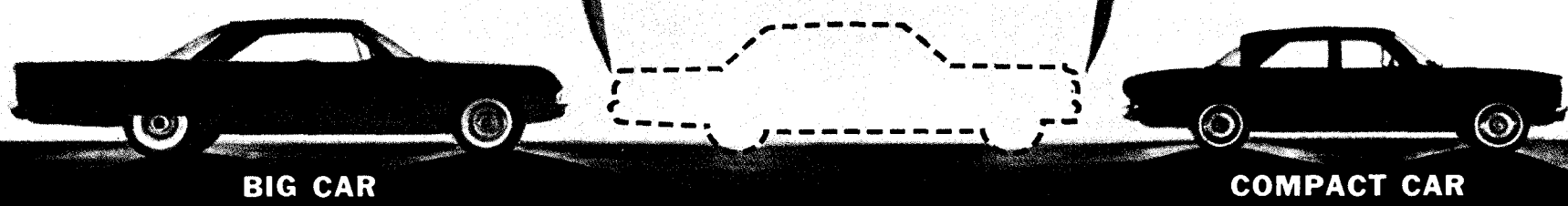

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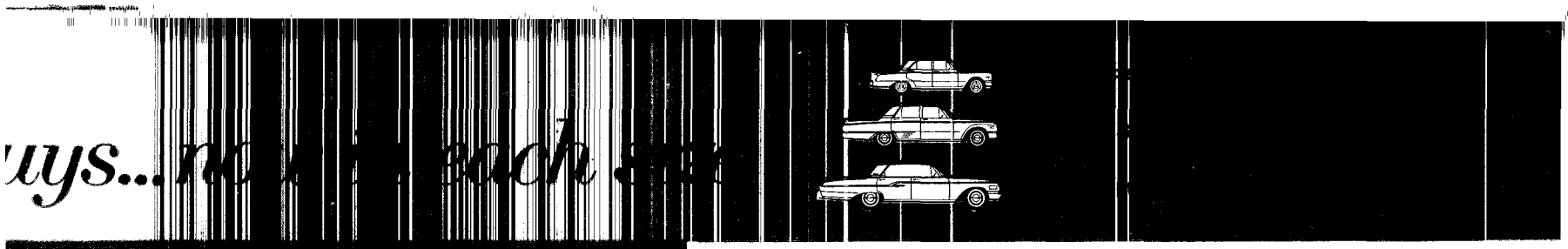

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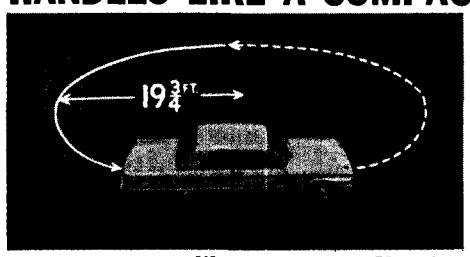

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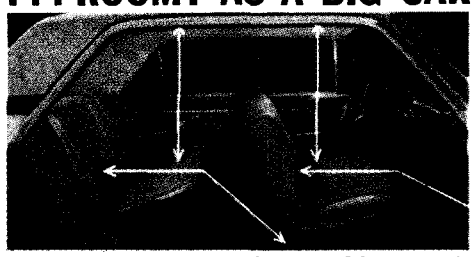

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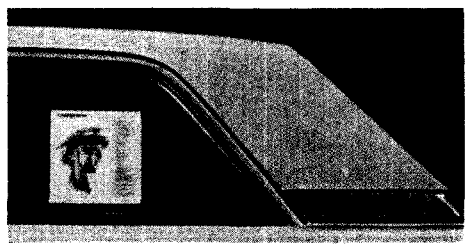

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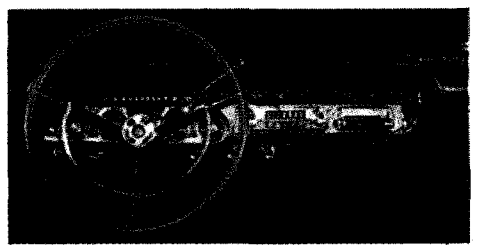

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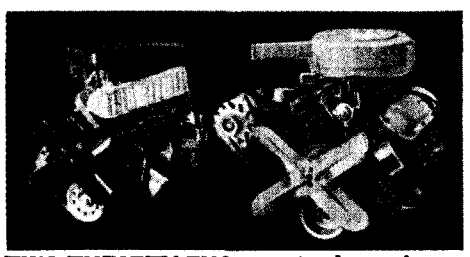

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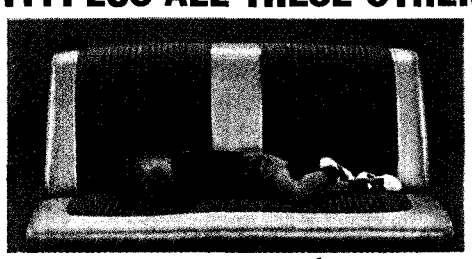

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TUGBOAT ANNIE & THE SUNKEN GOLD

ONCE AGAIN BULLWINKLE HAD OUTSMARTED ANNIE -THIS TIME TO THE TUNE OF $200,000!

BY NORMAN REILLY RAINE

With her wake spinning jeweled arabesques over moonlit water, the big salvage tug *Narcissus* of Secoma, homeward bound, rolled placidly down the Inside Passage of Alaska. In her tiny cabin abaft the wheelhouse, Tugboat Annie Brennan, the vessel's master, roused from sleep by some subtle warning of danger, levered her big body upright, and sniffed; then, still uneasy, she padded to the door, opened it and sniffed again. Now it was unmistakable; hastily donning a slicker over her old flannel nightgown, she entered the wheelhouse.

"Somethin's burnin' someplace, Peter!" she said to the tug's large, phlegmatic mate. "Can't ye smell it?"

Peter leaned out of the doorway and vigorously inhaled. "Forest fire," he said. "Prob'ly on the mainland."

"This early in the year?" said Annie quickly. "That ain't good! Some o' these little settlements is still pretty isolated. An' remember them hunters what was trapped up Pack Rat Inlet last year? What was left o' them wouldn't make a pinch o' snoose fer a Swede midget!"

As she spoke, quick footsteps sounded along the deck, and Clem, the radio operator, appeared. "We've got a fast rescue job on our hands, Annie!" he said abruptly. "Just had a radiophone call from Barney Hogan, woods boss for the Forest King Logging Company at the Cougar Landing camp. Know where it is?"

"'Course I do!" Annie snapped. "It's at the south end o' Lost Pass acrost from Whiskey Island. What's the deal?"

"There's a big forest fire on the mountain behind their camp. It's eating down toward 'em, and they've got to be snatched out o' there fast!"

"Ain't they got no boats?"

"A couple of putt-putts. Nothing to handle this deal. There's twenty of 'em and their gear. Their winter-cut log boom's made up, and Bullwinkle's due there today to tow 'em out."

"Bullwinkle?" At mention of her rival, Horatio Bullwinkle, master and owner of the big blue-water tug *Salamander*, Annie's rugged face suffused. "How'd that hambone come to be ——"

"Ya know damn well, Annie," Peter cut in. "He's on that five-year Forest King Company towin' contract he beat you outta."

"Oh, yeah. I did slip on me ta-ra-ra on that one. Go on, Clem."

"Hogan tried to call Bullwinkle for help, but couldn't connect. Then while I was calling the weather stations Hogan cut in, and ——"

"O.K. Phone Hogan to git his boys out on the boom wid their gear an' cast off! The current'll carry 'em away from the shore, an' we'll pick 'em up afore they've drifted too far."

Following Clem out, Annie clattered down the ladder, yelled to Big Sam, the engineer, for top speed, rousted out her startled crew, crackled an order for Pinto to shake up a quick breakfast, and, with the big tug shaking from keel to masthead from the accelerated propeller thrust, she puffed up the ladder to check again with Clem.

"What's the scoop?" she demanded. "They cast the boom off yet?"

"They can't," he said tensely. "Hogan says the tide would spill the boom all over Whiskey Reef. So they'll burn or drown if we're too late! Bullwinkle's hours away—I just talked to him. The jerk said this was just a trick of yours to skunk him out of Hogan's tow."

"Nuts!" Annie said. "Tell Hogan to hang on!"

Through the maze of islands and risky short-cut channels the *Narcissus* sped until, at daybreak, a sinister red glow waned and flared under the loom of the land. Soon Whiskey Island slid past the port beam, and the tug surged across the Lost Pass entrance, toward the mouth of the Cougar River a quarter mile away, while Annie's smoke-stung eyes sought to locate the landing. Then a sudden flare-up of water-front shacks revealed the cluster of loggers, desperately waving from a big, chain-bound log boom at the water's edge. Swiftly the tug surged alongside and made fast; but the loggers were staring anxiously along the fore shore of the pass. "Cast off that shore line, you brushcats!" Annie bellowed.

"Wait! We can't!" someone said. "Hogan an' Ole ain't back. They're tryin' to find the ——"

"Here they come!" a shout went up, and two running figures pounded back along the narrow beach, plunged through a fiercely burning patch of brush and leaped out onto the boom. And with the shore line cast off and Hogan and his crew safely on board, tug and boom moved out into the strait.

Topside, Annie instructed Peter to head for Port Klootchman, a modern, fair-sized fishing and cannery harbor on Kupreanof Island, about sixty miles away. "They's a marine hospital there if Hogan an' his boys needs it. An' Clem's told Bullwinkle we got 'em aboard, an' he kin pick up the boom from there." Then she went in search of Hogan.

He was on the fantail staring back at the still blazing ruins of Cougar Landing; on Annie's approach his fire-seared face managed a painful grin. "Golly, chum!" she gasped. "Better rub some lard on that ——"

"It'll wait, Annie. We're plumb lucky to be here at all. And my boys shore are grateful!"

"Twas nothin', "she disclaimed, abashed. "Anyways, what was you an' Ole doin' back along the pass—practicin' fire eatin'?"

"N-no," he said slowly, and his gaze went to the smoking mountainside behind the landing. "We was looking for the Snowman. It was him started that blasted fire."

"What was that ye called him?" Annie said.

"The Snowman. The Abominable Snowman. Least, that's what our camp belly robber named him when he first seen them big footprints in the snow by the cookhouse last winter. He's just a crazy old hermit that's lived on the mountain, God knows how many years, and doesn't want no strangers around."

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ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES R. BINGHAM

"Ye mean that's why he set that forest fire? To drive ye out," she asked incredulously, "if it killed ye or not?"

"Yeah, but anybody as crazy as him, Annie, they ain't responsible. That's why Ole an' me wanted to make sure he—well, wasn't hurt, maybe. But that fire! There wasn't time."

"Ye done what ye could, Barney," Annie said quietly. "Had this—this Snow Bum ever bothered ye afore? Other years, I mean."

"There was no other years, Annie. The company owned just one small stand o' big trees—a one-season cut—back o' the first ridge. So last year we built our headquarters camp at the landing, then moved back in and started cutting. Then, when we'd floated the winter cut down the river on this spring's flood and made up the boom, we was through. Ready for Bullwinkle to tow us out."

"Well, if ye was leavin' fer good why'd the—the Snow Bum try an' burn ye out?"

Hogan shook his head. "Like I told you, he's cracked. After the cook saw snow tracks back in the early winter, we'd notice somethin' watching us from between the trees. Looked like some big animal. A bear, maybe. It was him, in clothes he'd made outta raw pelts."

"An' he never come close?"

"No. We'd leave food out nights and watch. Nobody'd see him; but by mornin' the grub was gone. Well, about a mile along the pass from Cougar Landing is acres o' bare rock an' boulders—bed of an old glacier, maybe—full o' cracks and holes. An' one day after the snow was gone a coupla my boys was crossin' this stony patch looking for deer, an' they damn near stomped on him, lyin' asleep under a ledge o' shale. He leaps up—a huge guy in them stinkin' furs! Long white hair and whiskers an' wild, crazy eyes, an' took off up them big rocks like a mountain goat! An' him eighty years old if he's a day!"

"Did they go after him?" asked Annie.

"You kidding? They high-tailed back to camp with him following! Screamin' like a banshee! Pitchin' rocks! Cussin' 'em out and yelling a lot o' senseless babble about claims an' gold

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TUGBOAT ANNIE

pokes, an' how they couldn't prove nothing, and they'd never take him alive, and so on!"

"Sounds like a old-time Yukon sourdough what's lost his migs," commented Annie. "Then what happened?"

"Nothing. We left him strictly alone, because whoever went near that big bald space above the pass would get a shower o' rocks at their head. But here's somethin' curious, Annie. Every evening, in good weather and bad, he'd sit on top o' the cliff, just starin', for hours on end, into Lost Pass directly below!"

"An' then prob'ly creep back into whatever hole in the rocks he lived in, to sleep," Annie muttered, and suddenly her eyes filled. "Pore ol' guy. Barney, ye sure he set that blasted fire?"

"It figures," Hogan replied somberly. "Couple o' days ago we had our boom all made up an' ready to be towed out. But it just didn't seem right to take off an'—an', well, leave him here alone. So me and the boys starts scoutin' that rock area, hoping maybe we could sweet-talk him into comin' along, when *Boom!*—a rock knocked Frenchy Gagnon cold; and there's this crazy old monkey scrabblin' up the slope an' peltin' us as he goes. That night he was up on the mountain behind the landing, yelling curses at us out o' the dark. Next morning a drum o' kerosene was missing—remember, the woods are still wet—and last night all hell rolled over that mountaintop."

"Guess ye're right then, Barney. Still, I sure hope the pore ol' coot ——" Annie began, but sharply was interrupted by strident and odiously familiar siren blasts from Mr. Bullwinkle's *Salamander*. And a few minutes later she was accompanying the *Narcissus* on a parallel course, close abeam, while her powerfully built and bandy-legged commander gazed bovinely across from his upper deck.

"Hi, Barney. What'd that fat thief there kick ya in the face for?" he asked solicitously. "Ya catch her pickin' yer pockets, mebbe? She would, mind, like right now she's tryin' to grab this boom-towin' job o' mine."

"Ye're a liar!" said Annie hotly. "Clem telled ye we'd meet ye at Port Klootchman!"

"Ya can keep that slop, dear, for them that would swaller it," he said kindly. "I'm here to pick up that boom. So ——"

"Git on wid it then, ye—ye public inconvenience!" Annie roared. "But mind ye take Barney an' his boys to the Port Klootchman hospital fust."

The *Salamander* moved alongside and, with both tugs under a slow bell, the loggers were transferred; Annie watched, the *Narcissus* rolling in the long swell, until the *Salamander* and her tow were headed for Port Klootchman. Then she turned away and entered her wheelhouse.

"O.K. I'll take the wheel now, Peter," she said.

"Where to, now, Annie—home?" Peter asked as she jingled for "full ahead." Annie did not answer, but when the tug picked up speed she wrenched the wheel hard over, and Peter stared.

"That cussed Snowman!" she said grimly. "I keep thinkin' o' the pore loony, mebbe hurt an' needin' help, like Barney said, an' dyin' alone wid' no help around! So go tell Clem to notify the office we're headin' back fer Cougar Landin'."

When the *Narcissus* arrived, the fire had burned itself out; an onshore breeze, blowing back the heat and smoke, showed only a desolation of charred stumps and a carpet of gray ash. Here and there, however, embers still glowed; so until evening the tug patrolled Lost Pass while Annie and the crew minutely scrutinized the area of rock, boulders and shale. But beyond occasional spirals of soot and ashes swirling across it, nothing moved.

Then, in the long Alaskan twilight, with the *Narcissus* anchored in Lost Pass below the cliff and Pinto left as shipkeeper, Annie and the others lowered the workboat and went ashore. The rock area above the beach was inaccessible on foot, so they approached from the direction of the landing through clouds of choking, eye-stinging soot and still warm ash dust until, racked with coughing and half-blinded, they struggled through to the bare, formidably contorted detritus of a long-vanished glacier.

"If he's still livin'," said Annie, wiping her streaming eyes, "it's gotta be here someplace! So spread out an' start lookin' for the old coot."

But after nearly two hours of grueling, meticulous search, they arrived, sore-muscled and exhausted, back at their starting point and flopped down to rest.

"It's no use, Annie," said Clem wearily. "We've covered it all."

Annie rubbed her blackened, sweat-stained face, grunted morosely, creaked to her feet and then stood motionless—an earthy, solid figure, alone with her private thoughts in the eerie silence of a ruined wasteland.

It's amazing the things children can do without— once they get them.

Charles Ruffing

"Well, le's go," she said dully. But instead of moving, her big body tensed, and she turned, listening, in the direction of the cliff's edge, invisible behind the intervening rocks. "I hear ——"

"So do I!" Hank cried, and scrambling over the granite shelf behind them he dropped to the other side. After a difficult, shin-bruising pursuit over the confusion of upthrust shale and giant boulders, and guided now by Hank's urgent, summoning shout, the others reached, almost at the cliff's brink, a ten-foot-deep crevice formed by two slanting rock slabs.

Hank, down in the crevice, looked up at their approach. "He's here, Annie," he said quietly. "But he's hurt. Hurt bad."

He stepped to one side, and they stared down, horrified, at a large, grotesquely contorted bundle of what looked like a mangy, fire-scorched animal fur topped by a tangled mop of once-white but now singed-and-blood-soaked hair and whiskers. In the gaunt, pinched old face, faded blue eyes held a glazed stare; the withered lips moved constantly in a babble of unconnected words and phrases which rose, at times, to a defiant shout, then subsided and finally ceased. But their theme was, as Hogan had said, of mining claims, the Klondike, gold dust and pursuit.

"Same crazy ravin' Barney telled me about, pore guy," said Annie sympathetically. "But we'd sure never ha' found him widout him yellin' out like he done. Well, let's git him outta there right away an' down to the tug."

"Down to the tug? How?" asked Shiftless. "We sure can't carry him out the way we come. That trip over the rocks alone ——"

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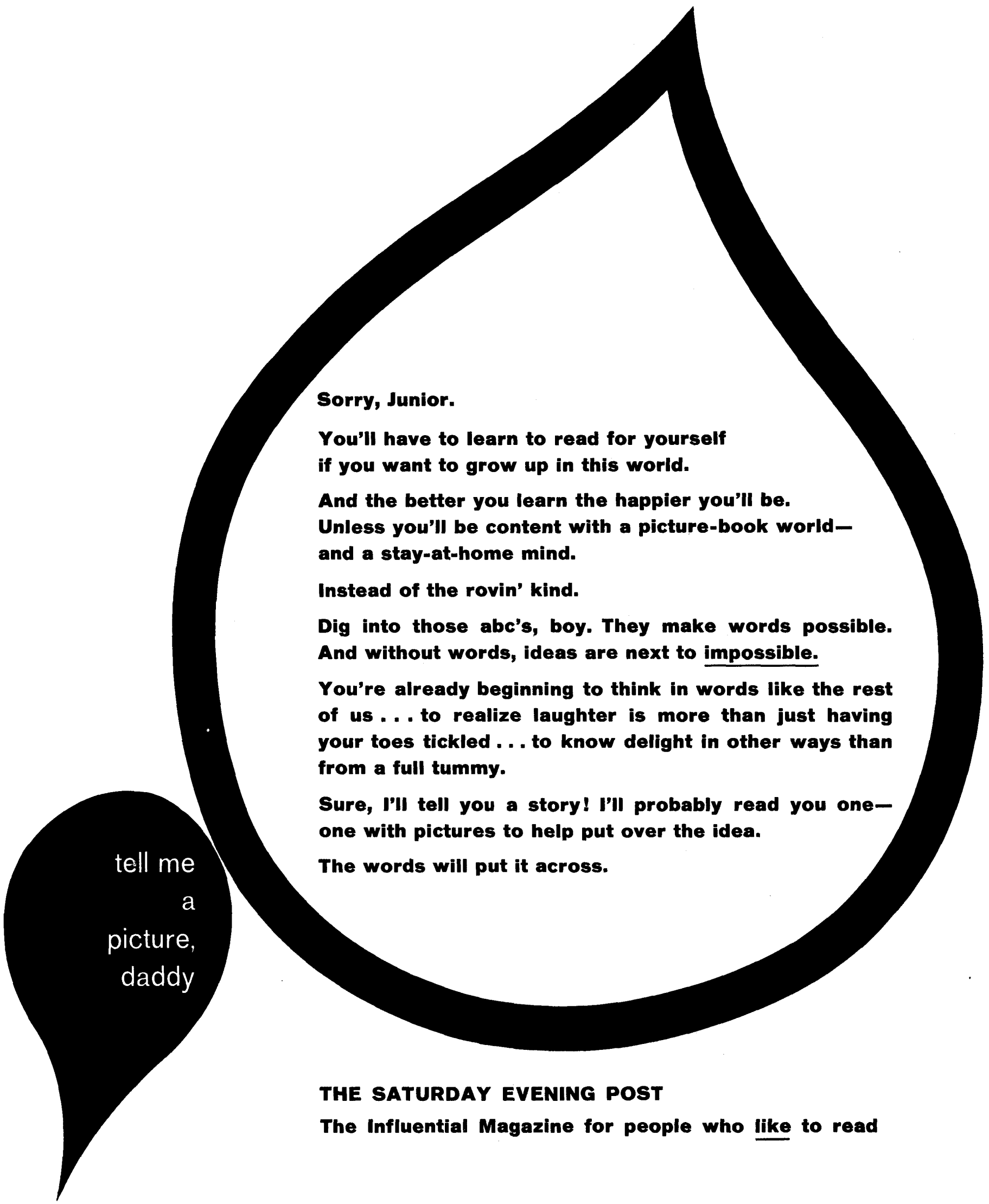

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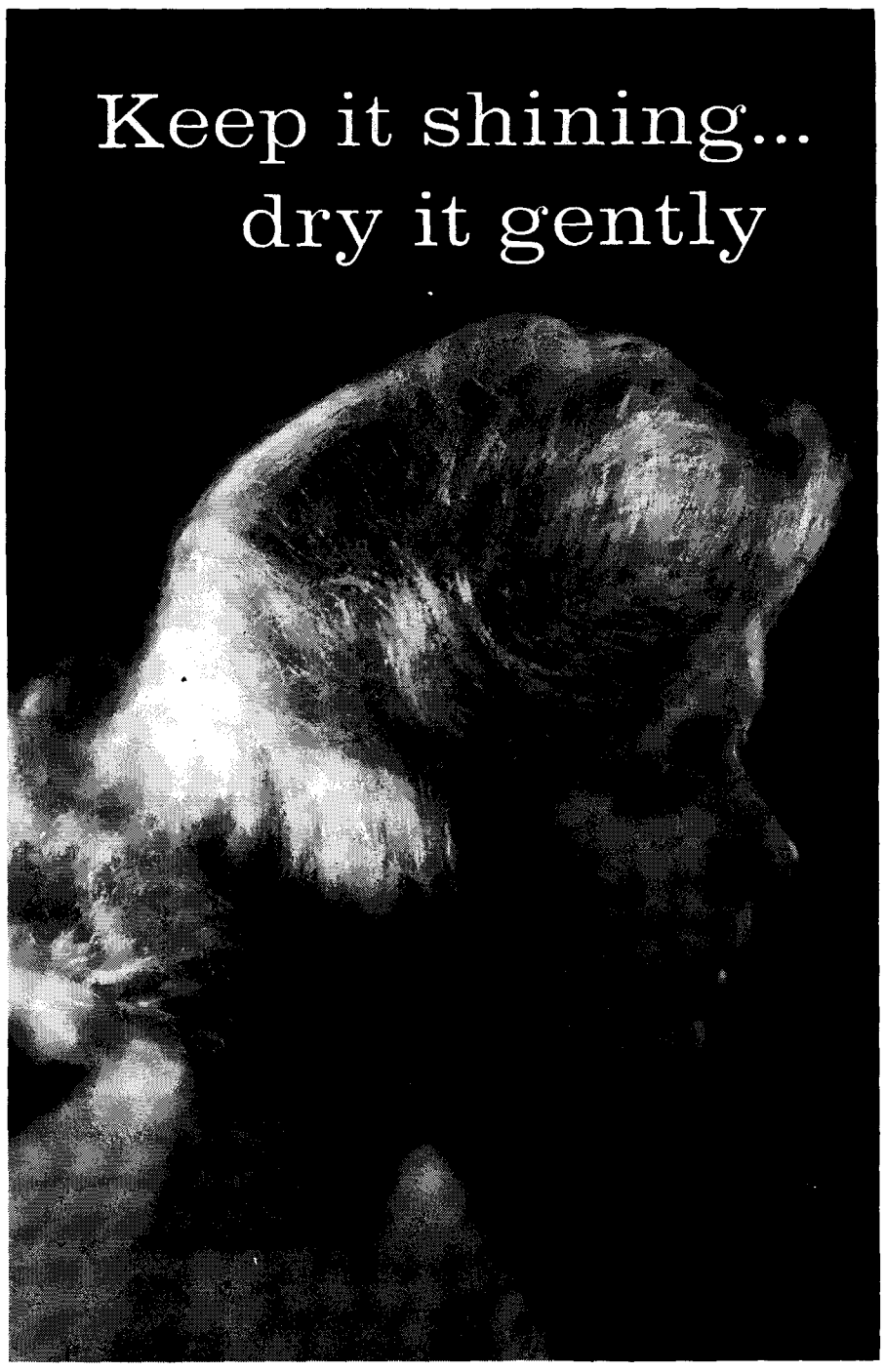

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TUGBOAT ANNIE

"Our Lyle gun, o' course!" said Annie impatiently. "We've took people offa wrecked ships wid it plenty times."

With tremendous effort, but gently, the injured man was hoisted from the crevice: now there was only an occasional shallow sigh to indicate that he was still alive. And with Annie and Hank left to watch him, the others set out on the return trip to the *Narcissus*.

Twilight slowly deepened into night; then, finally, came a hail from the darkness of the pass, followed, when Hank acknowledged it, by the report of the Lyle gun and the hiss of the soaring line. Shortly afterward the unconscious "Snowman," securely lashed into a hammock-like canvas sling, was on his way down to the tensely waiting and anxious group on the *Narcissus*' deck.

Annie, staring anxiously down, was relieved when reaching hands guided the sling expertly on board. Then suddenly Hank gripped her arm. "Look who's here," he said. Following his gaze, her soot-stained, sweat-streaked face hardened; approaching the *Narcissus* along the darkened pass, running lights shining like gems, was Mr. Bullwinkle's fast-moving *Salamander*.

Instantly Annie hailed her crew. "Run that gear back up here fast!" she roared. "We're comin' down!"

But when Annie, followed by Hank, had reached her deck, the *Salamander* already was made fast alongside, while Mr. Bullwinkle, outside the *Narcissus*' galley, was listening with flattering interest to Shiftless's graphic account of the finding of the Snowman.

"An' he was still ravin' about gold-dust pokes and so on, eh, Shiftless?" he said sorrowfully. "Hogan told us about that, on the way to Port Klootchman. Tch, tch, tch! Too bad! . . . Oh, hello, Annie!" he greeted archly. "Ya look like ya stuck yore head up a chimbley! Shiftless here was jest ——"

"I heerd him!" she snapped. "Shif'less, go tell Peter to git under way. Now, then"—she turned back to Mr. Bullwinkle—"how'd ye know we was here?"

"We just accidentally happened," he said innocently, "to overhear Clem's message to yer office. Then, too, when Hogan said you was worryin' about the poor old coot maybe bein' still alive—an' you with a heart like a cow, dear—I come to help."

"Ye come, ye lyin' thief," she told him harshly, "to see if I'd found his poke—if any—or got a tip, mebbe, from his ravin', about where it was! Otherwise ye'd ha' skulked back by yerself! Anyways, they ain't no poke. It's all in his pore crazy nuggin. It's not real."

"How d'ya know?" he asked quickly.

"Stands to reason. If he'd struck it rich he'd ha' took it out an' spent it years ago, same as the rest. Look at all them gold-rush ships what come back to Puget Sound ports loaded to the gunnels wid miners an' their pokes—millions o' dollars' wuth of gold dust."

"O.K. An' look at all the ships that didn't get back!" Mr. Bullwinkle countered eagerly. "Every rotten old tub that could float was in that trade. Scores o' them was lost up-an'-down the Inside Passage here, bringin' men back from the gold fields. Some of 'em was drownded, and their pokes went down with 'em! Others swum ashore with or without their pokes. An' know what my guess is?"

"That the Snowman's one o' them?"

"That's right! I think his ship went down right in this pass, an' his gold dust with it. He got ashore O.K., but thinkin' about what he'd lost must have drove him offa his rocker!"

"Yeah, could be," Annie admitted.

"Sure it could! I'll bet there's even records, someplace, o' some o' them missin' ships! An' if I knew where to look —— Annie! Ain't ya listenin'?"

"I'm thinkin'," she said, and as she spoke, the clatter of rising anchor cable sounded along the deck. "Look, tell yer mate to cast off. We're gittin' under way. He kin pick ye up again when we git outta the pass. Then come back here, an' we'll mebbe talk a deal."

With alacrity Mr. Bullwinkle obeyed; when he had disappeared around a corner of the house, she entered the galley. Mr. Bullwinkle returned and found her in the messroom.

"Set down if yer pants is clean, Bullwinkle," Annie invited, affable now. "Fust thing, what about Hogan's log boom? Ye was s'posed to tow ——"

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POST
HOW CAN WE TELL THE DANCER FROM THE DANCE?
A poignant new story by
Cledwyn Hughes

"Hogan's still in hospital. Him an' his boys want to go down with it, so I'll pick it up later. Now what's yore deal?"

"Somethin' we talked about gave me the wrinklin' of a idear. If it pays off—an' it could—whatever we find goes to the Snow Bum, if he's still alive. It's his. All we detract is expenses. If he dies, we try an' trace his kin ——"

"How can ya when nobody even knows the old boy's name?"

"—an' if we do," Annie continued, "same deal, plus mebbe ten per cent fer our trouble. Leave it or lump it."

"I got a choice?" Mr. Bullwinkle snarled. "What if he croaks, an' they ain't no kin that we can find?"

"Then we divvy it, hurly-burly an' tit fer tat. Meanwhile, you wait here till I git the Snow Bum to the hospital at Port Klootchman, an' talk to a old pal o' mine what's watchman at a cannery there. Then I'll be back. Now, then, is it a firm deal?"

"Yeah, guess so," he said dubiously.

"Well, say it!" Annie demanded, rising.

"O.K., it's a firm deal!" yelled Mr. Bullwinkle. "Ya sure as hell don't trust me, do ya?"

"'Course I trust ye, Horatio," said Annie soothingly. . . . "Don't I boys?" Whereupon the sliding door to the serving shelf between messroom and galley shot wide open, revealing the grinning faces of Pinto and Clem.

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"Sure you do! Everybody does!" they assured her. And the door closed.

When an ambulance—waiting by prearrangement at the Port Klootchman wharf—had sped the Snowman to the hospital, Peter headed the *Narcissus* for the fish cannery across the harbor, while Annie and Clem stood outside the open wheelhouse door.

"Who is this Potlatch Murphy you're going to see now, Annie?" asked Clem curiously. "Seems to me like I've heard the name up here."

"Who ain't?" said Annie, grinning. "He's the oldest livin' fossil in Alaska. An' when it comes to local shippin' history. he's a walkin' velocipede."

"Cyclopedia, Annie," corrected Peter mildly with a smile.

"Same thing, ye dope! But most important, right now, he served in the old U. S. revenue cutter *Bear* all through the gold-rush days on this coast, and ain't a ship loss or sinkin' he don't know about. That's his shack on the dock there, Peter. Head in alongside."

Even before the *Narcissus* had tied up, there stepped agilely out to greet them a small, sinewy, completely bald old man with a merry, wizened little face and lively brown eyes.

"Well, by the Seven Virgins o' Noorvik! Annie!" he cackled.

"Come on aboard, ye old gooey duck till we see what still nails ye together!" yelled Annie, delighted.

But first Potlatch darted into his shack for a bottle. "Fifth o' kelp extract," he piped. "This, we gotta celebrate!"—and jumping nimbly to the tug's deck, he rattled up the ladder and vigorously shook hands. "To stay as old as me, Annie," he advised, "ye gotta have a passion—wimmen or likker! Mine's likker! Now then," he whooped, "why don't we all get stinkin' and have some fun?"

"Hey, slow down, ye old hellion!" Annie grinned. "I want to ax ye some questions fust! So come along to me cabin. They're important."

Potlatch listened with alert attention while she briefed him on the happenings at Cougar Landing involving the Snowman. "So kin ye tell me," she concluded, "of any vessel what sunk in Lost Pass durin' the gold-rush years?"

"Yep," he said promptly. "There was two. Mind ye, I couldn't swear either of 'em was lost in the pass itself; but they went down either there or the waters around Whiskey Island. One, I remember particular, because it also concerned the revenue cutter *Bear* I was servin' in at the time. She was the steamer *Quinault*, on a reg'lar run between Norton Sound, Skagway an' Secoma, and her master was a fat Dutchman name o' Captain Van Ronkel."

And, with the relish of all old-timers reliving the past, Potlatch described in detail the story of the *Quinault*. How the *Bear*, on coast patrol, had received urgent orders from Washington to intercept the *Quinault* in the Inland Passage and remove a passenger wanted on a serious Federal charge. The *Quinault* at the time, according to her schedule, would be approaching the vicinity of Lost Pass; so, intending to intercept her at the north end of the pass, the *Bear* sailed at top speed south from Petersburg ——

"Hold it," said Annie suddenly. "She's not ——"

"—but we missed her in the fog, and she was never seen again," said Potlatch, intent on finishing his story. "What was that you said, Annie?"

"I said she ain't the one! If the *Bear* was headin' south to intercept her, the *Quinault* musta bin headin' north! The one I'm tryin' to trace was bound south, and it was full o' miners from the Yukon, wid their pokes. What was the other one, Potlatch?"

"The *Kenbarra*, Annie. Captain Andrews was her master. And she *was* southbound, carryin' miners and about $460,000 in gold dust, it was figgered later. Last seen o' her, accordin' to the report the *Bear* got, she was goin' at a fast clip through Frederick Sound. But if she kept straight on through Lost Pass or hit a reef on the west side o' Whiskey Island, nobody ever knew. But outside o' them two, Annie, no ship was ever lost within seventy mile o' Lost Pass."

"She's the one. The *Kenbarra*, I mean," said Annie happily and flung open the door. "Clem," she bawled. "Fetch yer fiddle. What me an' Potlatch is gonna do to the turtle trot'll kill ye!"

It was many hours later when Potlatch, fighting briskly, was tossed out onto the wharf from which—after ardently embracing a mooring bollard—he hurled a boisterous farewell after the rapidly departing *Narcissus*.

"I knowed," said Annie with a rueful grin as she set the tug's course for Lost Pass, "when he started coaxin' the ventilator cowl to blow *Reveille* that it was time to send him home. But he sure liked you, Clem, else he wouldn'ta hit ye. Look, did ye send the message to the office tellin' em to lemme have all the dope they kin get about the *Kenbarra?*" He nodded. "O.K. Now git in touch wid that no-good Horatio Bullwinkle that we got good news about our deal."

Minutes later Clem returned. Mr. Bullwinkle's reply was brief. To the point. It said simply, "What deal?"

Annie looked at Clem. Then, granite-faced, she jingled Big Sam for flank speed. The chips were down.

The extent of Mr. Bullwinkle's perfidy amply was demonstrated when, in late afternoon, the *Narcissus* again entered Lost Pass. The *Salamander* was anchored just below the bluff, and alongside her was a small but well-equipped and self-propelled salvage barge from Port Klootchman. And emerging from the water up the side of the barge was a diver, carrying the heavy, barnacle-encrusted rim of a ship's porthole, which his helper took from him and tossed on the top of a heap of other minor salvaged articles on the barge's deck.

"He's found the *Kenbarra!*" Annie croaked, dumfounded, to Peter, who had taken over the wheel. "Put us alongside!"

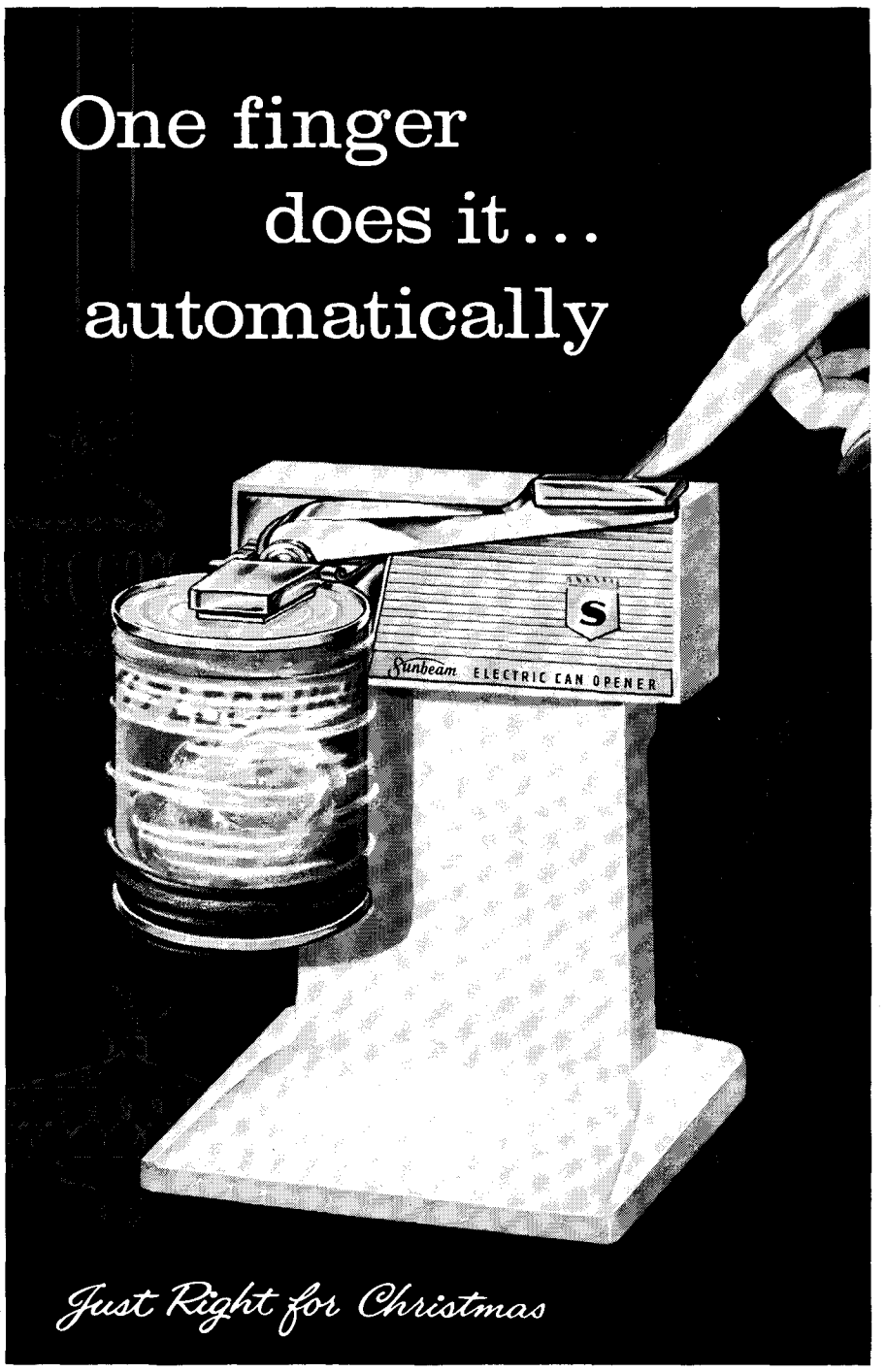
As she waited, her knuckles white with tension on the rail. Clem approached and handed her a radiogram. "From the office," he said, "Better read it right away." But the *Narcissus* was now nudging the *Salamander*'s rail, and she impatiently crammed the message into her pocket, jumped over to the rival tug and presently was glaring at Mr. Bullwinkle's broad back as he addressed the diver.

"How'd ya make out this time, Mac?" he asked genially.

"Duck soup, cap'n! When she went down, her boilers exploded and opened her up like a busted sardine can. And that safe was right where we figured. The derrick can hoist it up any time."

"Anythin' else down there that looks promisin'?"

"Can't tell yet. Too much muck's stirred up. There's lots more o' that junk, though," and he pointed to a sodden



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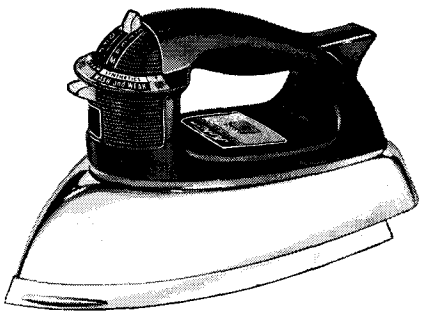

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to guide our feet into the way of Peace.
80 And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel.

CHAPTER 2

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.
2 (*And* this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)
3 And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.
4 And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)
5 To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.
6 And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.
7 And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.
8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.
9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.
10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.
11 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
12 And this *shall be* a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.
13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly hos praising God, and saying,
14 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.
15 And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.
16 And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.
17 And when they had seen *it*, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.
18 And all they that heard *it* wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.
19 But Mary kept all these things, and pondered *them* in her heart.
20 And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.
21 And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called JESUS, which was so named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb.
22 And when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem, to present *him* to the Lord;
23 (As it is written in the law of the Lord, Every male that openeth the womb shall be called holy to the Lord;)
24 And to offer a sacrifice according to that which is said in the law of the Lord, A pair of turtledoves, or two young pigeons.
25 And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name *was* Simeon; and the same man *was* just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel:

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and the Holy Ghost was upon him.
26 And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.
27 And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law,
28 Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said,
29 Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word:
30 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,
31 Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;
32 A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.
33 And Joseph and his mother marvelled at those things which were spoken of him.
34 And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this *child* is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against;
35 (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also), that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.
36 And there was one Anna, a prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Aser: she was of a great age, and had lived with an husband seven years from her virginity;
37 And she *was* a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served *God* with fastings and prayers night and day.
38 And she coming in that instant gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.
39 And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth.
40 And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.
41 Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.
42 And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.
43 And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not *of it*.
44 But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among *their* kinsfolk and acquaintance.
45 And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.
46 And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.
47 And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.
48 And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.
49 And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?
50 And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.
51 And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.
52 And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

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TUGBOAT ANNIE

heap of what seemed to be scraps of black, withered leather and corroded chain. "Whole big case of it. When do you want your safe up?"

"After supper. You'll hafta have some rest. O.K.?"

The diver waved assent, and Mr. Bullwinkle turned to meet Annie's menacing glare. "Why it's Fatso!" he cried in artless wonder. "Kinda thought I smelt somebody behind me." He indicated the barge. "Ain't this the limit? Poor today an' rich tomorra!"

"How'd ye locate the *Kenbarra* so fast?" she gasped, big fist closing.

"The—oh, the ship? Be glad to tell ya, Annie," said Mr. Bullwinkle benevolently. "After ye left I missed ya; so I went up to where ya found the old guy, to try an' forget. An' while ——"

"Oh, yeah? That I kin believe!" said Annie bitterly.

"An' while strollin' around," he continued, "lo an' behold if I didn't find the stinkin' cave he lived in, right under the overhang o' that cliff! An' in a heap of old rags was a wallet holdin' two water-stained pieces o' paper. One was a sketch o' the pass below the cliff marked with an X. Later I trawled a drag where he'd marked, then radioed fer the barge quick—because there she was!"

"Well, I come back," said Annie roughly, "wid almost the same inf ——"

"Wait, lemme finish. The other piece o' paper," he resumed triumphantly, "was a receipt from the captain to a passenger—the old loony, prob'ly—fer $200,000, in currency what he'd had put in the ship's safe!"

"Wha-at?" Annie gasped incredulously. "Are you sure?"

"Ready to be brang up! An' all done wi' no help whatsoever from you!"

"I was workin' on it!" Annie countered desperately. "The ship's name is the *Kenbarra*, Cap'n Andrews, master, out o' ——"

"My, my, how wrong can we get?" said Bullwinkle mildly.

"I even had our office check, an' by golly," she cried, suddenly remembering, "I got their report right here! So, ye skunk-faced lump o' petty larceny," she trumpeted, thrusting the message in his hand, "read *that!*"

Mr. Bullwinkle did, then looked at her peculiarly. "You seen this yoreself yet, Fatso?"

Alarmed, she snatched it. It read:

WRECK OF S. S. KENBARRA FOUND OFF WHISKEY REEF 1932. DESTROYED AS MENACE TO NAVIGATION. BOSS SAYS QUIT HORSING AROUND UP THERE. GET BACK PRONTO OR NO JOB.

Dumbly Annie stared at it, high hopes punctured, ego utterly deflated; and keeping her head down to avoid Bullwinkle's amused regard, she did not even resent the solicitude in his voice as he murmured, "Why don't ya step over the side, dear, an' take a nice long walk?"

Presently he was gone, jauntily climbing the ladder toward his cabin; but Annie remained by the *Salamander*'s rail while, slowly recovering, she flogged her unresponding brain for a plan to force her triumphant rival to share the wealth without litigation. Then, too tired and discouraged even to think, she became aware that two of the salvage-barge hands, but a few feet away, were discussing the disposal of some of the salvaged rubbish on their deck.

"Shorty says this goes overboard," said one, pausing at the heap of brine-pickled leather and rusty chain. "What the hell is it?"

"Dog-team harness," said the other, a swarthy, flat-faced Aleut. "One time long ago," he pointed north, "gold miners pay weight in dust to buy. This never get there and now is junk. Too bad."

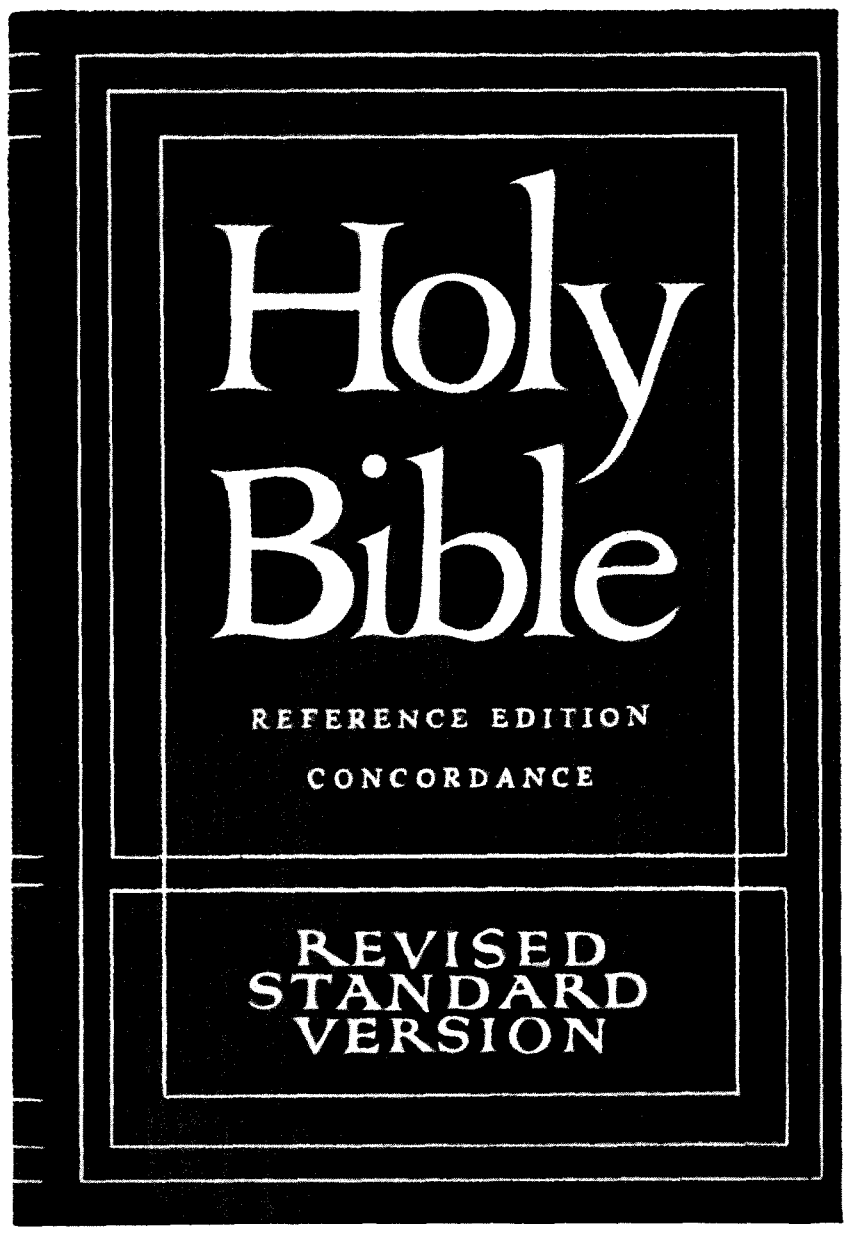
Stolidly they heaved it over the side, but a fuse in Annie's brain was lit; presently she straightened, blue eyes snapping, and climbed to Mr. Bullwinkle's cabin. After pausing to restrain her exuberance, she gave a subdued knock on the door; then, unbidden, she entered.

"I didn't come to fight wid ye," she said almost humbly. "I come to—to —— Well, since ye read that message from the office, I better speak plunk an' plain. Alec wasn't foolin' about firin' me, Bullwinkle. An' if I don't go back wid some kinda deal ——"

"Look, don't start that again!" he rasped. "I told ya the score!"

"It ain't that one-sided," she replied. "No vessel's name was in our deal, an' wid my witnesses we could hang ye up in the courts fer years. An' somehow I still think this ship ye found is the *Kenbarra*. But if ye're able to prove it ain't, I'll let ye offa the hook on the old deal an' make another that'll be easy on you ar save me me job. So what do ye say?"

Mr. Bullwinkle's consideration was brief, for he well knew that her threat to sue had teeth. "O.K.," he said, "I'll prove it!" And, producing a faded, soiled and brine-stained oblong of paper, obviously genuine, he showed it to her.



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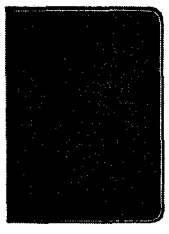

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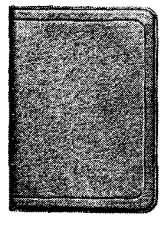

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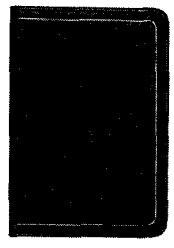

THE NELSON REVISED STANDARD VERSION BIBLE

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"There it is," he said. "Ship's name, shipmaster's name, amount, master's signature! An' now," he asked, "what's yore offer?"

"You give us yer thirty-day note fer five thousand dollars, plus turnin' over to our company, as of today, yer towin' contrack wid Hogan's outfit."

"And in return, what?"

"In return we give up any an' all claims, present or future, on whatever ye take out o' this wreck. O.K.?"

"You win," he said.

"Git yer pen an' spellin' book then, an' start writin'," Annie said, suddenly impatient. "I want this thing cut-an'-dried in a hurry so's I kin git back to me job o' just plain towin'!"

The agreement was executed in duplicate, with Jake, the *Salamander*'s mate, and Peter, called over from the *Narcissus*, as witnesses. When Annie left, tucking her copy in her capacious shirt front, Mr. Bullwinkle gallantly accompanied her to the deck.

"Why don't ya wait around an' see us bring the safe up later?" he suggested, still euphoric inwardly over what he considered the best deal he had ever made. "Wouldn't ya like to see what's in it?"

"I know what's in it," said Annie. "A soggy mess o' paper money what sea water's ruined years ago."

When you see two men reaching for the luncheon check these days, you can be sure both of them are on an expense account.

Harold Coffin

"Don't be silly," said Mr. Bullwinkle. "Ships' safes are always made watertight. You know that. And anyways, no matter how bad a condition money's in, or how old it is, the Gov'ment will repay ya in full. . . . That right, Peter?"

"That's right," Peter agreed and gave Annie a curious look. "But she knows that as well as you do."

"Ye figger on recoverin' any gold pokes, Bullwinkle?" Annie then asked. "Because I'll tell ye now, they ain't any."

"How the hell do you know?" Mr. Bullwinkle demanded scornfully.

"Because she's the *S. S. Quinault*, Van Ronkel, master ——"

"Ya read that on the receipt I showed ya!"

"—an' she sank in March o' 1902—which I didn't read on no receipt! An' that date alone should tell ye why there'll be no gold pokes, because whoever heard of a gold ship comin' south that time o' year when the Yukon's bin locked in the ice fer months! No, Bullwinkle, she was bound north, not south!"

"By dad, she's right!" Peter exclaimed. "She sure is right!"

"So what?" Mr. Bullwinkle demanded, "She still had $200,000 in her. Has, rather, an' it belongs to me!"

"Ain't arguin' that, Horatio. But afore that it belonged to Herman Slager, the Snow Bum's right name, that is! An' the night she sank, the revenue cutter *Bear* was lookin' to stop her an' arrest Slager. He was a international crook, wanted in the Africa an' Australia gold fields an' the Kimberley diamond fields!"

"Look," said Mr. Bullwinkle violently, "are you nuts too? Where'd you get all this claptrap? Or ya just bein' smart, or what?"

"From Potlatch Murphy, over to Port Klootchman," said Annie equably. "An' even a windbag like you's gotta admit that Potlatch Murphy, the old devil, knows what he's talkin' about."

"So what was this Slager's racket?" Mr. Bullwinkle asked.

"He'd go into gold fields or diamond fields whenever a new one opened up, like he had headed fer the Klondike. Then he'd buy the dust or nuggets or whatever from the miners at goin' rates. They'd be glad to sell, o' course, because it saved 'em comin' out an' losin' time on their claims. Then, by the time they started lookin' fer him, it'd be months too late, because he'd skip as soon as he'd made his killin'!"

"Well, what was illegal about it if he paid 'em goin' rates? Look, Fatso, this don't make sense! So I ask ya again, what was Slager's racket?"

"If I telled ye that, Horatio," said Annie with a grin, "ye'd know what makes the time bomb tick. Well," she moved toward the rail, "pommy de terre, as the Frenchies say. . . . C'mon, Peter," and with Mr. Bullwinkle staring after her in utter distrust, she clambered back onto the *Narcissus* and got rapidly under way.

But in the *Narcissus*' wheelhouse, as they headed back for Port Klootchman to pick up Hogan's boom, Peter's normally placid face was grim. And when Annie asked him what was wrong, his reply was prompt.

"You!" he exploded. "That's what! Lettin' a tin-plated eight-ball like Bullwinkle diddle ya outta a hundred thousand dollars on a stupid deal fer five thousand an' a towin' contract! An' that silly talk about what a crook Slager was, then not provin' it! An' that yak-yak about a time bomb! What's got into ya? You crazy, Annie?"

"Peter," said Annie softly. "Today, when I found out in front o' Bullwinkle that the ship he'd found wasn't the *Kenbarra*, I dumm near died! An' I didn't know who or what the other one was. Not till I discovered that she'd bin bound north, not south. Then ——"

"How in the world did ya discover that?" Peter grunted.

"Them dog-team harnesses the diver had brought up. Because what would they be doin' on a ship comin' *out* o' the North? I figgered, but couldn't make sure, she was the *Quinault* till I skunked Bullwinkle into showin' me that receipt. An' knowin' then, from what Potlatch had telled me about Slager, that Bullwinkle's money plus Hogan's towin' contrack was the on'y real deal, I talked him into makin' it."

"Guess I'm stupid, Annie; but I still don't understand what Slager done that made him a crook!"

"Ye don't know because I ain't telled ye yet. As fer the time bomb—know what it is? It's anything ye've had around fer a while what explodes in yer puss when ye least expect it. An' that's what Bullwinkle is haulin' up outta Lost Pass tonight. An' it's right in that safe!"

"But that ain't right, Annie!" Peter protested angrily. "If it's somethin' really dangerous ya should ha' warned ——"

"Hunh-unh!" Annie grinned. "It ain't dangerous that way. An' it won't explode till Bullwinkle axes the Gov'ment to change his $200,000 into clean new bills. Meantime, he'll have scallions o' fun spendin' it in his mind. But when he does—*Boom!* Because ye see, pal, Slager—that cheatin' old Snow Bum—used to pay off his suckers wherever he operated, wid counterfeit dough!" THE END

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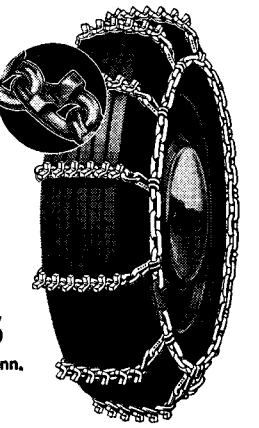

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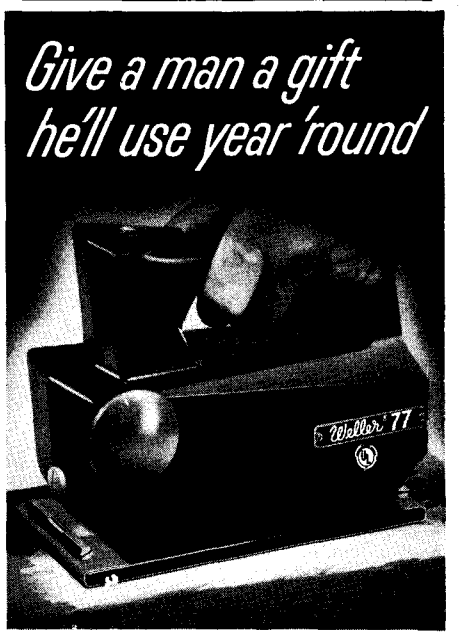

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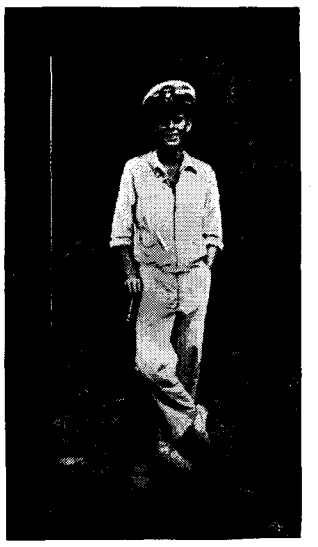
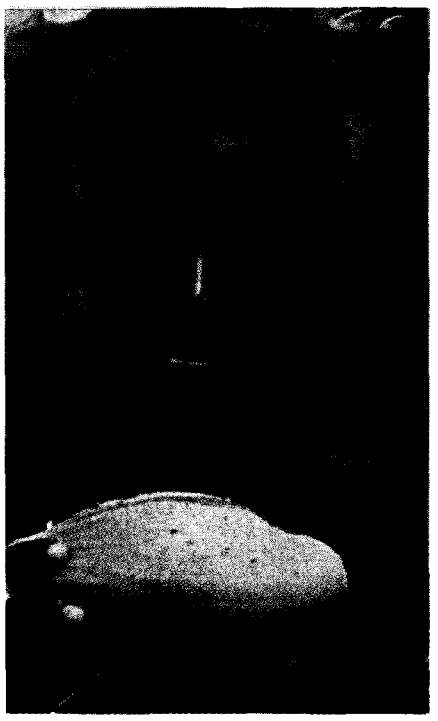
PART FOUR

PT 109: The Adventure that Made a President



Kennedy and his exhausted crew await rescue on Olasana Island, under the ever-searching eyes of Japanese lookouts at sea and in the air.

By ROBERT J. DONOVAN



Biuku Gasa carried Kennedy's coconut message to the PT base at Lumberi.

On August 5, 1943, the casual thirst of an illiterate coal-black Melanesian named Biuku Gasa became the key to a series of events leading to the rescue of a Harvard-educated American marooned in the Solomon Islands: John Fitzgerald Kennedy, then a lieutenant (j.g.) USNR, now President of the United States.

The first of a series of seemingly disconnected acts ushering in the rescue was a minor troop movement by the Japanese. On the same night that Kennedy swam alone into Ferguson Passage, vainly seeking aid for his ten surviving shipmates of *PT 109*, the enemy took advantage of the darkness to land 200 to 300 troops on Gizo Island. Gizo, in the northwestern Solomons, lay only five miles or so from the islet sheltering the stranded Americans. Next to Gizo, on little Sepo Island, the "Gizo scouts," natives serving the Allies, kept an outpost. Spotting the Japanese movement, the scouts acted at once to inform their nearest Allied contact, Lt. A. R. Evans, an Australian Navy coast watcher stationed across Blackett Strait on the enemy-held island of Kolombangara.

Two scouts climbed into a dugout canoe and began paddling through Blackett Strait on what seemed like a routine mission. They could have no notion that their canoe trip was to play a part in a rescue shaping the political destiny of a great nation thousands of miles away.

One of the scouts was Biuku Gasa. The other was named Eroni Kumana. They were ebony-colored Melanesians, around nineteen years old, of slight but superb stature. Biuku usually wore an expression at once blithe and almost saintly. Eroni invariably looked stern and solemn. Both had attended Methodist mission schools before the war and were loyal to the British and their American allies. Biuku, in particular, was deeply moved by religion. Although he understood little English, he could say "In God we trust" with considerably more meaning than the phrase carries on most lips.

Near the middle of the strait the two young natives encountered some bits of wreckage. Although they could not know it, Kennedy's PT boat had been rammed by a Japanese destroyer thereabouts a day earlier. They fished out of the flotsam a box containing a razor, shaving brush and cream, and a handwritten letter. Stopping off at Wana Wana Island, they showed the letter to Benjamin Kevu, an older scout, mission-educated, who read and spoke English so well that he had worked in the British post office at Gizo. Benjamin noted that the letter was a personal one signed by Raymond Albert. He naturally had no idea that Seaman Albert, USN, and ten shipmates from *PT 109* were nearby awaiting rescue.

From Wana Wana, Biuku and Eroni paddled across to Kolombangara and reported to Lieutenant Evans. They told him about the Japanese landing. Of American PT survivors they had no knowledge and no word. In their primitive world a mere letter found floating in the sea carried no significance.

Next day—islanders do not hurry, even in time of war—they got into their canoe for the return trip to their camp on Sepo Island. They passed the night with friends at the native village of Raramana on Wana Wana Island. The following morning they set out on the most direct route to Sepo. This took them close to Naru, largest of the group of islets on which the survivors had sought shelter. The hand of fate moved heavily at that point.

Kennedy already had led his men on a swim of three and a half miles from the scene of the sinking to Plum Pudding Island, and another swim of nearly two miles from Plum Pudding to Olasana Island, with good reason. Olasana abounded in coconuts and lay close to Ferguson Passage, through which the PT boats made patrols. Yet no rescue came. Now Kennedy grew restless and tired of sitting in the shade. He gazed across the water at Naru Island. Would anything be gained by going there? He had no clever scheme involving Naru, but it was only half a mile away.

For no real reason that he could name, Kennedy turned to Ens. George H. R. Ross of Highland Park, Illinois, a former Princeton athlete, and remarked, "Let's take a look at this one, anyway."

Compared with their earlier swims from the scene of the sinking in Blackett Strait to Plum Pudding Island and from Plum Pudding to Olasana, they found the crossing to Naru easy. Shortly after noon the two of them crawled up on the white beach of the 400-yard-long island. Starting along the beach, they spied the wreckage of a small Japanese vessel on the reef a mile from shore. Shortly they came upon cargo washed ashore. With the greedy curiosity of beachcombers they ripped open a rope-bound crate. To their delight it contained hard candy in the shape of teardrops.

Immediately the cares of war and shipwreck were sugared over. It was like a childhood Christmas on Naru Island. Kennedy told Ross they would take the candy back to the men. It alone would make the Naru expedition a tremendous success. Ross wondered how two swimmers could get an opened crate of candy across a half mile of salt water.

Moving on, they had gone barely twenty yards when they found a dugout canoe in the bushes. Without knowing it, they had come upon one of the caches that the native scouts scattered through the islands. In the canoe the thirsty pair found—superb delight—a large tin of rain water. They immediately sat down and drank sparingly.

At about that time Biuku and Eroni, nearing Naru in their canoe, noticed the Japanese wreck high on the reef. They paddled over to take a look. Climbing on board, they began poking through gear, charts, utensils and other booty cluttering the deck. The only find that interested them was Japanese rifles. Taking one apiece, they clambered down onto the reef just as Kennedy and Ross, their thirst quenched, emerged from the trees and onto the beach.

Across a mile of water both pairs of men spotted each other instantly. All four felt alarmed. Biuku and Eroni quite logically mistook the Americans on the beach for Japanese from the wrecked ship who might shoot them. They splashed

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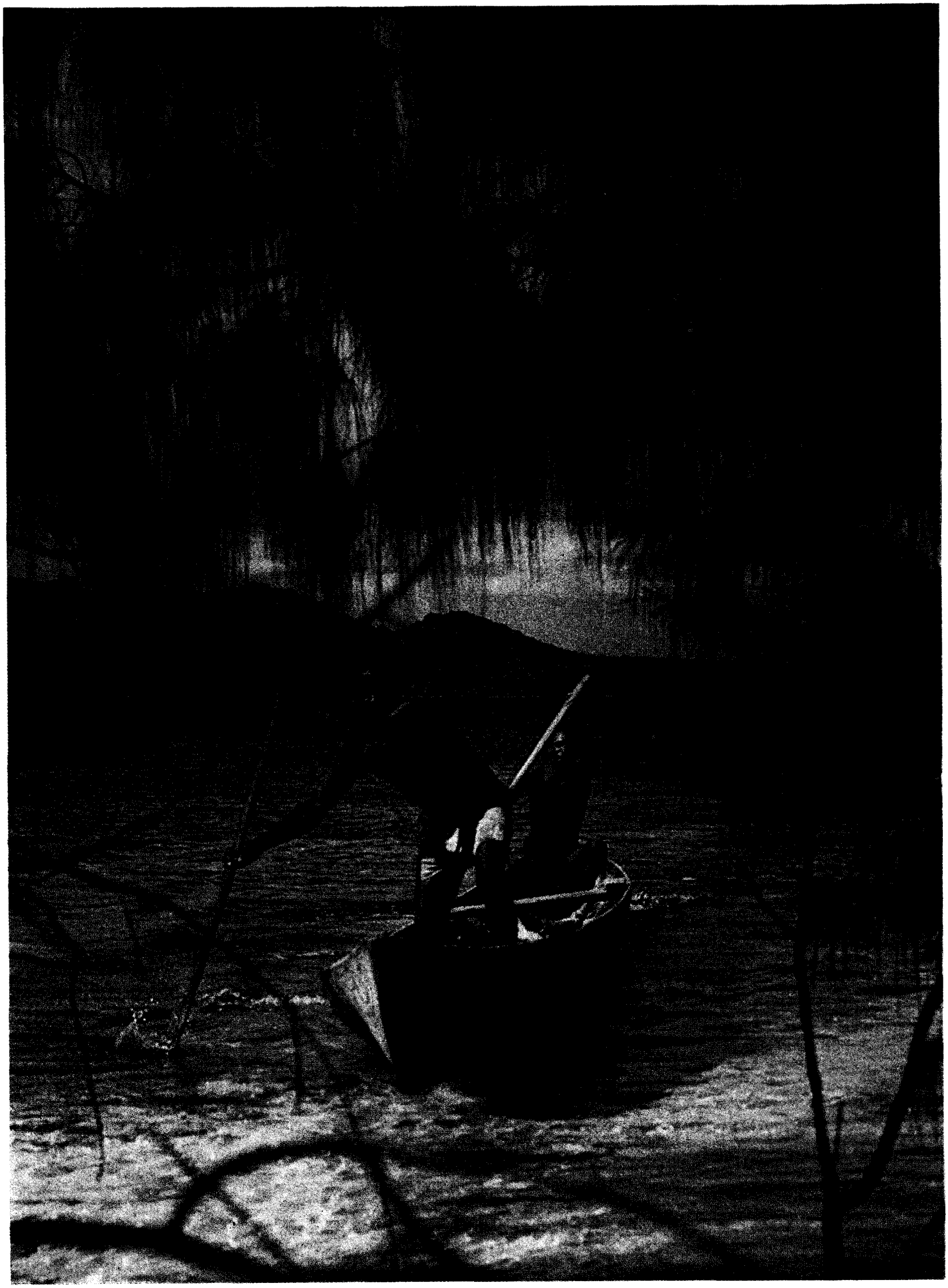

Biuku (standing) and his fellow scout Eroni Kumana discovered the stranded crew of *PT 109* on Olasana.

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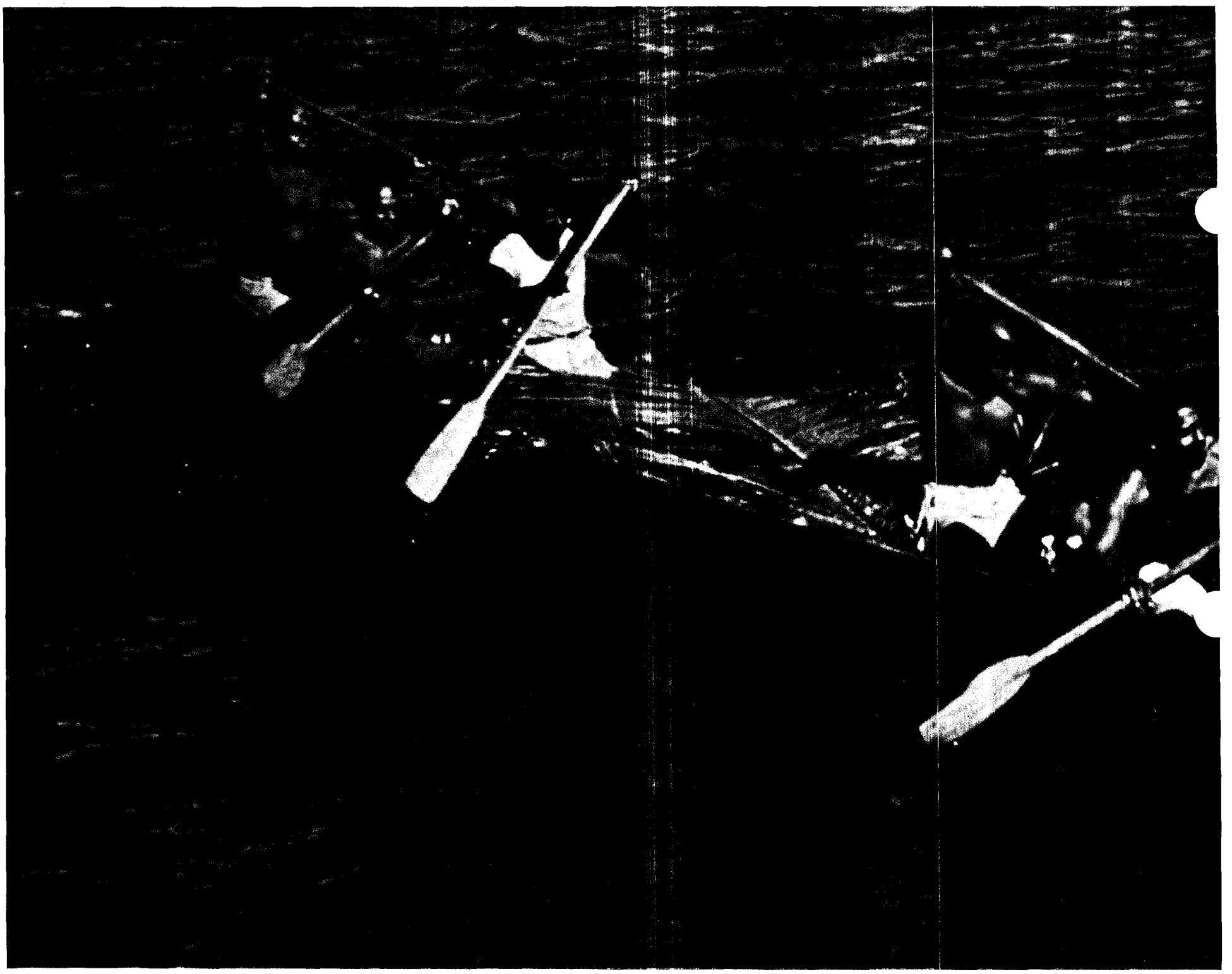

Benjamin Kevu (white shirt) and his scouts re-create the hazardous trip that

The Adventure that Made a President

along the reef and tumbled into the canoe, with Eroni in his haste dropping his rifle. Kennedy and Ross, convinced they had been sighted by the Japanese at last, dived into the bushes. They lay there fearing that the enemy garrison on Gizo would now be alerted to carry out a search for the Americans in force.

Biuku and Eroni meanwhile paddled madly away from Naru, and the two Americans headed toward their camp on Sepo Island. The natives' only concern over the two men they had seen on Naru was to get away from them. If they had kept on going, the history of the United States in the later years of 1960–61 might have been different.

But Biuku became thirsty from the exertion of paddling so fast. He called to Eroni, who was in the stern, to steer ashore for coconuts. Where? Where else but Olasana? It was the nearest island, and coconuts were known to be plentiful there. So they took a sharp turn to the left and landed on Olasana, at the southeast point, where nine PT survivors, commanded by towering Ens. Leonard Thom of Sandusky, Ohio, exec of the sunken *PT 109*, had sought refuge in the bushes.

The sight of the approaching canoe stunned the men in the bushes. After all they had been through, were they nevertheless fated to be captured and perhaps tortured? They began talking in whispers. Who were these two natives, who looked like boys? Would they inform the Japanese on Gizo? Should the Americans stand up, or should they hide? Should they fire on them?

There was still time to slip into the jungle and avoid detection. At this point, however, Ensign Thom made a fateful decision. With the natives' canoe only thirty feet offshore he stood up and began walking out to the beach.

The sudden apparition of a tattered and bedraggled giant with a blond beard dumfounded Biuku and Eroni. Nothing in all their lives had prepared them for the sight of such a creature. In sheer fright, without even stopping to turn the canoe around, they back-paddled as fast as their arms would go. Thom ran to the water's edge and beckoned them, calling, "Come! Come!" Instead, Biuku and Eroni, still in terror, turned their canoe bow to the sea and kept going. Thom thought of firing shots, but refrained. "Navy, navy!—Americans, Americans!" he pleaded. Biuku and Eroni paused a safe distance away and listened, but they did not understand.

Pointing to the sky, Thom shouted, "White star! White star!"

At last Biuku and Eroni understood. The insigne of American aircraft was a white star on a white bar. The coast watchers had instructed friendly natives to aid and care for all airmen who crashed or parachuted from white-star planes. Slowly the two young Melanesians paddled ashore. Then awkwardly and almost uncomprehensibly, they began talking in pidgin English and using hand signs.

When the survivors understood the two natives, they were shocked. Biuku and Eroni pointed to Naru and indicated they had just seen Japanese there. Actually they had seen only Kennedy and Ross.

Over on Naru, Kennedy and Ross watched the two natives in the canoe disappear. With the canoe that they had found in the bushes, Kennedy decided to venture out into Ferguson Passage that night. He believed there was a better chance of intercepting the PT boats in a canoe than while swimming. Before dark, however, he tore a slat off the candy crate for a paddle and paddled alone over to Olasana with the candy and water they had found. He left Ross to sleep on the beach and rest up for the night's work that was ahead for them.

On Olasana, meanwhile, Thom decided that he and one of the eight enlisted men, Torpedoman 2/c Raymond Starkey, of Garden Grove, California, should go for aid in the natives' canoe with Biuku. He wanted to go all the way to American-held Rendova Island, thirty-eight miles southeast. When he proposed it, both natives shook their heads in dissent. Thom insisted, though, and Biuku got into the canoe with him and Starkey.

Beyond the protecting shore of Naru, the two Americans soon realized why the

Photographs by Elliott Erwitt

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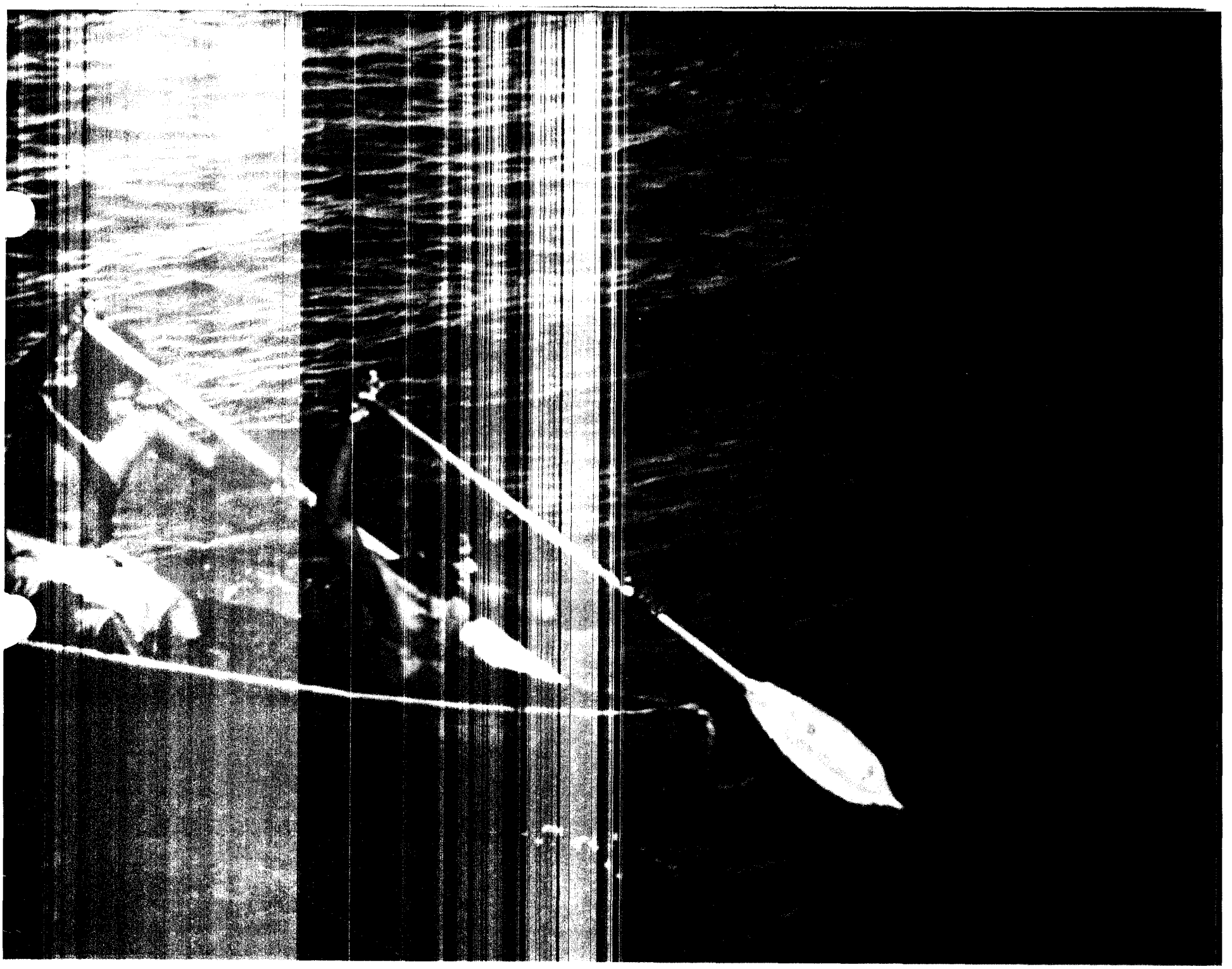

Kennedy, hi[illegible] look to find help for his sinking

natives objected. A heavy sea was running through Ferguson Passage. Large waves rocked the canoe dangerously. Finally Thom and Starkey realized as clearly as Biuku that they would capsize long before reaching Rendova. Reluctantly they swung about and returned to Olasana.

At about the same time Kennedy arrived from Naru in the other canoe. All hands were relieved and delighted to see him alive. Kennedy was surprised to meet the two natives. He did not, of course, realize that they were the same two men he and Ross had seen, so he was at a loss to understand why they were so emphatic about seeing Japanese on Naru. The only thing Japanese that he had found there was the candy, which he distributed among the nine downright ravenous men, along with the water.

Then Kennedy rejoined Ross on Naru. He and Ross launched the canoe in the darkness. The waves that had driven back Thom and the other canoe were now smashing across the reef. The wind was rising with a howl. They had no real paddles—nothing but slats from the candy crate. Ross thought it was foolhardy to attempt Ferguson Passage in such weather at night in a canoe and said so. Kennedy replied, "I think we ought to go on," and they did. But the sea proved that it was unconquerable.

Once outside the reef, whitecaps washed into the canoe. They could not keep the bow pointed into the waves with their improvised paddles. Ross, in the stern, tried to bail with a coconut shell, but water poured in faster than he could dip it out. Again he urged turning about. Just then, a five-foot wave capsized them. Splashing around in the dark, they got a grip on the overturned canoe. But they knew that they were in trouble.

"Sorry I got you out here," Kennedy shouted above the clamor of the sea.

"This would be a great time to say 'I told you so,'" Ross replied, "but I won't."

Spun around by the seething waves, they lost their sense of direction. Luckily they saw the dark outline of the island and began working toward it. Now the reef loomed up like a wall of breakers. They were swung back and forth by churning waters. Finally a huge wave lifted both men and the canoe high in the air and hurled them across the reef. They crashed painfully into shallows jagged with coral and crawled ashore on Naru again. Exhausted, both fell asleep. Meanwhile the PT's rolled through the heavy seas of Ferguson Passage to their stations in Blackett Strait.

Friday, August sixth, the fifth day since the ramming, seemed like a brighter morning to the castaways. On Olasana the natives had built a fire by rubbing two sticks together. Kennedy and Ross returned. The sea was subsiding, and they had two canoes. Kennedy and Biuku paddled over from Olasana to Naru to reconnoiter. There they could see Rendova peak, overshadowing the PT base. Although thirty-eight miles away, it reared up invitingly in the calm of morning. Kennedy decided that the only sure way to get help would be for Biuku and Eroni to paddle all the way to Rendova. He pointed to the peak, said "Rendova—Rendova," and "come here," to Biuku. He had Biuku husk a coconut. Taking a smooth portion of the shell, Kennedy inscribed a message to the PT-base commander with the point of his sheath knife:

NAURO ISL NATIVE KNOWS POSIT HE CAN PILOT 11 ALIVE NEED SMALL BOAT KENNEDY

Ensign Thom, back on Olasana with the men, hit upon the same idea at about the same time. He needed no coconut, however, for Radioman 2/c John Maguire, of Dobbs Ferry, New York, had a stub pencil and piece of paper. Oddly the paper, which Maguire had picked up somewhere, was invoice blank No. 2860 of the prewar Gizo office of Burns Philip (South Sea) Company, Limited, the peacetime employer of Lt. A. R. Evans, the Australian coast watcher who at that very time was continuing a search for the PT castaways. On the back of the invoice Thom wrote a message which might have earned him a high grade in the course on naval correspondence required of all reserve officers. In official form, it ran:

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The Adventure that Made a President

To: Commanding Officer—Oak O.
From: Crew *PT 109* (Oak 14)
Subj: Rescue of 11 (eleven) men lost since Sunday, Aug. 1st, in enemy action.

Native knows our position & will bring P.T. boat back to small islands of Ferguson Passage off Naru Is.

A small boat (outboard or oars) is needed to take men off as some are seriously burned. Signal at night—three dashes (- - -). Password: Roger. Answer: Wilco.

If attempted at daytime, advise air coverage or a PBY could set down. Please work out suitable plan & act immediately. Help is urgent & in sore need. Rely on native boys to any extent.

L. J. THOM
Ens. U.S.N.R.
Exec 109

When Kennedy returned from Naru to Olasana, both messages were entrusted to Biuku and Eroni. With a strong sense of responsibility they embarked for Rendova, thirty-eight miles away. Stopping en route at Wana Wana Island, they told Benjamin Kevu, the English-speaking scout there, about the survivors. Lieutenant Evans, the coast watcher, was then moving his station from Kolombangara to Gomu Island. Kevu dispatched another scout to Gomu to wait for Evans and give him the news. Evans arrived at Gomu about nightfall and received the oral message about the eleven Americans. He could do nothing that night except pencil a message on an official form with the printed heading, ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE. In the morning he sent some of his scouts in a large canoe to Naru with the message. It read:

To Senior Officer, Naru Is.
Friday 11 P.M. Have just learnt of your presence on Naru Is. & also that two natives have taken news to Rendova. I strongly advise you return immediately to here in this canoe & by the time you arrive here I will be in radio communication with authorities at Rendova & we can finalise plans to collect balance your party.

A. R. EVANS Lt.
R A N V R

Will warn aviation of your crossing Ferguson Passage.

Biuku and Eroni reached Blanche Channel early on Saturday, August seventh. The Navy had established a base at Roviana Island, near Munda. As this was closer than Rendova, the natives stopped there and showed Kennedy's coconut shell and Thom's letter to an officer. He immediately ordered a whaleboat to take the natives south to the base at Sasavele Island. From there a PT boat whisked them across to Rendova. The PT base at Lumberi, in Rendova harbor, already was in a state of excitement. A message from coast watcher Evans had just been relayed to them: ELEVEN SURVIVORS PT BOAT ON CROSS (NARU) ISLAND X HAVE SENT FOOD AND LETTER ADVISING SENIOR COME HERE WITHOUT DELAY X WARN AVIATION OF CANOES CROSSING FERGUSON.

At 11:30 that morning Evans received a reply through the network of coast-watcher stations: GREAT NEWS X COMMANDER PT BASE RECEIVED A MESSAGE JUST AFTER YOURS FROM SURVIVORS BY NATIVE X THEY GAVE THEIR POSITION AND NEWS THAT SOME ARE BADLY WOUNDED AND REQUEST RESCUE X WE PASSED THE NEWS THAT YOU HAD SENT CANOES AND WITHOUT WISHING TO INTERFERE WITH YOUR ARRANGEMENTS (AMERICANS) WANT TO KNOW CAN THEY ASSIST X THEY WOULD SEND SURFACE CRAFT TO MEET YOUR RETURNING CANOES OR ANYTHING YOU ADVISE X THEY WISH TO EXPRESS GREAT APPRECIATION X WE WILL AWAIT YOUR ADVICE AND PASS ON.

At 12:45 P.M. Evans replied: COULD ONLY MAN ONE CANOE SUITABLE FOR CROSSING X NO SIGN ITS RETURN YET X GO AHEAD AND SEND SURFACE CRAFT WITH SUITABLE RAFT OR DINGHIES X IF ANY ARRIVE HERE LATER WILL SEND OTHER ROUTE X PLEASE KEEP ME INFORMED.

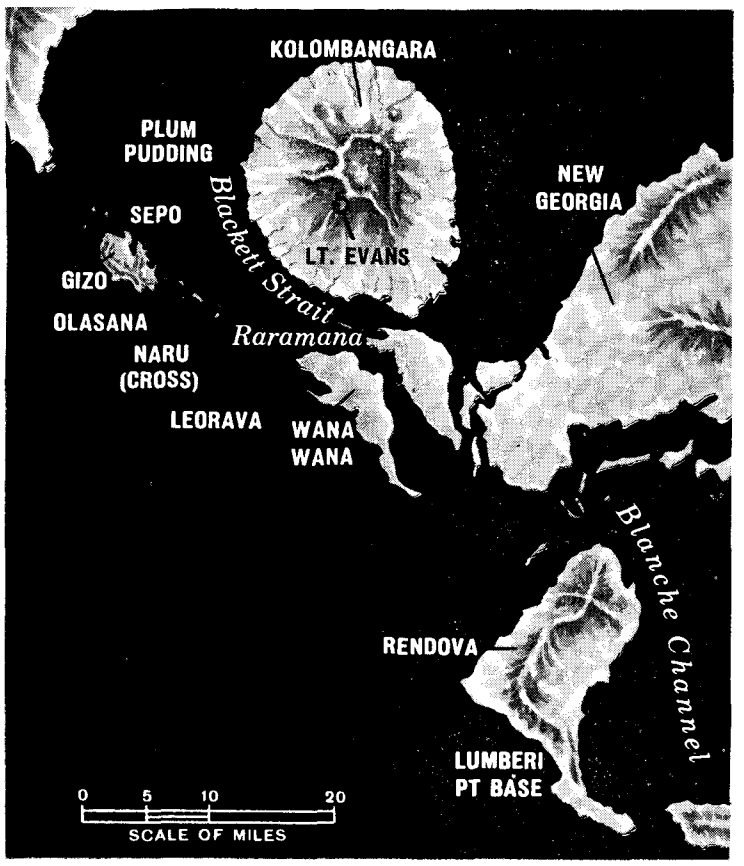
The arrival of seven of Evans's scouts on Olasana somehow struck the PT survivors as unreal and unbelievable. It began when the leader, ebony-skinned Benjamin Kevu, with a mannerly flourish as befitted a prewar British civil servant, handed Kennedy the communication from Evans with its formal, printed heading, ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE. Kennedy, bearded, gaunt, half-starved, half-naked, blotched with festering coral wounds and cast away on a patch of jungle, had barely smiled in a week. Now he broke into a grin at being greeted as if he were back in his father's embassy in London. The heading of the communication delighted him. Turning to Ensign Ross, Kennedy smiled and said, "You've got to hand it to the British."

The canoe itself was a cornucopia. Before the gluttonous eyes of eleven famished sailors, it yielded an abundance of yams, papaws, rice, potatoes, boiled fish, cigarettes and C rations with roast-beef hash. After unloading all this, the natives scampered up palm trees and fetched coconuts. Then some of them built a palm-frond hut to shelter the most severely burned of the survivors, Pat McMahon, a thirty-seven-year-old motor machinist's mate from Detroit. Still others lighted three kerosene burners that they had brought and began cooking a feast.

The sailors invited the natives to eat with them, but the scouts insisted on eating to themselves. So the survivors devoured their first real meal in six days. Then Benjamin Kevu indicated to Kennedy that it was time to leave for Gomu, to see Evans and work out rescue plans.

While the others remained on Olasana, Kennedy got into the canoe. The natives tossed in some palm fronds to conceal him in case Japanese spotted the canoe in Blackett Strait. Kennedy studied the area carefully as the canoe started out. Singling out landmarks on Olasana, he fixed them in his mind so that he could recognize them in the dark. Then he lay down in the bottom of the canoe. Benjamin Kevu covered him with fronds and kneeled by him, paddling and occasionally chatting.

Halfway to Gomu the paddlers heard the hum of airplane motors. A single Japanese plane flew in from seaward and circled above them. Then two more enemy planes approached from the direction of Vial airstrip. The natives began to fear that the Japanese had somehow learned about their passenger and would kill all of them.



A PT, called from Lumberi by the coast watcher's secret radio, rescued the *109* survivors from Olasana Island.

Through the palm fronds, Kennedy asked Kevu, "What's going on?"

"Japanese planes," Kevu replied. "Stay down!"

"Can I look now?" Kennedy wanted to know after a while.

"No, no, no," Kevu told the future President. "You keep down!"

After circling a little more, the planes flew off. The seven natives in the canoe, five of them Methodists and two of them Seventh Day Adventists, burst into hymns of rejoicing and thanks.

Meanwhile Evans, watching anxiously through binoculars from his hideaway on Gomu, was dismayed when the canoe approached about six P.M. without any sign of an American in it. When the canoe grounded on the sand, Kennedy stuck his head up through the palm fronds and smiled at Evans. The two lieutenants introduced themselves—though Kennedy in his weariness and excitement soon forgot Evans's name—and Evans invited Kennedy into an old wooden house on the island for tea and talk of rescue plans.

Evans showed Kennedy a message from the Lumberi PT base which had been relayed to him by another coast watcher down the line, PWD. It read: THREE PT BOATS PROCEED TONIGHT AND WILL BE AT CROSS ISLAND ABOUT TEN PM X THEY WILL TAKE RAFTS ETC. X WILL INFORM YOU WHEN WE RECEIVE ADVICE OF RESCUE.

Evans suggested to Kennedy that the natives could paddle him back to the Lumberi base by way of Wana Wana while the PT boats picked up the men. Kennedy would not hear of it. It would be almost impossible for anyone who did not know the exact passage through the reef to find the men, he said, and further, it was his duty to see them to safety. He insisted upon meeting the PT boats on their way to the island. With the help of Evans's charts, therefore, they worked out a plan which Evans radioed to PWD for relay to Lumberi. This message, sent at 6:50 P.M., read: LIEUT. KENNEDY CONSIDERS IT ADVISABLE THAT HE PILOT PT BOATS TONIGHT X HE WILL AWAIT BOATS NEAR PATPARAN ISLAND X PT BOAT TO APPROACH ISLAND FROM NW TEN PM AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE X BOAT TO FIRE FOUR SHOTS AS RECOGNITION X HE WILL ACKNOWLEDGE WITH SAME AND GO ALONGSIDE IN CANOE X SURVIVORS NOW ON ISLAND NW OF CROSS X HE ADVISES OUTBOARD MOTOR X PATPARAN IS ONE AND HALF MILES AND BEARS TWO ONE FOUR DEGREES FROM MAKUTI.

Shortly after eight P.M., Kennedy prepared to leave for the rendezvous with the PT's by canoe. Just as he was about to go, he found that he had only three cartridges left in his .38, Ensign Ross having fired the other three on his night swim into Ferguson Passage. The recognition signal agreed upon was four shots, and it was too late to change it. Kennedy solved the problem by borrowing Lieutenant Evans's captured Japanese rifle.

Ten o'clock came and passed without PT's. Well after ten, Kennedy detected the rumble of engines and heard four shots. He stood up and fired three shots from his revolver. Then, without bracing himself, he pulled the rifle trigger. The kick nearly threw him out of the canoe. Soon the canoe was alongside *PT 157*, commanded by Lt. (j.g.) William F. Liebenow Jr., of Alto, Michigan. On board it also were Lt. Alvin P. Cluster, a Missourian who commanded PT Squadron 2, which had included Kennedy's lost boat; Biuku and Eroni, the Gizo scouts who bore Kennedy's coconut message, and several news correspondents.

"Hey, Jack!" a voice called in the night.

"Where the hell have you been?" Kennedy demanded.

"We've got some food for you," someone said in reply.

"Thanks," Kennedy replied dryly. "I've just had a coconut."

Friendly arms lifted him aboard the PT. Lieutenant Liebenow then headed across Ferguson Passage and worked his way north along the reef which Kennedy and Ross had prowled in the dark in hope of signaling to passing PT's. About midway between Leorava and Three Palm Islet, Kennedy said "Here," and indicated a sharp turn toward the reef. Liebenow and the others argued that one wrong turn would leave them stranded on the reef and that, in daylight, the Japanese would capture not only them and the PT but the *PT 109* survivors on Olasana.

Kennedy maintained that he could take them in safely. He scanned the dark shore until he felt certain that it was the same contour that he had fixed in his mind that afternoon before he left.

Kennedy asked for a rubber life raft. Biuku and Eroni climbed onto it. Probing

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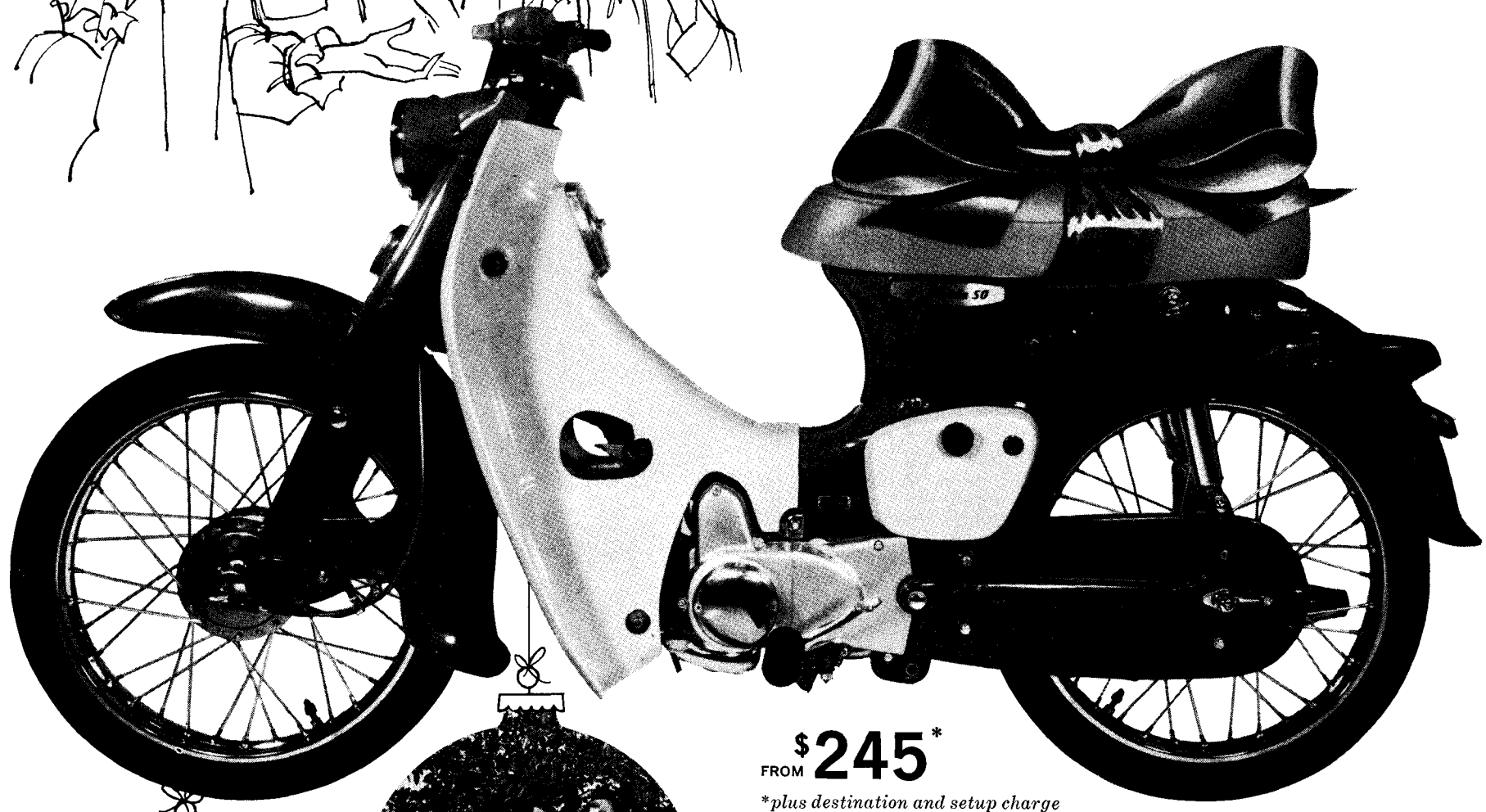

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While Kennedy sought help, a palm-thatched lean-to sheltered a seriously injured crew member.

This coconut, bearing Kennedy's request for help, is now on the desk in his White House office.

as they went, they paddled ahead through the gap in the reef. *PT 157* rumbled slowly behind. In a couple of minutes the PT was safely through the reef.

Sure of his position now, Kennedy called exultantly through the darkness to his executive officer, Ens. Leonard J Thom, of Sandusky, Ohio, who had remained in charge of the survivors on Olasana. "Oh, Lenny!" he roared.

"The boats are here!" a shout went up from the beach. It was after midnight. Many hours had passed since Kennedy left by canoe in midafternoon, and the ten men on the island knew well that plans in time of war often went wrong. Now the survivors ran—or hobbled—to the water's edge. Pat McMahon, the severely burned machinist's mate from Detroit, dragged himself from the lean-to built for him. Ensign Thom rushed into the water up to his waist—doubting it all until he heard a familiar accent calling, "Lenny! Hey, Lenny!"

On board the *PT 157*, engines were cut off. A dinghy splashed over the side and headed for the beach. In short order it shuttled the survivors out to the PT.

Word of the rescue filtered back to Rendova, to Guadalcanal and across th Pacific to the United States almost before the survivors were back.

A telephone rang at Hyannis Port, Massachusetts. John Kennedy's mother answered the ringing phone.

"Jack's been saved!" a friend exclaimed to Kennedy's mother.

"Saved from what?" she asked. She did not know that he had been missing.

Joseph Kennedy Sr. was down at the riding stables. Mrs. Kennedy told him about the call. For him the impact was greater. From a grapevine source of the unofficial but "usually reliable" sort he had heard two or three days before that Jack had been killed in the South Pacific. In the absence of official confirmation he did not mention it to his wife. In fact, he did not tell a soul.

With all three 1200-horsepower engines roaring, *PT 157* sped back to Rendova on Sunday, August 8, 1943. On board there was a bizarre atmosphere o celebration. Eleven men of the United States Navy had been almost literally snatched back from death. Pat McMahon, with his awful burns, and his fellow motor-machinist's mate, William Johnston, who had swallowed gasoline while struggling in the water, had come particularly close to losing their lives. All, after a week of exposure with very little food and water, were enfeebled.

The Navy had thoughtfully placed hospital corpsmen with emergency kits aboard the rescue PT. As authorized by regulations, the corpsmen administered brandy to the survivors who wanted it. The brandy, heightening the men's soaring sense of release and escape, had some effects which could not have been foreseen by the surgeon general of the Navy. For example, Johnston, feeling much better, learned that Biuku and Eroni used to sing hymns in mission school. Collaring the two natives, he began to sing with them. *PT 157* arrived at Rendova to the tune of:

Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so. . . .

Next week: Kennedy volunteers for further torpedo-boat duty and spends another harrowing night—rescuing Marines.
—The Editors.

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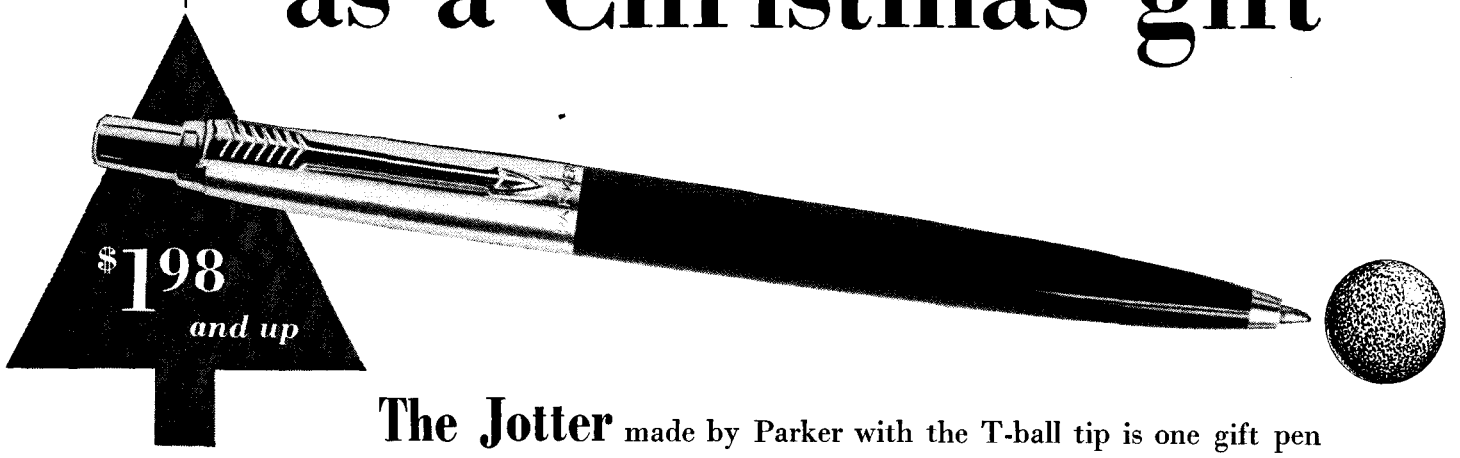
Give a ball pen made by Parker as a Christmas gift



The Jotter made by Parker with the T-ball tip is one gift pen that won't wind up in a desk drawer after a couple of weeks. Writes up to five times longer than ordinary ballpoints. The textured ball lets you write beautifully without bearing down. Choice of four points (Extra Fine, Fine, Medium and Broad). Choice of six colors. Also available in stainless steel ($2.98) or gleaming gold or rhodium electroplate ($3.98). Handsomely gift-boxed.

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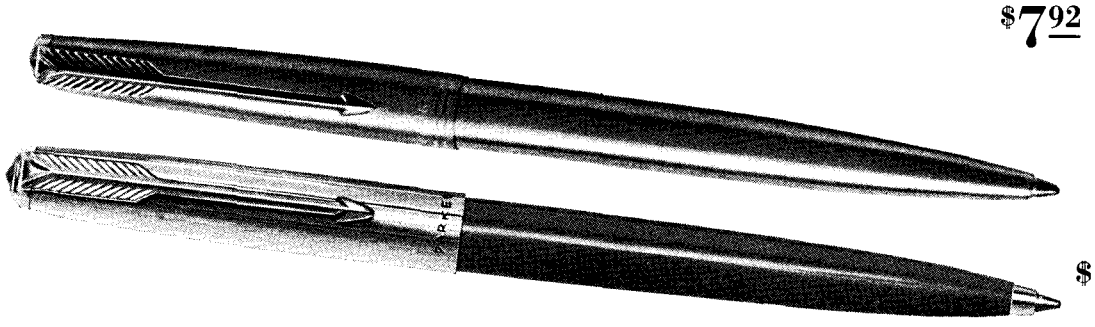

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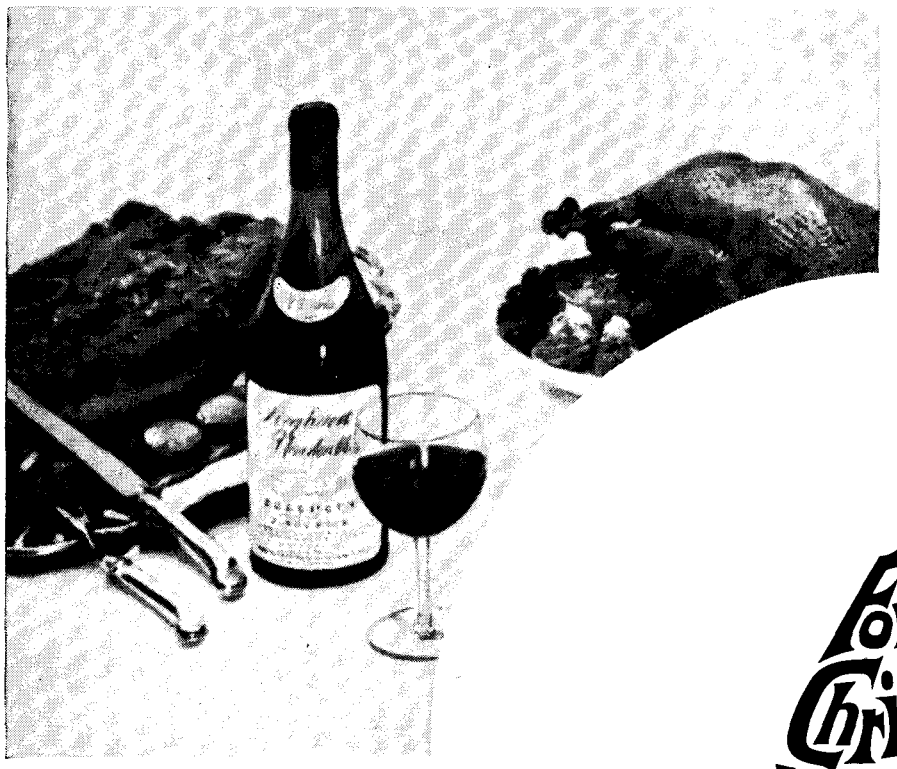
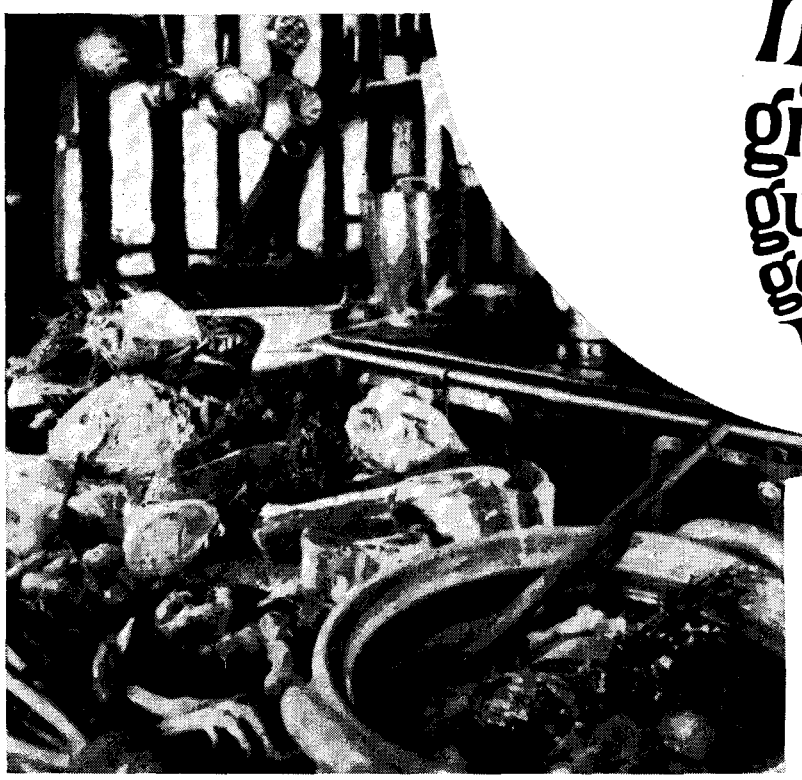
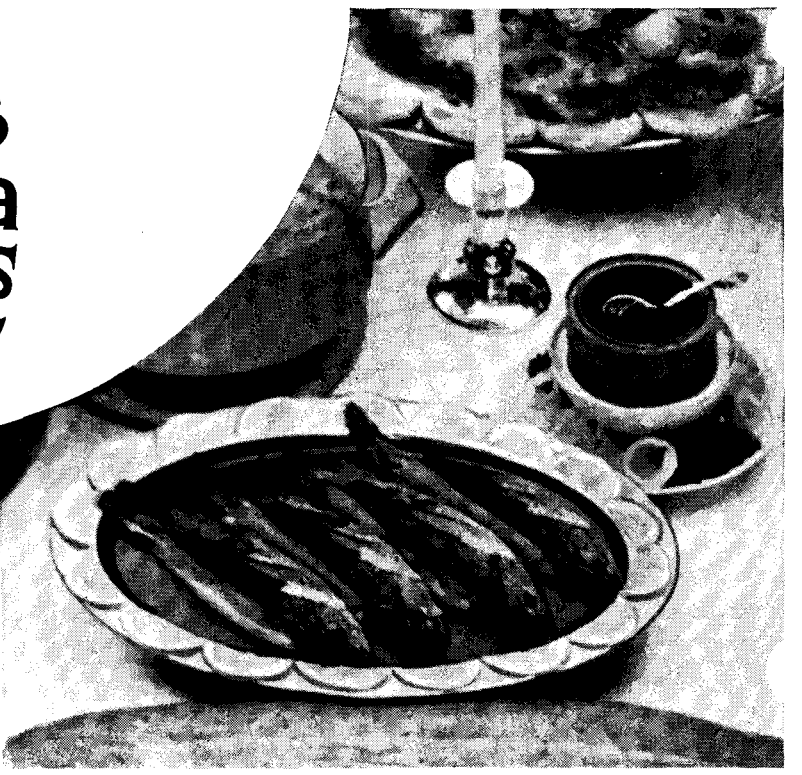


For Christmas: give this guide to a gourmet's paradise





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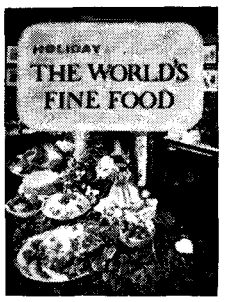

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THE SAINT WHO SAID NO

continued from page 31

the lapse of time involved; there were no days or nights for me, and I was only able to measure the cavity in my life months later when, thanks to Francisco Vasco, I was released into a world of calendars, clocks and sunshine—twice a day the plate of cold rice, dry bread and the cup of water were shoved under the door. But my life had no other punctuation. I had, by this time, lost the gift of memory, and the scent of Felicia, my wife, had vanished somewhere in the bottomless night of the cell.

If this were not the story of Francisco Vasco, I could tell much of myself in those times—how I strained to hear even the faintest sound of a human voice where there was no voice, how I agonized to remember the shape of writing on a page, how I dragged my memory for the taste of an orange, as a river is dragged for a corpse. But for the most part I longed for Vasco. The reassurance of his voice was part of it. More important, I now think, was the task of caring for his wounds; so long as I was able to ease the suffering of another man, I was able to keep some sort of grip on myself. With Vasco gone, it was almost impossible not to believe that I was alone on the earth. To trick myself back to sanity, I took endless walks around the cell, my hand pressed hard against the rough stone walls, with fears hurtling out of the blackness like noon traffic hooting in the ears of a blind man.

Then, as I slept, Vasco returned. Of course he did not wake me. But when he heard me stir, he spoke.

"Alberto."

I sat upright in the rags of my blanket. "Don Francisco?"

"Yes."

"Thank heaven."

"Thank, rather, José Ramos. He has given me the best of care."

I crossed the cell, and we embraced.

"Then you have told them?" I asked.

"There is nothing to tell," he said.

"Don Francisco, I beg you," I said. "Tell them before they kill you."

Vasco patted my shoulder. "Oh, Alberto," he said. "Why would they kill an old man for such a little thing?"

The hospital had given him strength to laugh again at Ramos's men, and the deep wise chuckle that I remembered welled from his lips. We talked no more about torture and money that night. Instead, Vasco told me about his grandfather, who had been a slave in Arabia.

We went to sleep and then the door of the cell opened with a screech. "Francisco Vasco," said the invisible jailer.

"Yes," said Vasco, and they took him away again.

One day the door opened, and the jailer called not for Vasco, but for me.

Somehow I answered, rose to my feet and walked out of the cell. Another man was with the jailer. He told me to turn around. A blindfold was placed over my eyes. The jailer took my left arm and the other man my right arm, and I was marched to another part of the prison.

I was taken into a room and told to sit in a chair. Then I felt the knot of the blindfold being undone, and I braced myself for the searing pain of the spotlight. Instead I opened my lids to a dimly lighted office. It was daytime, and the shades were drawn, but a strip of sunlight ran across the floor like a rivulet of gold. It was an ordinary office, with a plain desk, some chairs and a filing cabinet. The colors, ordinary drab browns and greens that I now see every day and hardly notice, seemed incredibly bright—the hues of paradise. On the wall was a picture of José Ramos. Under the picture, smiling, sat the captain who had arrested me, my friend Julio.

"Good afternoon, Alberto," Julio said.

"Good afternoon, Julio. I thought perhaps you did not know me when we met the other day."

Julio laughed, his strong teeth shining against a healthy brown skin. He had never looked better. A smart military cap and a swagger stick with a chased-silver head lay upon his desk. Julio opened a box of fine cigars and offered me one. As I reached to take the cigar—more out of habit than desire—the contrast between this bathed and polished soldier and myself struck me like a blow. I waved the box away. I did not wish to leave Julio to gloat over the memory of me in rags and my scrag of a beard, a scarecrow smoking a long Havana.

Julio looked surprised. "No?"

"I have lost the habit," I said.

Julio smiled and lighted his own cigar. "I have news of your family," he said.

Economics is the married name of romantics.

H. E. Martz

"Your parents are well. Your brother Martin has fled the country."

He paused and regarded the ash of his cigar. My eyes were better now, and I could see the self-contented pursing of his lips very well. I knew what question he wished me to ask, and I permitted him to take that one small chip out of my pride.

"You have news of Felicia also?"

"Of Felicia, yes. She is as beautiful as ever in spite of her reduced circumstances." Julio smiled at me. "You are a lucky man, Alberto, to have such a wife. She refuses all assistance from her old friends, such as myself, and she has sold her clothes and many of her jewels and other possessions in order to provide food and shelter for your children."

"I am well aware of my good fortune."

"Yes," said Julio, "yes, of course." He now assumed the air of a busy man, polite but brusque, who had more important things to do than talk to me. "How are you treated here?" he asked.

"Admirably, Julio, as you can see."

Julio looked up at me, suddenly alert. "How do you like your cellmate?"

"I like him very much. Unfortunately he is seldom in a condition to be companionable."

"A pity. A man needs company in such circumstances as yours. No doubt you converse with each other?"

"Yes, we converse."

"Splendid. Alberto, I have called you here because I have a feeling that a great mistake has been made. Only this morning I was with Marshal Ramos ——"

"*Marshal* Ramos?"

Julio allowed himself a look of annoyance. "Marshal Ramos," he repeated. "A rank to which the leader was elevated by the acclamation of the Revolutionary Army."

"I would not have marked him for such early success when we were in school

December HOLIDAY Magazine features

John STEINBECK

More adventures, characters and insights—done only as Steinbeck can do them—fill part two of his epic IN QUEST OF AMERICA. He sets out from Chicago en route to Seattle, savoring along the way the varied charms of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Idaho; then down the Pacific coast to San Francisco and a nostalgic pause at Monterey.

The Department of State

Holiday begins a series of articles on the functions of our government departments. Ten government departments, together with the office of the White House, execute the decisions of Congress and are the President's instruments of direct power. The department which most urgently points up this power is the little understood and awesomely important State Department. Holiday offers its portrait.

Journey in Greece

A view that is both panoramic and incisive. V. S. Pritchett eloquently explains the allure of this rugged and beautiful country.

ALSO: *A WALK THROUGH FLORIDA'S HISTORY . . . Part III of THE ROTHSCHILDS . . . A Shunpike Tour of ARIZONA . . . Little Wonder ITALIAN RESTAURANTS OF NEW YORK . . . A wonderfully funny CHRISTMAS POEM by OGDEN NASH . . . A Handbook of FURS . . . MY PERSONAL CARNEGIE HALL by Samuel Chotzinoff . . . THE SAN DIEGO ZOO: A PEACEABLE KINGDOM . . . THE RADCLIFFE GIRL.*

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SAINT together," I said. "José was rather slow at his lessons." Do not ask what caused me to commit such folly.

Julio went on, however, as if nothing had been said. "Only this morning Marshal Ramos and I agreed that it is unthinkable that a man we have known so well as we have known you, a man of such intelligence, Alberto, could be an enemy of the revolution. Also, Marshal Ramos remembers the support given to him by your newspaper before victory."

"Thank you for your confidence."

"We discussed the matter of the Vasco editorial at length. Marshal Ramos is of the opinion that this editorial was a rash act rather than a mischievous one. He does not believe that it will be repeated. All he asks is a gesture on your part, your word as a gentleman that such writings will never appear again."

"And if I refuse?"

Julio smiled and extinguished his cigar with an elegant turn of the wrist. "Ah, Alberto," he said, "I am not here to make threats, but promises. You know what your situation is. I am giving you the opportunity to change it."

"What else does Ramos want of me?"

"Very little indeed, Alberto. We know of Francisco Vasco's high regard for you. He speaks of you often when he is—not himself. No doubt he confides in you."

"You are wrong." I leaned forward and gripped the edge of Julio's desk. Abruptly he lost his polish. Picking up his swagger stick, he stuck the end of it over my heart and pushed me back into my chair.

"Listen, Alberto. We need Vasco's money. We will have it sooner or later."

"Not by any act of mine."

"Don't be an idiot. He will tell you anything if you ask him. No one will ever know what you have done. It is a small thing to do for your country."

"No."

"You know what to expect, Alberto You have seen Vasco."

"It has been too dark to see him. But I know what you have done to him."

"You will have time to consider your decision. I ask you to think of Felicia and your family. I ask you to think also of your country. We need Vasco's money."

I stood up. "May I leave?"

Julio pointed the swagger stick at me, and he said to me, "If you wish. But I advise you to think it over."

The blindfold was tied over my face again, and I was led back toward the darkness. A new voice interrupted our stumbling progress. "Good afternoon," it said. The jailer answered.

"Good afternoon, Father," he said.

A hand was laid on my arm. "How is it with you, son?" the priest asked.

"Well enough, Father."

"May I do anything for you?"

I said that I would like to confess. But the jailer would not permit it.

"At least let him pray," said the priest

This they could not refuse, and I felt myself being led away a few steps by a gentler hand.

"Kneel," the priest said.

We prayed. The priest was very close beside me. As I unclasped my hands, he took one of mine and leaned toward me. He was whispering, and at first I thought it was the blessing. Then I made out what he was saying. It wasn't a blessing.

"Tell *Señor* Vasco," the priest whispered, "to keep his hope, to keep his faith. *Tell him that the nuns are coming. Tell him that the children are coming.*"

Then he blessed me and took a message for Felicia, and I was brought back to the cell without another stop.

Vasco was already there, and he clasped my hand as soon as the door closed behind me. For the first time I heard a tremor in his voice as he spoke.

"Alberto," he cried. "Not you too?"

I embraced him. "No. There was no torture for me. They merely wanted to taunt me about my family."

I told him about the interview with Julio, leaving out the parts about Vasco's money. Then I told him about the priest, whispering as the priest had done.

"He told me to tell you to keep your hope. He said to tell you that the nuns and the children are coming."

Vasco gripped my hand tightly and then fell back. I had to put my ear against his mouth to hear what he said before he slipped into unconsciousness. "The nuns and the children," he said. "Now perhaps they will find Vasco's money."

No one came for Vasco the next day. Or the next. He slept much of the time.

Meanwhile the atmosphere of the prison, even in our dark cell, began to change. Although we neither saw nor heard anything, we sensed the change. It hung in the air like a scent. Vasco and I did not speak of it, but each knew that the other had noticed too.

On the third day they came for me again. Vasco was asleep when I left, and I was glad that he was spared the anxiety of seeing me go. Vasco knew what lay at the end of that long walk with blindfolded eyes. He had taken the walk.

But instead of being taken to the torture chamber, I was delivered again to

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Julio's office. This time, as my eyes opened bit by bit like a kitten's, I saw that Julio was not alone. Another man, also wearing the leather jacket of the Revolutionary Army, stood at the window with his back to the room. For a moment he continued to peer intently through the slats of the Venetian blind, then he turned around. It was José Ramos.

Ramos pulled the blind to the top of the window frame with a clatter. Blinking into the flood of sunlight, I said, "Hello, Pepe." It is not easy to forget the nicknames of childhood.

"Alberto," Ramos said, "come here."

Julio interrupted. "He cannot see yet," he said. "He has just come out of the dark."

"Shut up," Ramos said. "Come here and look, Alberto."

I went to the window, shielding my face from the light. Ramos took me firmly by the shoulder and turned me to the window.

"Look," he said.

The window overlooked a broad plaza, bordered by rows of bright flowers. There was a fountain in the middle. At first I could make out the shine and splash of the fountain, then, dimly, the colors of the flowers. All the time I was aware, through a sense other than sight, that there was something extraordinary in the plaza.

Then, suddenly my sight cleared and I saw what Ramos wished me to see.

Every inch and cobble of the plaza was covered with children. There were thousands of them, all wearing orphans' uniforms. All of them were kneeling, their faces lifted like so many blossoms to the high blank walls of the prison. Among the orphans were scores of nuns in the habits—brown, blue, black, gray, white—of a dozen holy orders. A kind of sigh rose from them, as if they were praying in unison.

Ramos threw open the sash. "Listen to that," he said. Above the sigh of the praying children there rose another sound, a muttering roar.

Ramos wheeled and strode away from the window, his boots clumping on the floor. "That beast you hear in the background," he said, "is the people."

Julio smiled nonchalantly and reached into his cigar box. It was the wrong gesture. Ramos smashed his fist down on the box while Julio's hand was still inside. The box splintered, and Julio yelped in pain.

Ramos stared into Julio's face, and Julio smiled no longer. "Imbecile," Ramos grated. "Idiot. Leavings of a dog." And much more.

Then Ramos was calmer. He turned to me. "Let me explain this small demonstration of religious ardor," he said. "The prayers are for Francisco Vasco. When you ask the nuns and the orphans why they are here, they will answer only with Vasco's name. This has been the situation for nearly three days. They walked here in their bare feet from every corner of the country. The nuns will not eat. Neither will the children. We have brought them food. We have asked them to go home to the orphanages. We have promised everything. In reply, they merely pray and speak the name of Francisco Vasco."

Ramos sat down, his polished boots sprawled out before him. He sat for a moment with his eyes closed. Then his face twisted, and he lashed one of his boots with his riding crop, leaving a deep welt in the soft leather.

Ramos pointed out the window. "There," he said, "is the money of Francisco Vasco. His treasure has come to live with us. I have it straight from the archbishop. Vasco is a poor man. He has given his money away as quickly as he made it. He has given it to nuns and orphans. He has given it to widows and tramps. He has done so in total secrecy. Vasco's money does not exist."

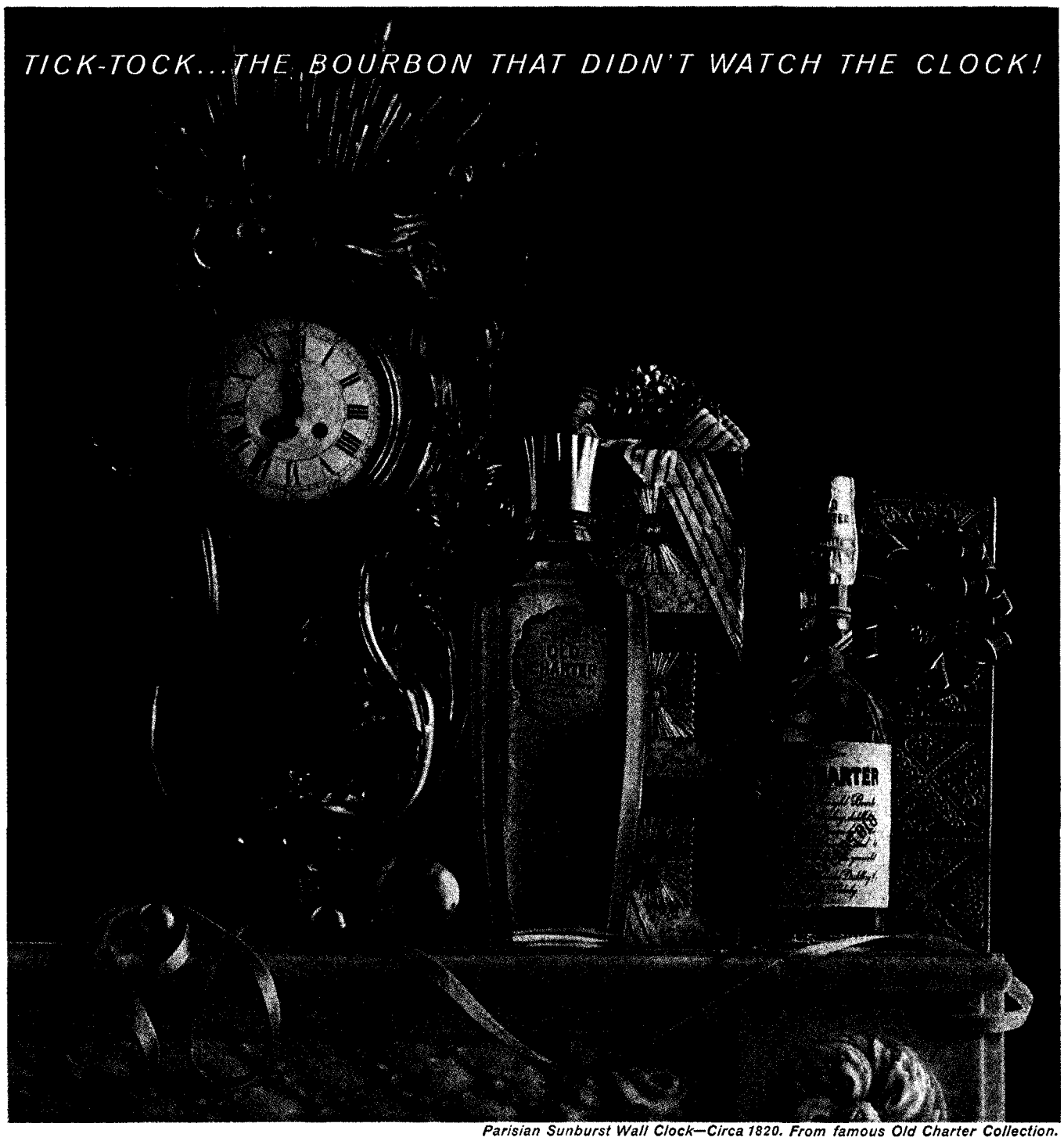
The whispers of the orphans seemed very loud. Ramos shouted at Julio, "Close the window!"

Ramos then asked me to take a message to Vasco. It was a communiqué of surrender. Soon Vasco was released. Before he would go, he demanded that all the other prisoners be released. He would not leave the cell until the rest, myself included, were given safe conduct to the frontier. So we said good-by in the dark, and I went back to Felicia, and I never saw the face of Francisco Vasco.

They took Vasco out into the sunshine and gave him to the nuns. The nuns took him away into the hills, a poor man in bandages and rags.

After the nuns and the orphans had left the city, Ramos somehow managed to quiet the people. As everyone knows, José Ramos is still in my country and still in power. But the nuns and the orphans are there too, and so, in a way, is Vasco's money. Even through the distance that separates me from my people and the dark that hangs over them, it is possible sometimes to hear the angry roar of an animal beneath their whispered prayers.

Possibly, when he is alone in the dark, José Ramos hears it too. THE END



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When Strangers Tour the U.S.A.

More Europeans than ever before are visiting America. Here is what they think of us.

BY JEROME ELLISON

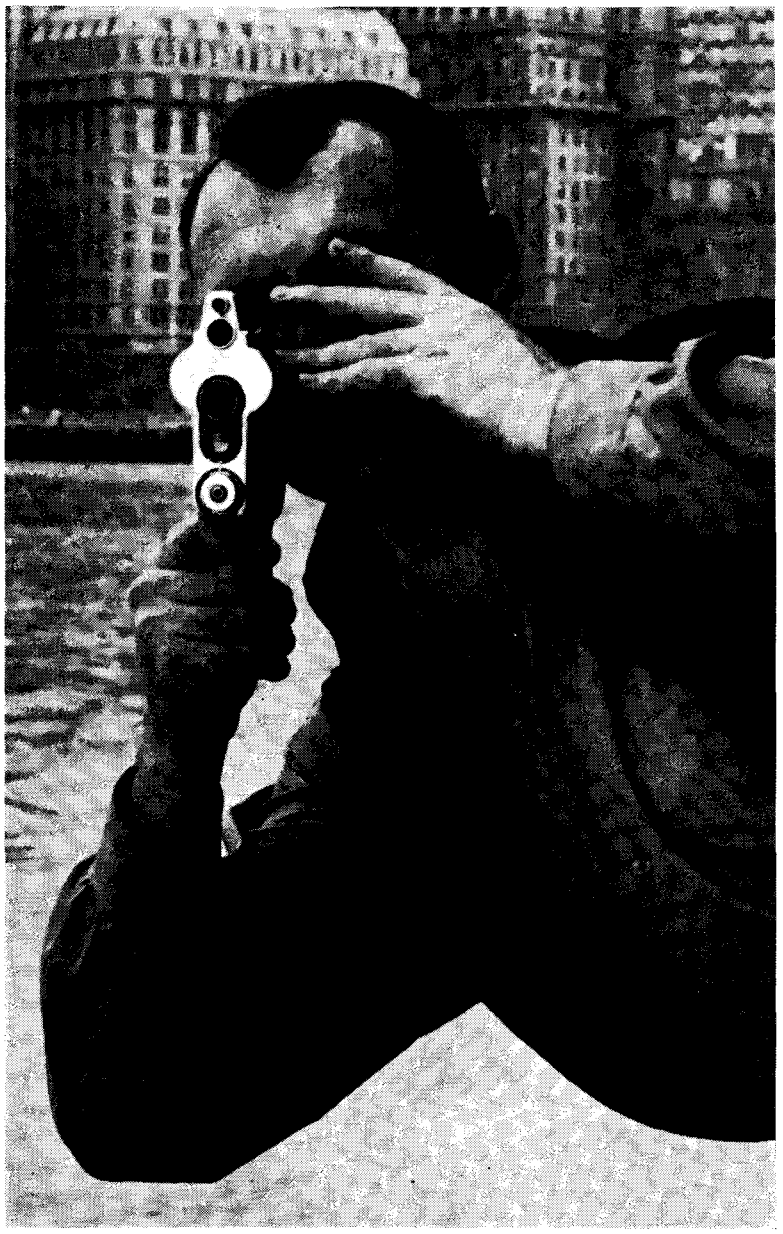
Is America really the land of the free? Or are most Americans ground under the heel of capitalist greed? Is everybody in America rich and neurotic, as Hollywood movies suggest? Or do we also have some sane people of moderate means?

Lured by new tourist-travel bargains, foreigners by the hundreds of thousands are invading America to find out for themselves. As a result, the Empire State Building has become as great a tourist attraction as the Eiffel Tower; Niagara Falls now draws more international sightseers than the Matterhorn; and the Bowery evokes more shocked gasps than Paris's Bohemian Left Bank.

Tourism specialists say this flood tide of visitors from overseas is just the beginning. More and more travel firms are offering cut-rate fares to America. The United States Department of Commerce has launched a gigantic, world-wide "Visit America" campaign, designed to increase tourism from abroad eightfold. The number of foreign visitors—not counting those from Mexico and Canada—has risen from 450,000 in 1957 to 602,000 in 1960.

Recently I observed and interviewed eight planeloads of these holiday travelers—four from France, two from Ireland, one from Germany and one from Peru. Through their eyes I gained a fresh view of my native land. The perspective they provided is enough to give pause to even the most complacent American. For many of these visitors bused, motored and hitchhiked throughout America and got a close-up view of our triumphs and our tragedies. And when they reach home, they will spread the word about this country with the authority of eyewitnesses.

Last summer, students at the University of Paris organized three round-trip charter flights to America which cost $99 per person the round trip, 118 to a plane. "So many wanted to go," said one flight organizer, Arthur Pilla, "that we could easily have filled half a dozen planes."



Capturing a lasting impression of our country with his camera, this visitor gains new views of the American metropolitan scene.

The experiences of one French group I talked with reveal what it's like to come on a bargain junket to the U.S. The tour was organized by a travel agency called Touramerica. It was a twenty-day package, covering the cost of hotels, meals, travel fares and sight-seeing expenses. The tour included a week in New York, three days in Washington and five in Miami at a cost of $550 per person.

In New York the French visitors had a gay time. They worked through scheduled sight-seeing—boat trips around Manhattan and to the Statue of Liberty; a glass-top-bus tour of Chinatown, the Bowery, the United Nations and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; visits to the numerous museums and art galleries Then they made unscheduled sorties on their own. Some went shopping on Fifth Avenue or souvenir hunting in Times Square. Others visited Jones Beach on Long Island. Several spent an evening at Broadway's colorful Roseland Ballroom.

In many places visitors enjoyed pleasant surprises. The boy who dispenses soft drinks at the Rockefeller Center observation roof had studied French in high school. He spoke briefly to the visitors in their native tongue. One tourists' sightseeing bus stalled in traffic adjacent to boxer Sugar Ray Robinson's limousine. Sugar Ray gave autographs and drove on with a hearty "*Vive la France!*"

Americans, the visitors tentatively concluded, are gregarious people who live by machines. Some of these, such as the automat, cigarette- and candy-vending devices, enchanted them. But they objected to paying ten cents to enter the "water closet." And stamp machines—taking ten cents and delivering only eight cents in stamps—"What robbery!" But to feel the eardrums tighten when rocketing by elevator to the eightieth floor—"Eee-ee!

One French tourist got lost on a Bronx-to-Brooklyn subway train at night and didn't surface at Times Square until the following morning. French housewives

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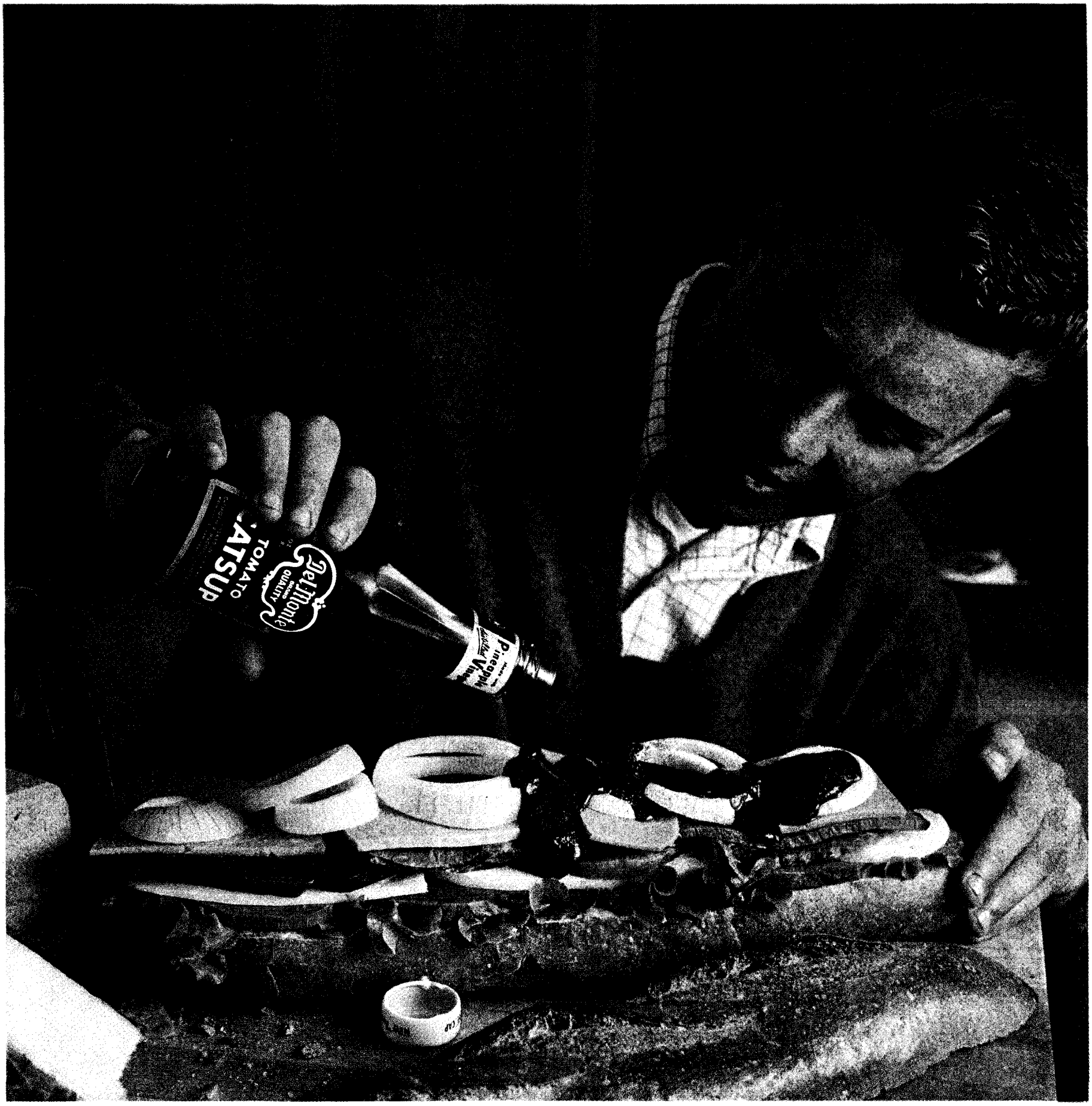

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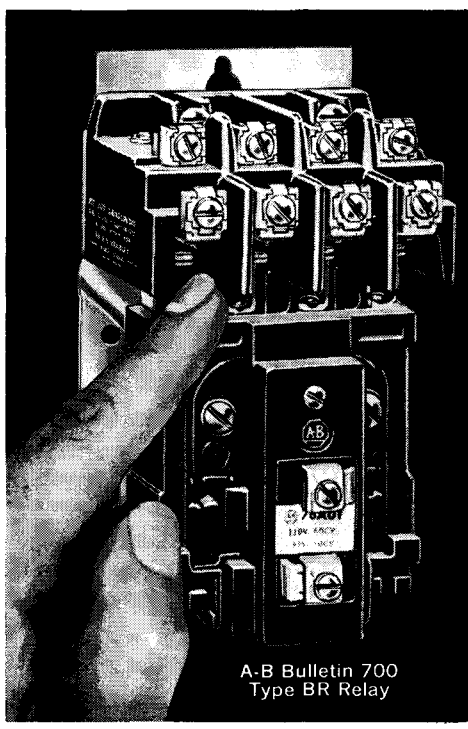

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STRANGERS

quickly discovered that New York stores charge different prices for the same item.

A male shopper, less wary than his female counterparts, discovered that a movie camera he bought on Broadway for $120 was advertised nationally for $87. And a visiting Parisian stenographer's purse was picked of $240 while she waited in a ticket line at a Fifth Avenue museum.

After a week in New York, the French group wheeled off to Washington. There they toured famous landmarks, saw a marksmanship demonstration by the FBI and ate a sea-food dinner at a restaurant overlooking the Potomac.

Unfortunately the sight that tourists are most interested in—the interior of an American home—is the most difficult to see when on a group tour. During this trip the manager of a Washington apartment building invited a busload of the French visitors to drop in for a look around. When the impatient driver of the sight-seeing bus left half the tourists behind, the host graciously summoned six taxicabs for the stragglers.

The following day the group headed for Miami by bus. The distances between cities impressed them. "We do not *imojeen* America, how big," one tourist said. At Florence, South Carolina, the mayor and "Miss Florence" brightened the trip with an official greeting and an invitation to a swim at the municipal pool.

At Miami Beach, accommodations at a beach-front hotel more than made up for the long bus ride the tourists had grumbled about. They went deep-sea fishing, ogled the playful porpoises at Miami's Seaquarium and watched an Indian wrestle a crocodile at a Seminole village.

In rented cars, parties of five explored Everglades National Park. The Frenchmen found American drivers' obedience to signs and signals little short of miraculous—"Why, they stop at the mere change of a light!"

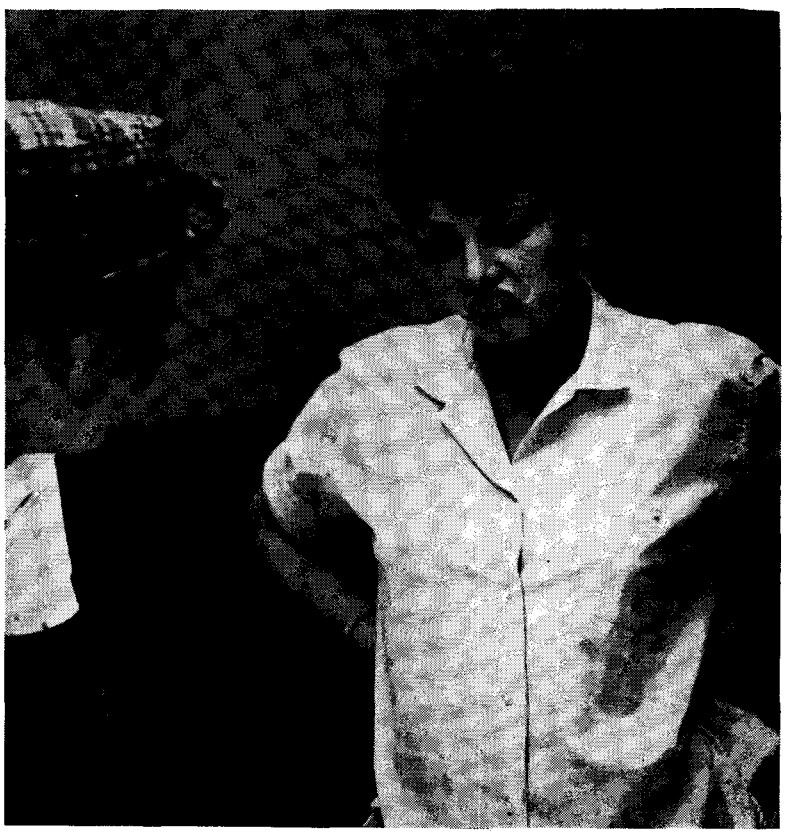
The second planeload of foreign visitors on my schedule came from Peru. It was a party of newly graduated students from San Marcos University in Lima.

These dark-eyed and happy scholars had been accumulating travel funds in a class treasury since their freshman year. There were twenty girls and twenty-four boys on the trip, which cost them $700 apiece. The South Americans spent five days in Mexico City and five in New York, three days in Washington and three in Miami, two in Acapulco and one in Philadelphia. American food impressed the Peruvians as edible but flat: "Don't you *ever* use any seasoning?" I was asked. In New York the graduates marveled at the variety of automatic coin, dial and push-button devices. And Peruvian coeds displayed the same devotion to stuffed animals that is common among American girls. The New York subway, a bargain at fifteen cents, was a favorite joy ride: "What speed! What rocking! What sights!" But even the subway could not compare with the wild ride on Coney Island's "Cyclone" roller coaster.

Conscious of their own country's relative lack of development, the Peruvians were attentive to details of American transportation, marketing, construction, agriculture and manufacturing. Everywhere, bridges, skyscrapers and tunnels were solemnly contemplated. American supermarkets—their volume of traffic, variety of goods, speed of transactions, parking facilities, illumination—fascinated the Latin-American visitors. Rapid-transit systems seemed to them dreams of the future come true. Before they left for home, the Peruvian scholars paid the U.S. their highest compliment: They all wished to remain here to study.

A planeload of excursionists from Germany was the next to arrive at New York's Idlewild Airport. Stuttgart, in West Germany, has an amateur soccer league. Under the sponsorship of the Brooklyn Sports Club, some of whose officers were born in Stuttgart, a minimum-budget visit was arranged for the German league's referees. Six brought their wives along.

The referees played three soccer matches during their two-week stay in



In Gallic bemusement about American life, this Frenchwoman grimaces at her first attempt to bowl.

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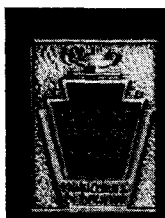

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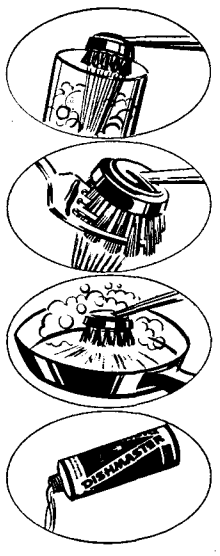

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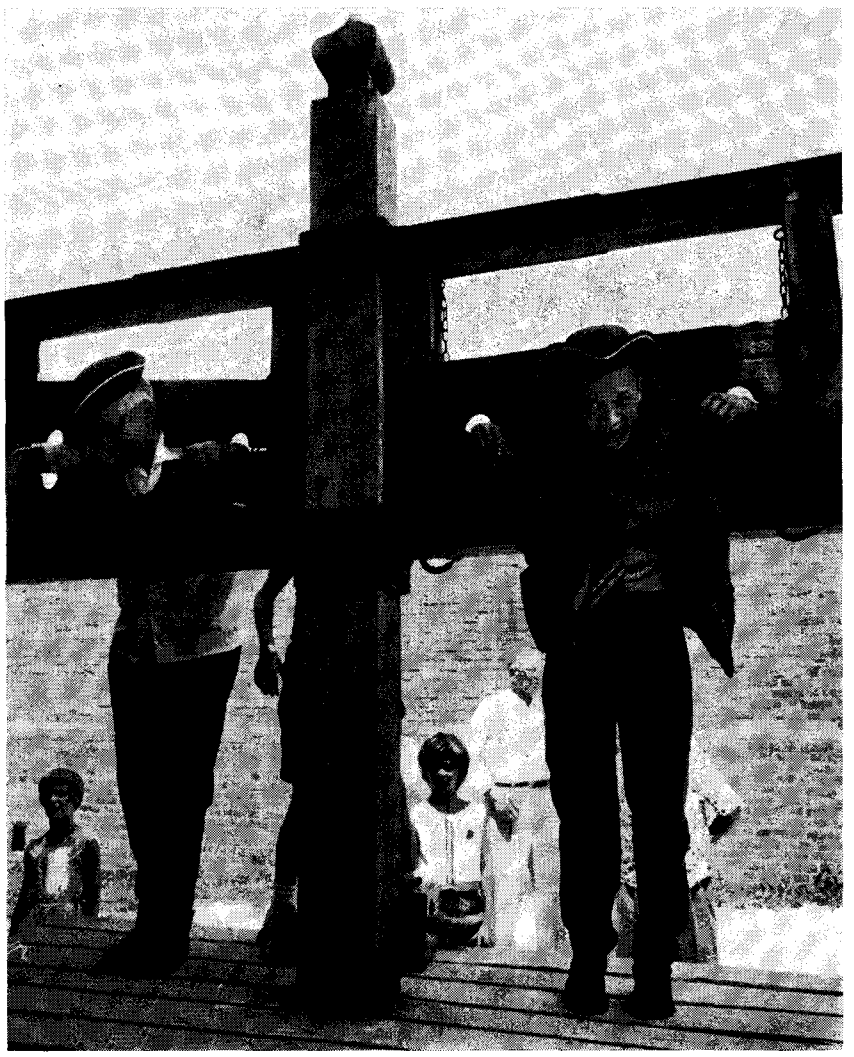
STRANGERS

America. At Jones Beach Stadium I watched them take the Brooklyn club, six goals to three. Between matches the German group went sight-seeing, mostly by car with their hosts. They toured Manattan, sailed on a steamer up the Hudson, de the Staten Island ferry, saw a film and a stage show at Radio City Music Hall, visited Princeton University and took part in a German-American festival in Hoboken. One referee forsook soccer and merriment for a plane trip to visit a relative in New Orleans. He returned awed by the distance he'd covered. Another German tourist, after announcing his intention to "have a quick walk around Yellowstone Park," was astonished to learn it would take at least a day to see Yellowstone by car.

I asked a number of the referees what had most impressed them about our country. One replied, "The hospitality and sportsmanship of our hosts." Said another: "Nowhere have I seen such contrast between the rich and the poor." Another: "Wall Street scared me—narrow streets, tall buildings." Another: "Boomp-ala-boomp-ala-boom—the striptease show."

Civic slovenliness, shops where pornoaphic literature is sold and derelicts sprawled on public benches along Broadway were roundly criticized by the tidy Germans. Our architectural and engineering accomplishments—skyscrapers and bridges particularly—drew their admiration. When the Germans reluctantly said good-by to their hosts, there were warm invitations to visit Stuttgart soon.

A hundred and eighteen members of



Hamming it up in the best tourist tradition, visitors from France submit to the pillory at the colonial gaol in Williamsburg, Virginia.

the Irish Countrywomen's Club arrived next. Miss Rosaleen O'Reilly, the tour leader, is a telephone operator from County Mayo who had come to visit friends in Philadelphia. The tour included women—some accompanied by husbands, sons or daughters—from Dublin, Galway, and Limerick, and also counties Tipperary, Donegal, Meath, Louth and Roscommon.

Following a brief customs inspection, there were emotional reunions with Irish-American relatives. The visitors then departed for the homes of their hosts throughout the country. They returned to New York sixteen days later for the flight home.

At the end of her U.S. visit, I asked one young colleen her name, where she was from and where she had been. Polly Murphy hailed from County Mayo and had visited in Chicago, Cleveland, Springfield, Massachusetts, Bridgeport, Connecticut, and New York City. I asked her what she would remember most vividly of America. "The excellent manner in which the Irish have risen to political popularity in this country," she replied.

"I was interested mainly in the dancing," one twenty-four-year-old, unmarried woman said. "When I go home, I'll tell them about the jitterbugging and show them the steps."

"You have luxurious living all right," one woman summed up, "but in Ireland we know *how* to live. Time doesn't worry us so much in Ireland. You should all come over and learn the benefits of more leisurely ways."

The visiting French university students were adventurous travelers. Many hitchhiked across the country after they reached the U.S. Some chartered their own buses

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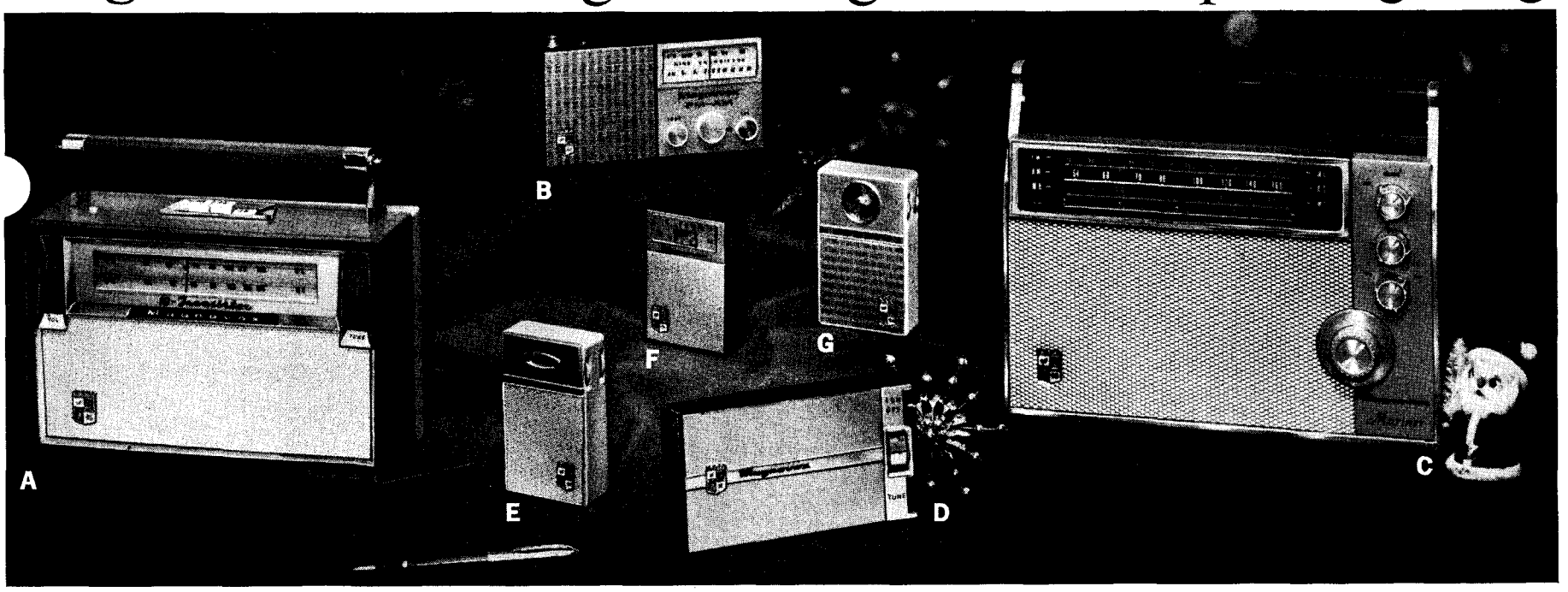

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and set out for points inland. Many took advantage of a special Greyhound offer to foreign tourists of ninety-nine days unlimited travel for ninety-nine dollars and toured the U.S. by bus. Delivering new cars was another means of travel for the French students. One party of four chipped in for a used car and sold it with only a small loss after their transcontinental round trip.

One party of six—three boys and three girls—drove from Washington, D.C., to Portland, Oregon, and later from Quebec to Mexico City, in a borrowed 1954 sedan. Their journey was the ultimate in French-style, low-budget student travel. A sign on their car—reading VISITING FRENCH STUDENTS and gaily decorated with French and American flags—paid off frequently in free lodging and meals. Tiny Gallaudet College in Washington, D.C., made dormitory rooms available for one night. Professors played host to the visitors on college campuses in North Carolina and in Georgia. In Ciudad Victoria, Mexico, the government blew them to a free stopover in the city's finest motel. It was warm enough in Acapulco to sleep on the beach. In a Los Angeles restaurant the six met a man who turned over his apartment to them while he was away for a brief vacation. The trip was not without its troubles. Nine second-hand tires had to be purchased during the trip. And at one point, clutch repair and wheel alignment was necessary. During the last night of the trip the car ran out of gas. Luckily the weary travelers were able to coast in to a gas station. They slept there until the station opened the next morning.

French students who relied on hitchhiking reported that rides were easily obtained and that U.S. hospitality was sometimes overwhelming. "One American family picked us up on the road near Buffalo," said one of three hitchhiking students. "They fed and entertained us for a week."

Spontaneous hospitality was frequently encountered by the French visitors. A student sight-seeing at the University of Miami was invited to a private home for a four-day visit. A Pennsylvania Dutch family took in one traveler for three days.

There were mishaps that marred the general impression of American good-neighborliness. Four boys ran out of American money and tried to exchange some francs in Springfield, Missouri. Customs men, summoned from Kansas City, had them thrown in jail. The next morning Judge William R. Collinsor reprimanded the customs men, released the prisoners, lent them money and sent them on their way.

One student got a ticket for jaywalking on a California highway when he got out of his car to stretch his legs. Three hitchhikers ran out of money near Syracuse, New York, and picked cherries for ten 10-hour days at six dollars a day in order to get back to New York City.

In chance conversations, Topic A turned out to be food. Four French students—two boys, two girls—dropped in one evening at a church meeting for young people in Doniphan, Nebraska. One young girl asked the tourists, "Is it true that French people eat insects?" The visitors howled. Then they reported the rumor, circulated in French university circles, that American weekday meals are prepared from Sunday leftovers.

American and French young women shocked one another. The French denounced Bermuda shorts but approved bikinis. The French were surprised and critical when they learned that American girls from good families took jobs. But they saw nothing wrong with unescorted trips with boys. American girls were appalled at the unchaperoned junketing.

Most of the visitors had absorbed two or three years of high-school or college English, so language difficulties were not extreme. "The English goes pretty well if the Americans don't talk too fast," one Peruvian girl told me.

Many travelers who have studied book English find our vernacular incomprehensible. Fractured phrasing—such as "Geddoudaway, lady, cummin true," or "Lansake, yawldun runalite main. Jedgle troyinna clink"—makes no sense to the educated foreigner. And he resents being treated as an ignoramus when he fails to follow rapidly spoken, poorly pronounced or ungrammatical English.

After interviewing nearly 200 travelers I tabulated the complaints most frequentl

Photographs by John Burns

"What robbery!": French tourists are nonplused by a devious machine that takes 10 cents, but returns only 8 cents in stamps.

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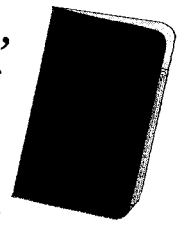

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STRANGERS

heard. Almost all the visitors were at some time cheated in a garage, taxi or store. They reported a pressing need in America for clean, low-priced student lodging. The older tourists were critical of American hotel management. Many experienced rudeness and impatience from bellboys and waitresses and curtness at the front desk. Europeans who are veteran travelers in America shrug at our cuisine.

"One concedes in advance that the food will sustain life," said one Frenchman who has visited America on a number of occasions. With an air of suffering, he added, "As for enjoying it, that is something else again. But Americans are clever; they may learn to cook yet."

The Bowery, a popular sight-seeing stop, bewilders the visitor from overseas. "If you must have blocks of sick men lying unattended in the street," one tourist complained, "why take everyone to see such a sight? And why is nothing done?"

"I was surprised," said one traveler just back from Chicago and San Francisco, "to have so many men beg me for money in the richest country in the world."

Slums offended the foreign tourists, mainly because they are filthy, and they strongly disapproved of uncleanliness. Three French students shaved off the beards they had worn for years, because in America they had been taken for beatniks. They regarded this as an insult. "Beatniks are filthy in person and in speech," I was told huffily.

One visitor thought it "*incroyable*" (incredible) when his dark-skinned traveling companion was not allowed to eat at a Southern lunch counter. Some tourists were depressed by twin drinking fountains in Florida marked WHITE and COLORED.

"I am a colored man," I was told by a tourist from Vietnam, "and I knew things would be like this. Even so, to see it with my own eyes shocked me. It did not make me hate America, however, for in Europe there is race prejudice, too, perhaps not so frank. And many people in America have been friendly to me."

Reactions to American culture varied according to the cultural resources of the visitor. A merchant, who had not attended a theater, art gallery, church, library or musical performance during his stay in America, judged us "materialistic and without spirituality."

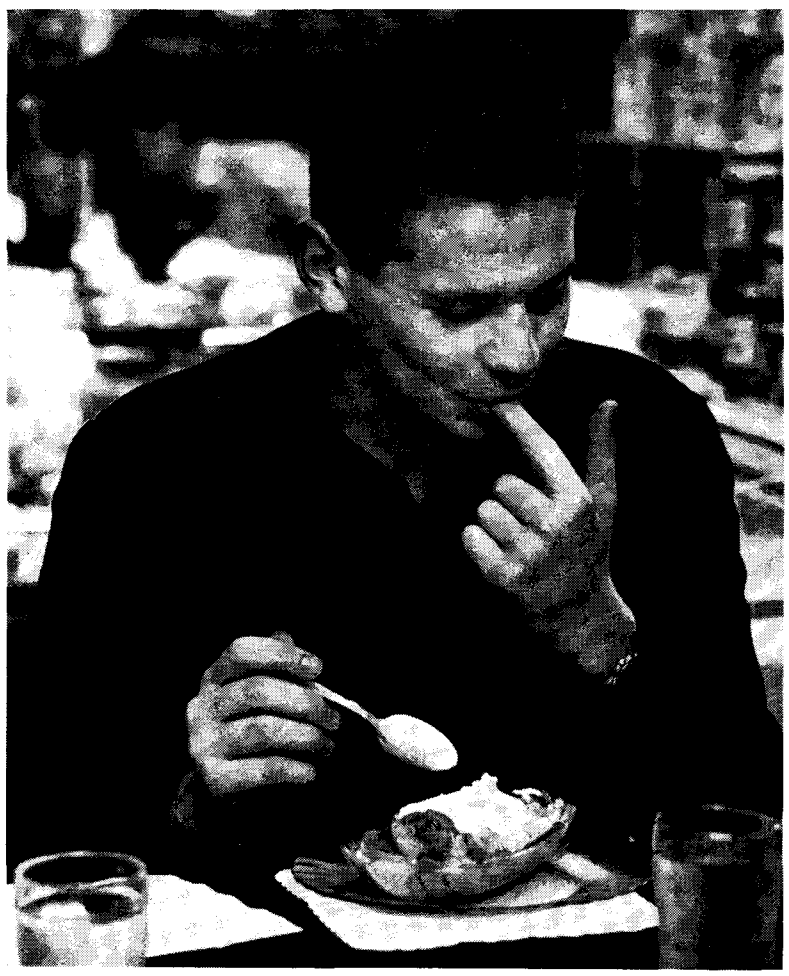
An architectural student, who had spent a week with a gifted Chicago architect, found America "an artist's heaven, vibrantly alive and responsive—ahead of Europe in the arts."

One young engineer from Europe said, "To see America is to see ourselves a quarter century from now—you're that far ahead of us."

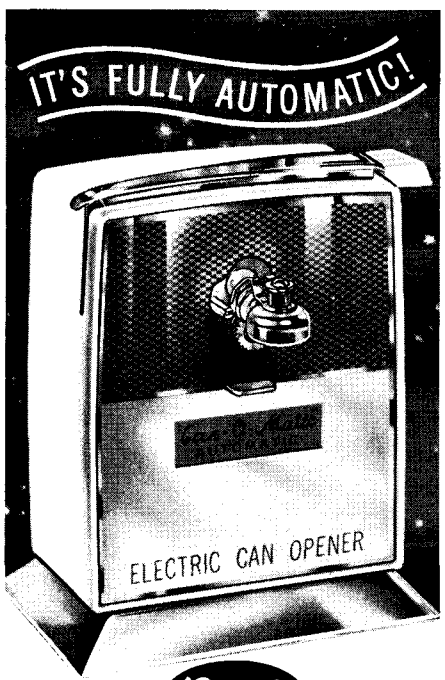
"You have not only art but also generosity," an art student said. "Here one finds great private art collections open to public view."

Most of the visitors, however, came not as sociologists but as sight-seers. They were simply looking for a good time and, for the most part, they found it.

One home-bound vacationer I talked to just before he boarded his plane at Idlewild was exhausted. Despite his travel fatigue, he said he would never forget this excursion: The great falls at Niagara, herds of wild deer at Yellowstone, Old Faithful spouting steam from the center of the earth, the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies, the fine cathedrals in Washington and New York, the view of the Golden Gate from a hill in San Francisco, New York Harbor seen from the top of the Empire State Building. He glanced over his shoulder at the Manhattan sky line. Smiling, he said, "One should not try to judge this great and complex country too swiftly." THE END



A sweet switch from familiar South American cuisine, a banana split proves exciting fare for a young Argentine tourist.



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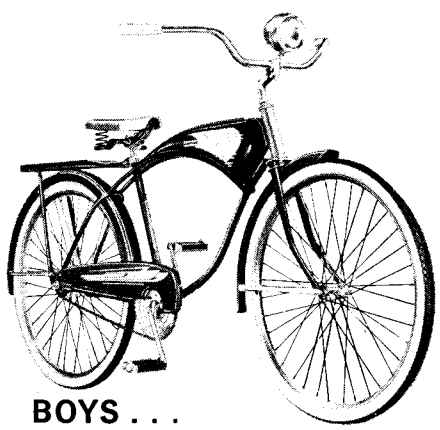

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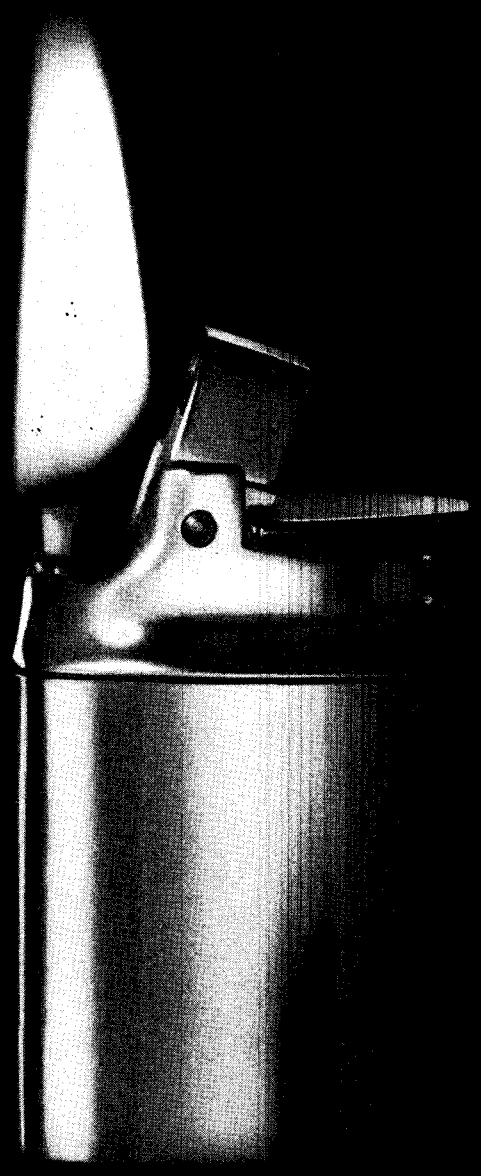

Why pay 4.95* for this Ronson lighter when you can buy an imitation cheap?

Lighters that look like Ronsons don't necessarily work like Ronsons.

We invented the automatic lighter mechanism and we've been refining it for over 35 years.

Before a Ronson Pioneer leaves the plant, it's inspected and tested 41 times. The Pioneer is a precision instrument that should last you for life.

And if your Ronson Pioneer ever stops working, you don't throw it away. There are Ronson Servicenters in most of the major cities. You simply bring your lighter in or mail it to us.

The Ronson Pioneer is available in five silver and gold tone finishes. Take a look today at the first automatic Ronson lighter to sell for less than five dollars.

Ronson® Pioneer

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1962 Ninety-Eight Holiday Sports Sedan

Where style comes first... and quality counts!

For the discriminating buyer who demands "something extra"—it's the pace-setting 330-h.p. performance and trend-setting style of the magnificent

Ninety-Eight **OLDSMOBILE**

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

THERE'S SMOOTH POWERFUL V-8 ACTION IN EVERY OLDS — *NINETY-EIGHT • SUPER 88 • DYNAMIC 88 • F-85 • STARFIRE*

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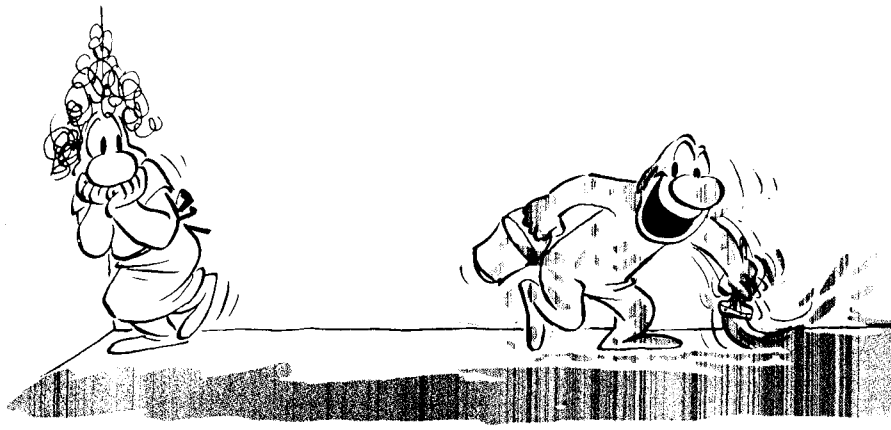
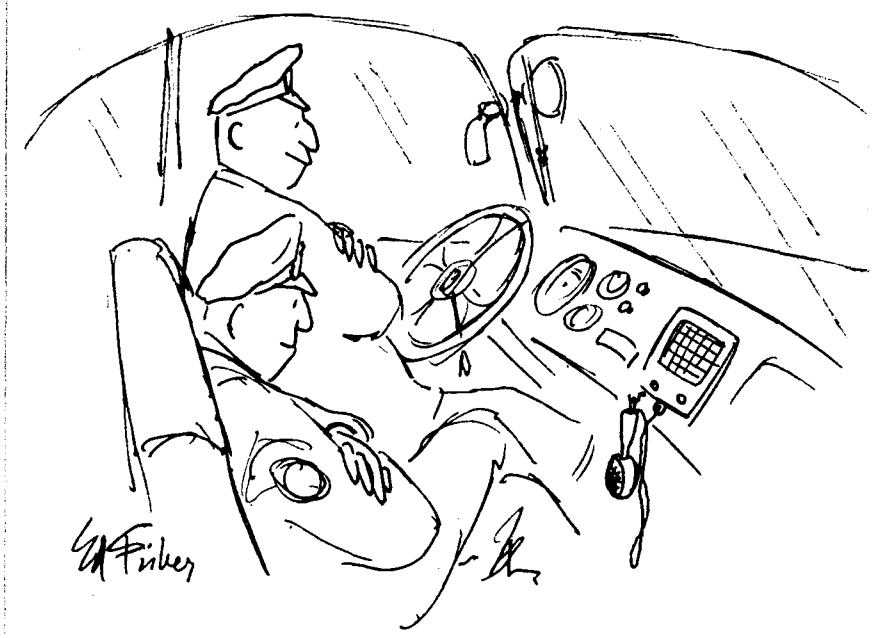


Post Scripts

"I am *not* listening to every word you're saying!"



". . . And remember, all cars, Winkle's Department Store carries a complete line of uniforms, spare badges, fingerprint powder. . . ."

"Chopped pecans, hemp, millet, cracked corn—and, so help me, even a corn cob dipped in melted suet and rolled in ground-up nuts! Boy, what I would give for a nice fat old worm right now!"

"My husband and I started taking separate vacations ten years ago, and it worked out so well I haven't seen him since!"

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Not just for this Christmas...but for the next, and the next, and the next...get a

FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

We won't interrupt you on your way home with the Christmas tree. But we'd like to fix one thought in your mind:

One hour from your busy schedule is enough to give you a Family Security Check-Up. You'd see your family's financial set-up *with realism:* what you need, what you have, what you *can* have. You'll make some important calculations . . . and get some all-important answers.

More than an interview—a service

Metropolitan, the Company you look to for authoritative information on physical health, offers you a way to check up on your family's financial health—the Family Security Check-Up. It is available to everyone—whether you need insurance or not—and whether or not you have a Metropolitan policy.

Metropolitan representatives have been trained in Metropolitan's own schools and are qualified by solid experience to bring you this service. They are equipped with business-like charts and tables that show you clearly, in black and white, exactly where you stand.

Remember, Metropolitan is as local as Main Street . . . as close as your phone. Call your Metropolitan man today for a Family Security Check-Up. There is no obligation—*except to those you love.*

Family Security Check-Up

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU

With the help of your Metropolitan man—

1. You check the facts: your Social Security, your home, your life insurance, your pension plan, your savings and other assets. You may be surprised to learn how *much* you're worth.

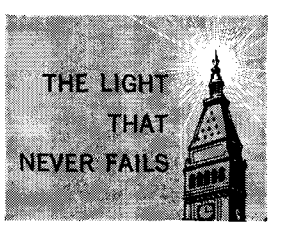
2. You weigh your responsibilities: mortgage or rent payments, education, retirement, accident and sickness emergencies; how much it would cost your family to live without you.

3. You learn where you stand. You determine your weak and strong points . . . whether the provisions you have made for your family will do what you intend. You get the facts in front of you.

4. You plan for the future. Based on these facts, you decide what action, if any, may be needed to give you a family security plan, tailor-made to your own needs and ambitions—one which makes good sense for *you.*

Metropolitan Life
INSURANCE COMPANY

A MUTUAL COMPANY • Home Office—NEW YORK—Since 1868
Head Office—SAN FRANCISCO—Since 1901 • Head Office—OTTAWA—Since 1924
Over 1000 Local Offices in U.S.A. and Canada



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"The first one who goes back to the office is chicken."

"Now what's all this nonsense about an epidemic?"

"The number you have dialed is a wrong number. Please check your local telephone directory or call information for the correct listing. . . . This has been a recording."

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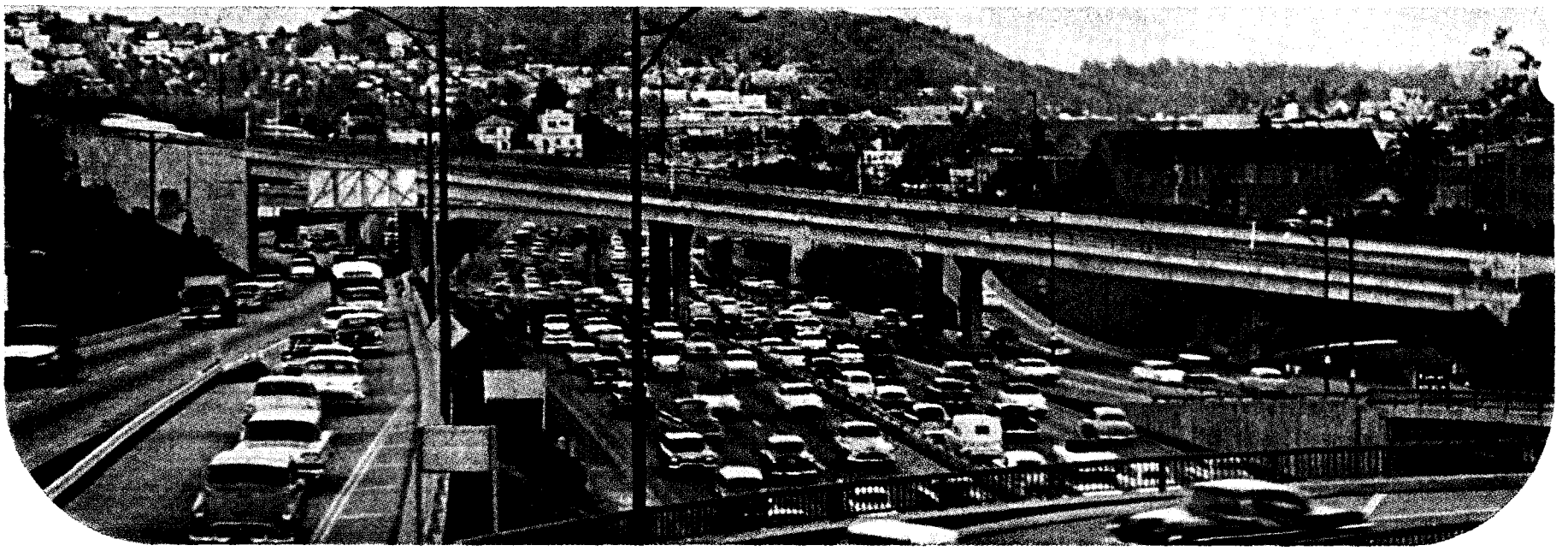
Every year, everywhere, more cars ride on U.S. Royal ***LOW PROFILE*** tires



U.S.ROYAL
Safety-800

Brand-new and better in every way

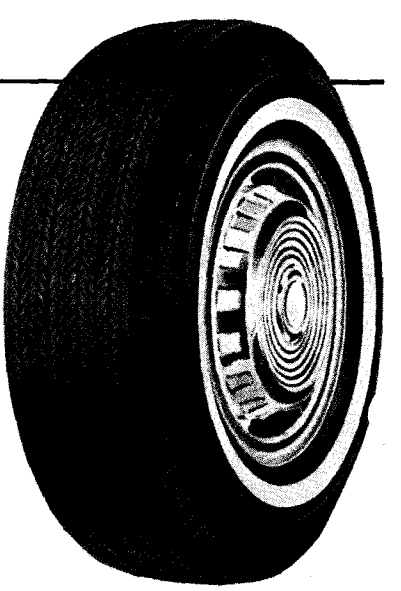
Here's the best tire we have ever offered for original equipment and general replacement. No other tire in its field can match the combination of advantages and improvements found only in the Safety-800. And automobile manufacturers like the new U.S. Royal so much, they're putting this new tire on 1 out of 4 new 1962 cars.

Look what you get in the Safety-800 ● 22% more mileage than competitive tires ● new "anchored tread" for a higher safety factor ● superior skid resistance (thanks to deeper tread grooves) ● "Low Profile" construction for a *cooler*, quieter ride ● new high-strength bonded cords for increased dependability. All this . . . *only* in the new U.S. Royal Safety-800.

"Low Profile" is United States Rubber Company's trademark for its lower, wider shape tire.

U.S.ROYAL
***LOW PROFILE* TIRES**

United States Rubber
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N.Y. 20, N.Y. IN CANADA: DOMINION RUBBER CO., LTD.



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"Checking out, Mr. Smedley?"

Christmas Cards, Inc.
544 Maddighan Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Sir: I would like to make several changes in our recent Christmas-card order:

Mrs. J. D. Johnson would like to change her daughter Dimpie's selection to #9812 (Young Girl with Wreath). Dimpie's original selection was #3340 (Merry Christmas From one Kook to Another).

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Evans still insist that each of their names and the children's be printed on the card, even if it will be crowded. Both of them feel that your suggestion, "Merry Christmas from the sixteen of us," just does not have the personal touch they want.

The cards for Mrs. Harvey Brown are to be changed from "Greetings from Harvey, Mary and Harvey Poindexter Jr." to "Greetings from Harvey, Mary and Buzzy."

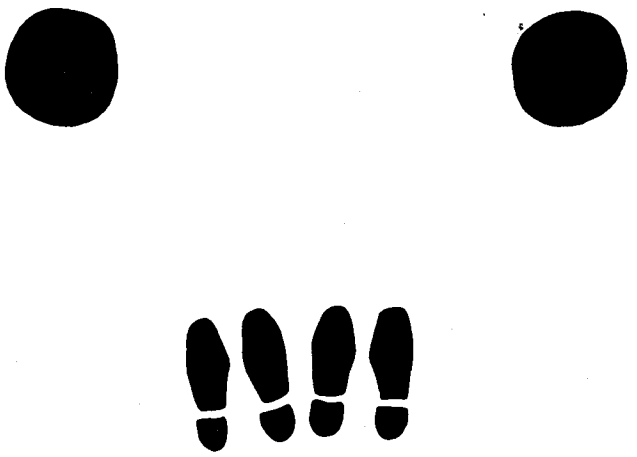
The cards for Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Mendor #8881 (Merry Christmas From our Happy Home) are to be canceled, and Mr. Mendor's cards will from now on be mailed to his club.

Mrs. Krisshom would like to know if Mr. Krisshom really ordered #8241 (Santa Claus Meets Brigitte Bardot), and if so to change it immediately to #5011 (Poinsettia in Pot).

We have also had an inquiry about the availability of an economy card, something like, "May you have a decade of Merry Christmases" or "Merry Christmas from now on." As a matter of fact, we have had several inquiries about this. Please inform.

Yours Sincerely,
Homer Dryson, Manager
Boone City Drug Store
Boone City, Idaho

Betsy Byars



"I think we better call off this elephant hunt—it seems to be getting dark."

BILL SHELLY

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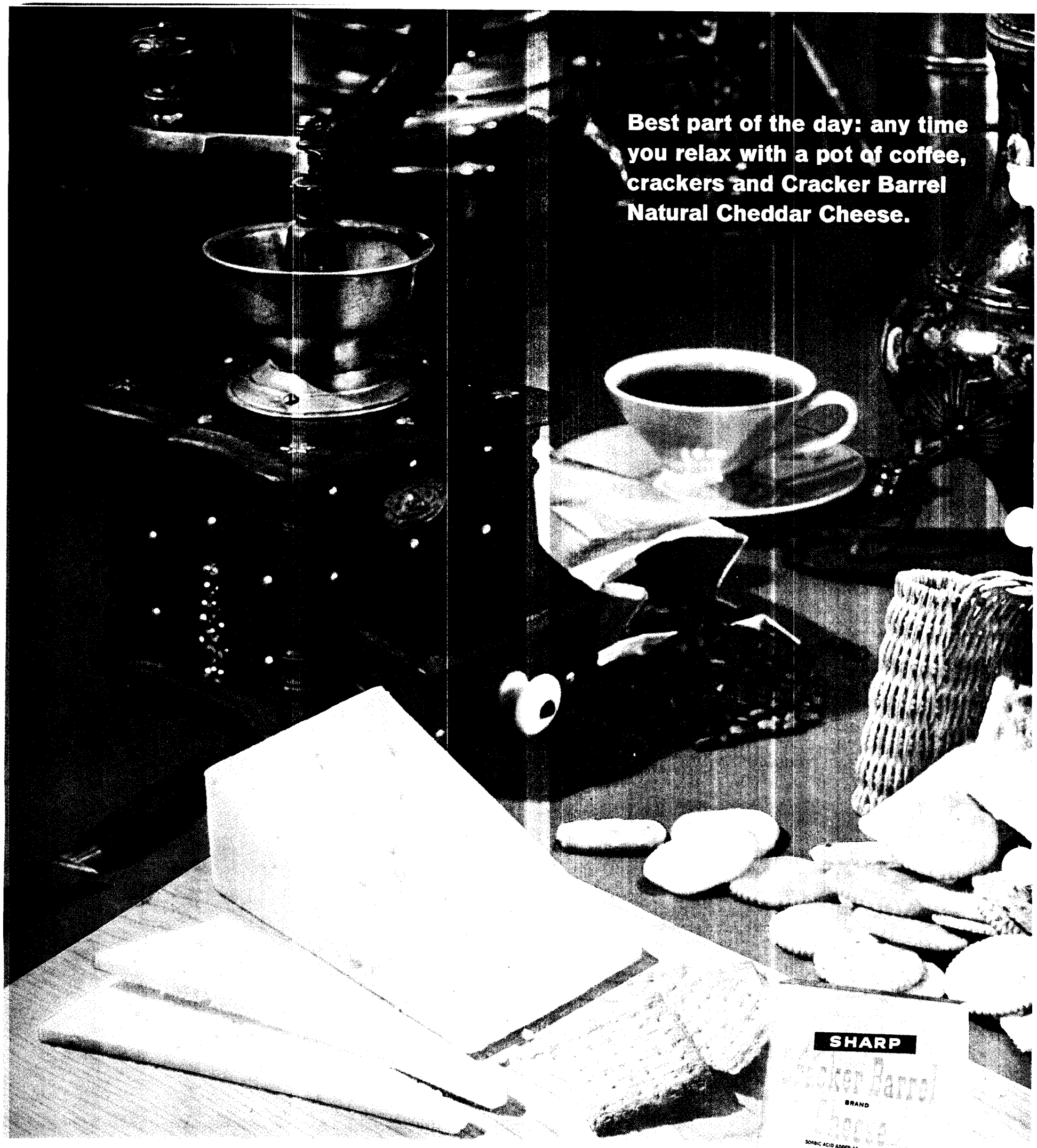

Always great cheddar—no guessing!—when you get Cracker Barrel brand. Wrapped in aluminum foil, it comes to you as fresh as though it were cut before your very eyes. And every wedge and stick is marked for flavor: Sharp—Extra Sharp—or Mellow. It's more than good cheese: it's a real pleasure. It's Cracker Barrel brand by Kraft.

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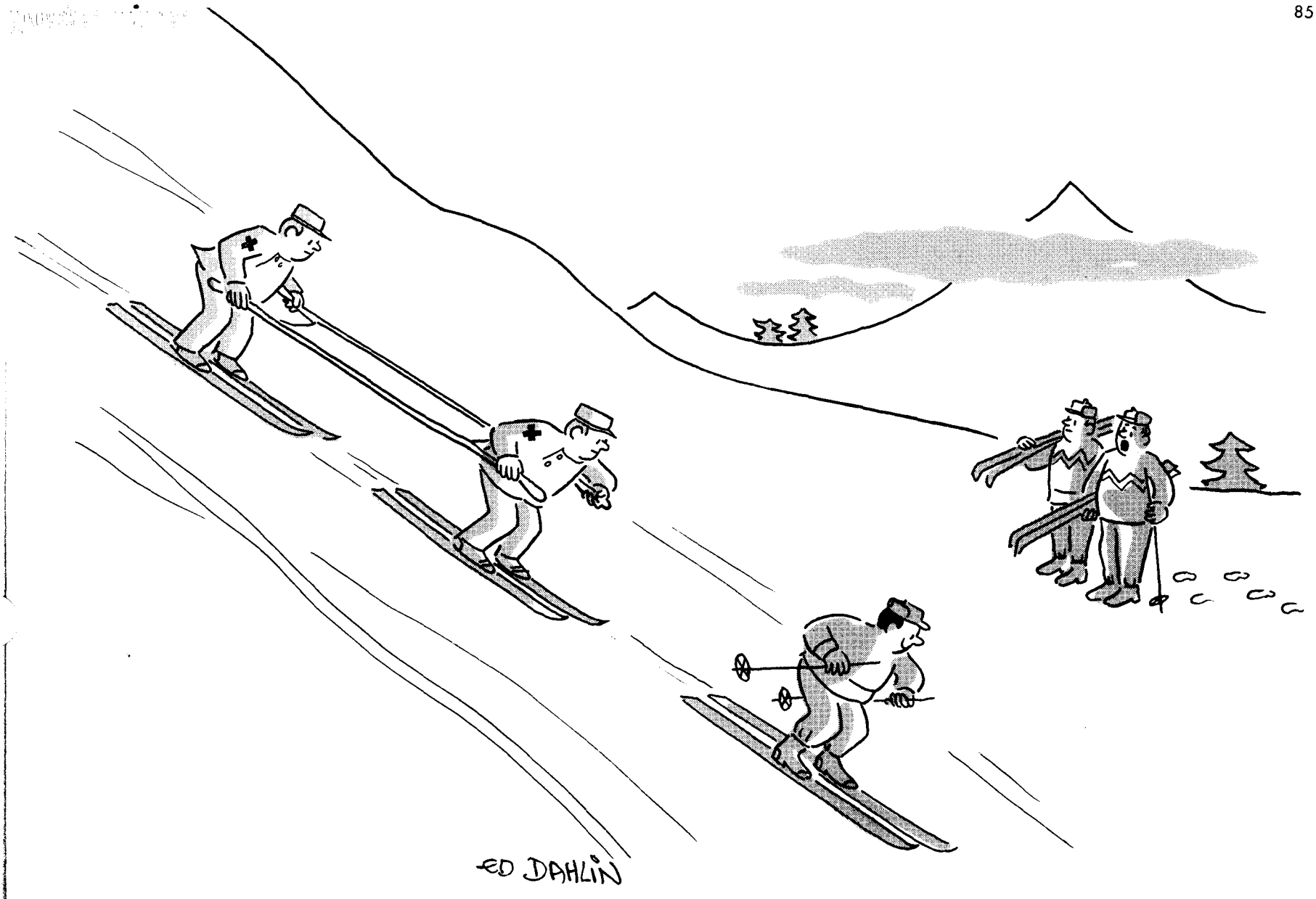

"George takes all the necessary precautions."

"Save that recipe—I have to patch a crack in our front walk."

"Harry seemed to enjoy the punch."

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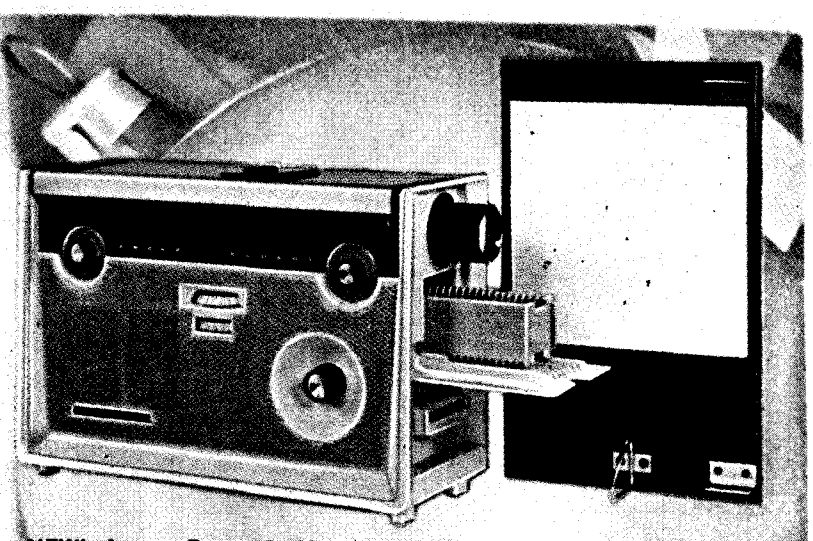
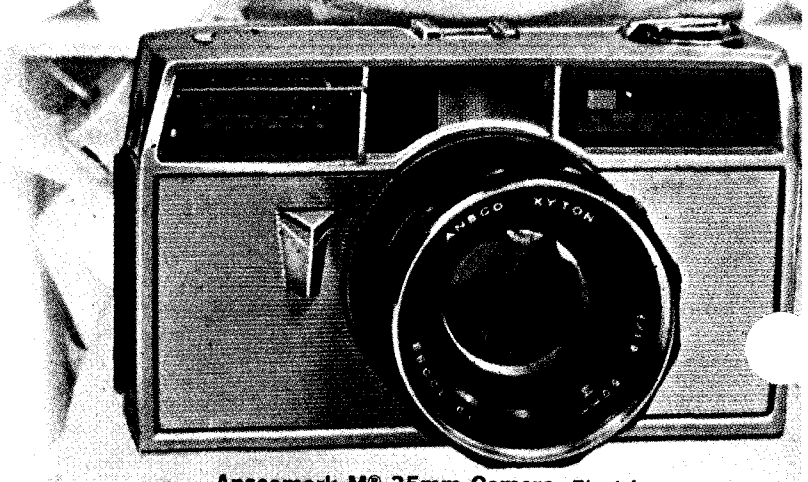
A Merrier Christmas

NEW! Ansco Autoset 35mm Camera. Fully automatic exposure control, even including flash. Unique signal in finder tells in advance if light is right. Bigger, brighter range-viewfinder, with automatic parallax correction. Designed for all regular and ultra-high speed films of today and the future. Less than $90.00!

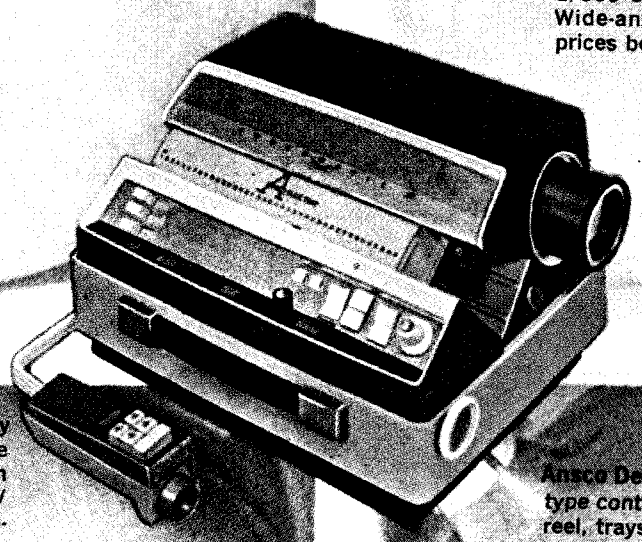
Anscoset® 35mm Camera. Just match the exposure meter needles, focus and shoot perfect pictures every time! It's that simple—easiest picture taking ever with fast f2.8 lens coupled to the rangefinder-viewfinder. Less than $70.00.



NEW! Ansco Regent® Slide Projector. "Touch-bar" automatic 500-watt projector handles all 2x2 slides in any type mounts. Modern functional design for foolproof operation. Simplified editing...built-in preview screen. All for less than $80.00. Remote control cord available.



Anscomark M® 35mm Camera. Electric eye exposure meter couples to all interchangeable lenses for "match needle" exposure control. Shutter speeds from 1 to 1/500 second. Comes with either f/1.9 or f/2.8 lens. Wide-angle and telephoto lenses available. Camera prices begin at less than $135.00.



NEW! Anscomatic® II Slide Projector. Superb, fully automatic projection of all 35mm slides, plus single projection of any slide up to 2¼" square. Equipped with self timer and remote control. Light pointer, forward/reverse action, and focusing built into convenient remote control unit. New Anscomatic II, less than $140.00. Standard Anscomatic, less than $120.00.

Ansco Deluxe Developing Outfit. Contains professional type contact printer, Anscomatic® Developing Tank and reel, trays, chemicals, paper, safelight and step-by-step instructions. Everything needed to develop and print pictures, less than $15.00.

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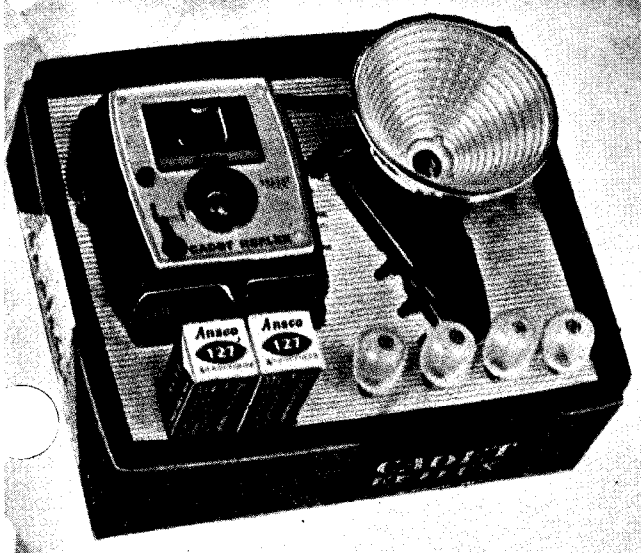
Guaranteed with Ansco

AND PROJECTORS



Cadet Reflex Camera Outfit. Big, bright reflex viewer lets you see the picture full size. Simplified black-and-white or color exposure setting. Complete outfit less than $17.00.

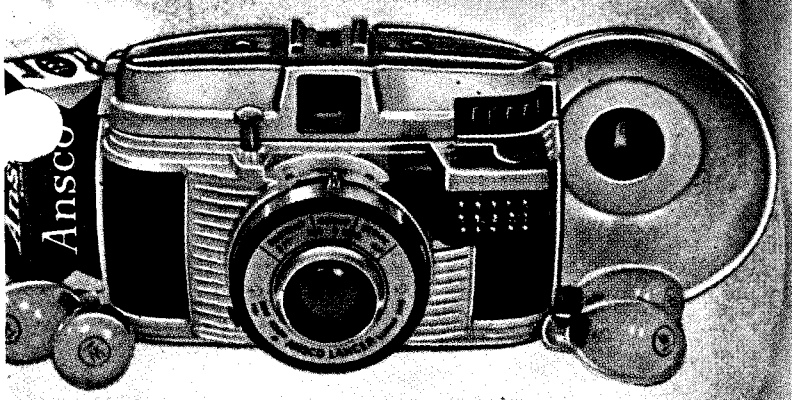
The strongest guarantee ever written for ANY Low-priced camera!

All Ansco Cadet® Cameras are UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

1. Guaranteed against accidental damage (Including cross country trips in Christmas packages!)
2. Against performance difficulties of any kind in Cadet cameras or flash attachments

Cadet Flash Camera Outfit. Flash unit is built right into camera. Takes 12 color or black-and-white pictures on 127 film. Extra bright eye-level viewing. Built-in double exposure prevention. Complete outfit, less than $12.00.

Lancer® LG Camera Outfit. Combines the simplicity of a "box camera" with clearer, sharper pictures of an adjustable type. Built-in "Light Guide meter" with simplified exposure and focusing controls. Takes 12 pictures in black-and-white or color on 127 film. Complete outfit gift boxed. Less than $25.00.



Ansco Memo® Master Zoom 8mm Projector. Combines magic of zoom lens with reverse action and Slo-Slo Projection for flicker-free slow motion effects from any film. Brilliant, full screen image in smallest rooms. Superfast rewind. All for less than $90.00.

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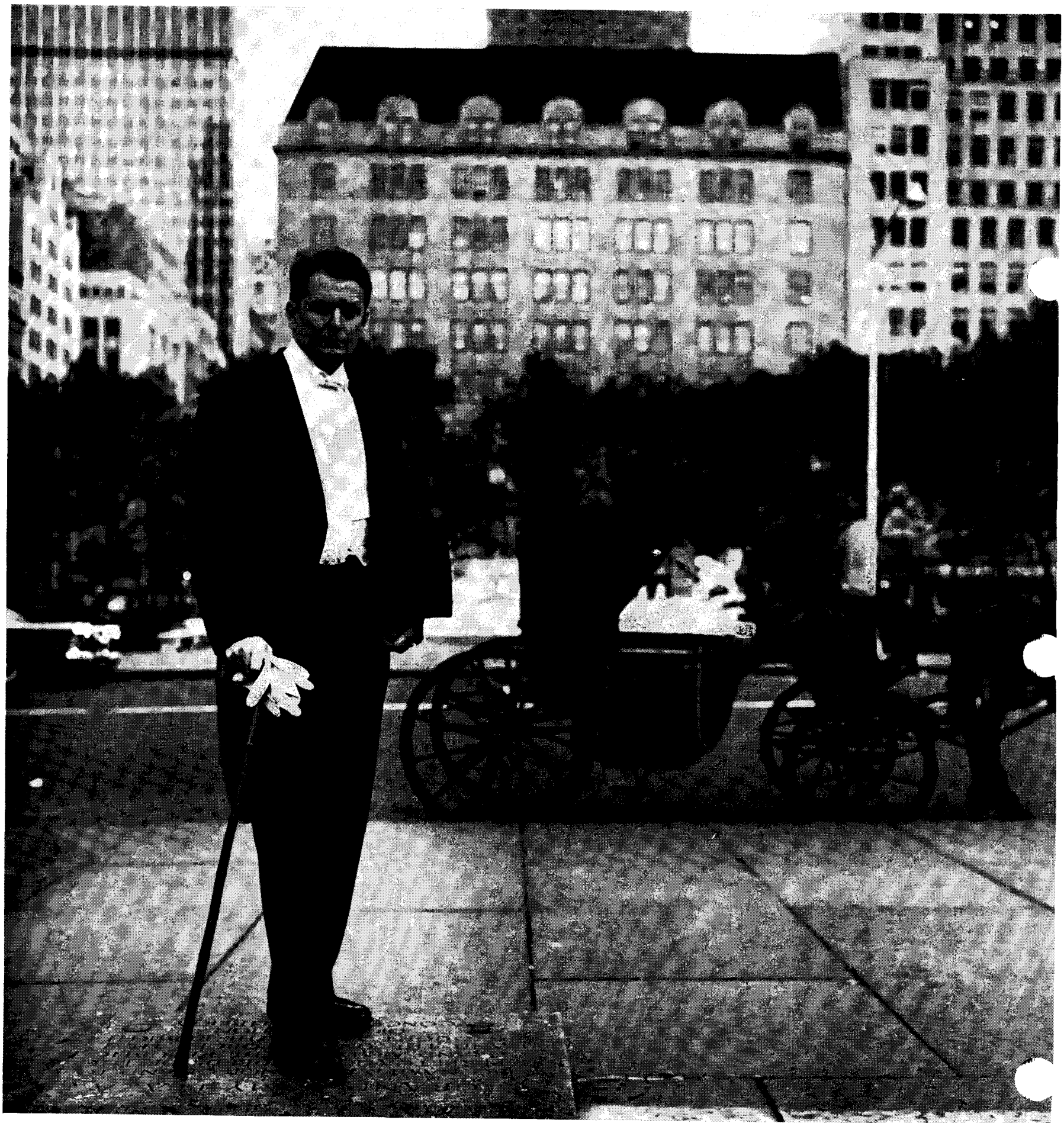
My Life with What's

The iconoclastic author of Who Killed Society? takes a close look at himself and America's upper crust.



Author Amory, professional night owl about Manhattan and himself a figure in the "ridiculous field of 'Society'" that he chronicles.

Photographs by Slim Aarons

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Left of Society

By CLEVELAND AMORY

To begin at the beginning, I was born in Boston, which is always a good beginning. My father was Boston enough—five generations, in fact—but my mother had the misfortune to be born in Chicago. Nonetheless, she did as well as possible. The place of her birth afterward became Lake Forest's Onwentsia Club. When she moved to Boston, she became, like so many Bostonians, more Boston than Boston itself.

We didn't actually *have* money. That in Boston is not necessary. In fact, during lean periods in the textile business—of which there are many—we even had boarders. But the important thing is, we once *had* money. And, as I wrote in the book *Who Killed Society?*, it was good, sound nineteenth-century money—none of this tainted, twentieth-century "quick money"—so we didn't, of course, spend it. That in Boston is the cardinal—you will pardon the expression—sin. In fact, as a family, until I came along and wrote *The Proper Bostonians*, we didn't sin at all. I guess we may have thought about it, though, as witness my favorite definition of the Boston Puritan—a man sitting on a rock, sucking a lemon, reading the Bible and contemplating adultery.

One thing my first book, *The Proper Bostonians*, taught me is that Boston stories have an almost unbelievable universality. In Boston, for example, there is the story of the small Hallowell boy who prayed in this way, "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, Hallowell be Thy Name." In Pittsburgh, substituting for Hallowell the socially prominent family of Nevin, a boy began *his* prayers, "Our Father, Who art a Nevin."

A Boston story which one might think would be found only in Boston would be the aged and honorable poem:

And this is good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots
And the Cabots talk only to God.

But even this, I found, is not Boston alone. Lecturing in New Haven, I was reminded—and by no less an authority than a Yale professor—of a version there:

And this is the town of New Haven,
The home of the Truth and the Light,
Where God talks to Jones in the very same tones
That He uses with Hadley and Dwight.

This I thought might have ended it. But no—at the conclusion of a lecture at the Sulgrave Club in Washington, D.C., an elderly lady from Charleston, South Carolina, stood up and, as if she were reciting something for insertion in the Congressional Record, declared:

But I'm from good old Charleston,
Where the shrimp just sniff at the cod,
And you can thank God on bended knee,
If you're part Huger—and part Legaré.

Written, the rhyme seems faulty, but Charleston pronunciation saves it—Huger being pronounced "U-gee" and Legaré "Legree," as, obviously, in Simon.

Fortunately, because my family settled in Charleston in the seventeenth-century, I was able to parse the verse satisfactorily enough and, when another lady confided after the lecture that Charleston isn't what it used to be, I was moved to admit that neither is Boston. I told her the story of the man named Kabotznick who was many years ago allowed by a Boston judge to change his name to Cabot, whereupon an anonymous newspaper poet rewrote Boston's national anthem:

And this is good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells have no one to talk to—
'Cause the Cabots talk Yiddish, by God!

My name is pronounced "AIM-ory," but the original "social" way of pronouncing the name in Boston—one still adhered to by many Boston Amorys—is, after the English fashion, "Emory," from which the name descends. My father, however, early in his career in the textile business, tired of receiving mail addressed to Emory and proceeded to pronounce his name the way it is spelled. And thus, with the publication of *The Proper Bostonians*, from one of my Emory-pronouncing uncles came my first bitter pill. Asked by a friend what he thought of the book and/or its author, he replied with a question of his own. "What would you think," he said gently, "of an Emory who pronounces it Amory?"

With each of my books has come a certain amount of trouble. I have been called everything from "Boston's Benedict Arnold" to "the Mickey Spillane of the Society Field," and it has been said that, after the publication of the Boston book, my entire family moved—my father and mother and myself to New York, my brother, like all good Harvard men, to Washington, and my sister to California. This is true, but not entirely because of the book. There were several minor factors involved, such as a Spring Mills position for my father, a Central Intelligence job for my brother and a marriage for my sister. And despite all the fun I have made of Boston, the fact remains that my wife and my stepdaughter, both New Yorkers, have to put up with at least one good, sound Boston saying a day—among my favorites being the four-in-one Proper Bostonian catchall, "Wear it out, eat it up, make do, do without."

These sayings do not, strangely, appeal to my wife. "You Bostonians think so much of Boston," she recently told me, "but I notice your father didn't marry a Bostonian, your brother didn't marry a Bostonian, your sister didn't marry a Bostonian, and you didn't marry a Bostonian." I gave her my best long-suffering look. "We can't," I told her. "We have to spread the culture."

This spreading of the culture on a larger scale—beyond my immediate family—has become a full-time career, one which I bravely carry on, regardless of the slings and arrows of the outraged less fortunate. I do so with my books and magazine articles and a newspaper column, but also in less happy media—such as television and lecturing. It is not by any means all easy sledding. In fact, in television particularly, it has been uphill all the way.

Just before my appearance on C.B.S.'s *Person-to-Person* show, my wife overheard a conversation between two of the twenty-eight technicians who roamed our New York apartment. They were deep in consultation in, of all places, my closet. "Well," said one, "he may be a celebrity, but I'll tell you one thing—*I've* got more clothes than he has!" The man obviously had never heard the good, sound Boston doctrine of wearing out and making do.

On lecture tours I have spoken at everything from the world's largest men's club—in Buffalo, New York, of all places—to perhaps the world's smallest women's club, the Contentment Club of—where else?—Dedham, Massachusetts. Curiously, and particularly in the Far West—*i. e.*, west of Dedham—I have found that the men's questions are just as gossipy as the ladies'. Lecturing at Chicago's stern Executives Club, for example, the first question asked me was, "Why doesn't the President do something about Jackie's hair?" To this I replied severely that there are limitations to the power of even a Boston man. On another occasion, lecturing to the graduate students of an advanced seminar in Princeton, New Jersey, I was extolling the virtues of being a Proper Bostonian when I was brought up short by a gimlet-eyed student in the front row. "How," he wanted to know, "do you get to be a Proper Bostonian?" I told him that you had to begin early, with the proper choice of parents. This did not stop him. "Can you," he asked, "get to be one by marriage?" Suddenly I had a frightening picture of this grim student marching, altar-bent, from Princeton to Boston. I had to stop him—but be truthful too. "Yes, you can," I said, "but only if the marriage took place 100 years ago."

In the Midwest I have found that, as Philip Barry said—and he was quoting a Chinese proverb—"With the rich and mighty, always a little patience." One day when I was to speak in Cleveland, the morning paper in that city published my often-expressed opinion that clubs usually are formed to keep people out, rather than to take people in. As my lecture was at perhaps the flossiest of Cleveland's women's clubs, the Intown Club, the lady who was introducing me had a difficult time. "We are sure that Mr. Amory's remarks in the morning paper," she said grimly, "do not include the Intown Club."

"Oh, no," I replied promptly. "I had thought the Intown Club was a motel."

Even in New York, at the Cosmopolitan Club, I once had an entirely patronizing introduction. Fortunately, however, the lady's remarks were also rather involved. As I stood up, I could tell they were waiting to see how I would react. "That was a very difficult introduction to follow," I said. "I mean 'follow,' of course, in the sense of coming after."

Often the people who have been either patronizing or antagonistic have unwittingly sharpened me. I well remember a Detroit society editor who apparently did not agree with my views in what, up to that time, had been rather a dull interview. "Well, then," she said, "would it be possible for you to give me *your* definition of a good family?" The way she said "your" was what did it. For one of the few times in my life the answer came quickly when I needed it. "Certainly," I replied. "A good family is one that used to be better."

West of Chicago I have found spreading the culture to be most difficult. On this last lecture trip, for example, I didn't even attempt Los Angeles. Interviewed on this point, I told a lady reporter frankly that to educate Los Angeles would take, even in my hands, at least three days—and I simply didn't have the time. "What is the matter with Los Angeles?" the lady asked. "What are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking," I said, "of one of my father's favorite sayings—that nothing good ever came out of a warm climate."

In Denver there was one of those late-night radio programs where people telephone in questions. I had launched forth into one of my favorite antimodern diatribes—about how terrible today's children are, how they are brought down instead of up, how parents have—for lack of security in their own marriages—all but abdicated their role as disciplinarians, and finally, how the entire household nowadays revolves around the whims of these mean, self-centered little monsters. When I had concluded this speech, one lady phoned in to ask if I had a specific suggestion to rectify all this. "I have indeed," I replied. "Make birth control retroactive." After my suggestion, the broadcasting station switchboard looked like a Christmas tree. I barely escaped with my life.

One lecture experience was truly startling. It happened in 1952 when, lecturing in Dallas shortly before the Presidential election, I was called to the telephone by a program chairman in Fort Worth, the next city I was to visit. She said that many of her friends who had read *The Last Resorts* had been shocked by my exposé of all the "nice people," and that they were, therefore, worried about my politics. She told me Mr. John Mason Brown had just passed through Fort Worth and they had been able to ask him about me. "He said you were a friend of his," she confided. "But you know, we had trouble with John too. Do you know who he's going to vote for?"

"No," I said, lowering my voice to meet hers.

"Stevenson," she said. After a period of silence she whispered, "Who are you going to vote for?" At that point I honestly didn't know, but I couldn't resist the temptation to tease her. "Stevenson," I said. "Oh, dear," she sighed. "*Two* in the same week."

The next day I arrived. The program chairman had called an emergency meeting. All of the ladies looked stern. "We've had some cancellations on account of you, you know," the program chairman said. "But, of course, we've picked up a few of the other kind too. You know, the curiosity seekers." I nodded dazedly. The ladies had decided, it seemed, to take matters into their own hands. They

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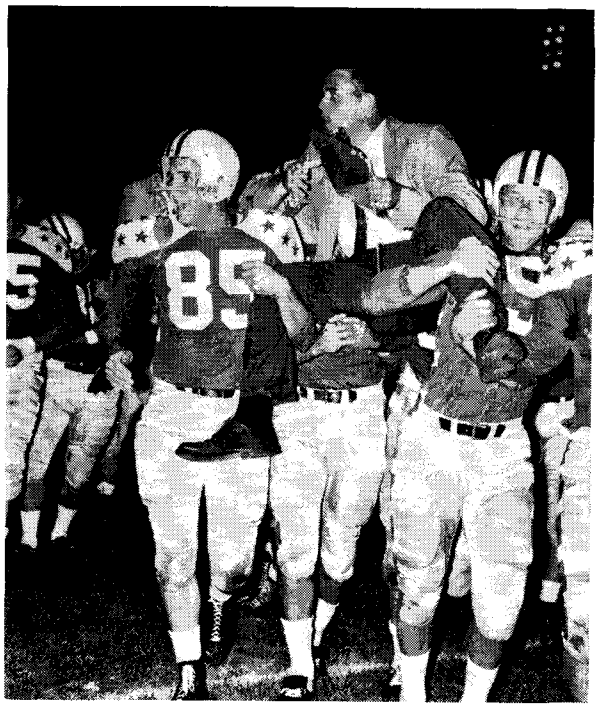
Why Otto Graham's All-Stars drink tea, the hot refresher



Hot tea is the lively, refreshing cup that brings out the best in a man, and Otto Graham and his *All-Stars* are among the thousands of coaches and athletes who swear by it.

They like the way this hot refresher feels going down and what it does for them after it gets there—the way it relieves tension before a game, says the man who coached the last four *College All-Star* teams and became one of the game's all-time greats during his own playing days. "In my book," Graham will tell you, "this is a drink that really does a man some good. Gives him a boost, snaps him back, refreshes him—keeps him hitting on all eight."

Why don't you get the good of tea, too? Make it your hot refresher for a week or so, and see how good you feel about it. Lively, satisfying taste . . . clean, fresh feeling in your mouth . . . and the "just great" feeling you have when you're relaxed but on your toes and ready to tackle things. *Take Tea—You'll See!*

Otto Graham, shown at left, in a triumphant moment after an *All-Star* game, was a regular "tea man" during his high school, college and professional football days, and still is. "I just think it's a great drink for you, whether you're a football player or a chess player," he says. "Tea is for *people*, period."

TEA COUNCIL OF THE U. S. A., INC., A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

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SOCIETY informed me, almost in unison, that they didn't wish me to mention politics at all.

I came out of my daze. My talk had little or nothing to do with politics, but this was fast becoming a matter of prin-ple. One lady must have sensed my ,bellion, for she was the soul of diplomacy. "Why," she said gently, "don't you just say a few words against labor?"

Curiously, politics often rears its head. I remember lunching with Chicago's Mrs. Brooks McCormick and watching her push aside a magazine which had Kennedys on the cover. "I keep telling myself," she said, "that maybe, if I don't look at them, they will go away."

The Kennedy family brings up one of the sharpest ironies in the whole ridiculous field of "Society." The same kind of lady who will condemn me via letter or telephone for including the Kennedy family under the head of "Society" will often take extreme pride in pointing out that she can trace her own distinguished ancestry back to some forgotten attorney general under Madison or Monroe. Such a lady, of course, has no understanding of the basic American "social" process—hich is nothing more or less than an ge-old process leading from Celebrity to Society to Aristocracy. Today, like it or lump it, the Kennedys are not only American Society; they are also members of what passes for the American Aristocracy. (I can hardly wait for the reaction to that one!)

At the beginning, when I was working on my first book, there was not too much difficulty getting material. In the first place I knew a very large number of people in Boston, and in the second place people are enormously helpful to any starting author. After the Boston book, however, things were by no means as easy. Embarking on *The Last Resorts*, going from one resort to another—always in season, of course—life was fraught with perils. I still remember, for example, the Bar Harbor teen-ager who stuck a finger in my stomach and said, "I bet you don't know what everybody is saying bout you." "No," I told her, "what are ey saying?" "They're saying," she miled, "'I won't tell Mr. Amory about your family if you won't tell Mr. Amory about my family.'"

Equally memorable was the elderly dowager atthe Homestead in Hot Springs, Virginia. She was always in a wheel chair and, after getting to know her well, I inquired solicitously one day about her health. "I'm perfectly well," she told me, "but nowadays this is the only way anybody can get the kind of attention that all of us got in the old days." Another lady maintained that the only "help" which wasn't, as she put it, "impossible" nowadays was the undertaker. "I do wish," she said gently, "we could impart the spirit of undertakers to those in other forms of endeavor."

When I had finished *The Last Resorts*, being a dutiful Boston son, I had one of the very first copies sent to my parents. Eagerly I awaited their telephone call. The first day there was none. Neither was there the second day. On the third day I could stand it no longer. I called mother. "Did you get the book?" I ked. There was an ominous pause. "Yes," she said finally, "I got it. But I was already reading *The Far Country*, and you know how I hate to have two books on the agenda." At this there was another pause. Then she said, "But last night your father started reading it out loud." I could hardly wait. "Yes?" I said. "Yes?" A last, lengthy pause and then sternly, "Neither your father nor I liked the first sentence."

I cannot remember the rest of the conversation, but I do remember looking at the first sentence. Ah, I thought—too long and badly punctuated too. And dashes as well—my mother uses dashes in her letters but does not permit other people to use them. My parents were right—it was a terrible sentence. Then, just as I was about to call my publishers and stop the presses, I looked at the sentence once more. After I had, I decided against calling the publishers. For the first sentence of *The Last Resorts* contains the name of Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce and, while Mrs. Luce has her admirers, my mother is not one of them. Then and there I learned something that I have since had to face perhaps more than any other author—that my books apparently will always be read very personally, even at times by critics. If the reader likes the person he or she is reading about, he or she will like the story if it is *for* that person, and not unless. And vice versa.

I am also perhaps the only author who has a large body of readers who don't read at all. They turn immediately to the index, look up the names of themselves, their friends and their enemies—and that is it. Among this group are some extraordinary people indeed. Before I even began my ill-fated attempt to assist the Duchess of Windsor with her memoirs, I remember once suggesting to her that if she were going to write a book, it might be helpful if she would also read one. To my amazement the Duchess had told me she doubted if she had ever read a book all the way through. By the time I had quit the job I was less surprised and, after her book, "assisted" by Charles J. V. Murphy of the *Life* and *Fortune* staffs, finally did come out, I was hardly surprised at all.

One friend of mine whose reading is limited to the immediate gossip columns—in other words to the ones in which she appears—is Suzy Mulligan, the former Stork Club singer and former wife of tennis player Sidney Wood. When *The Proper Bostonians* came out, she badgered me for an author's copy. In vain I protested. "Suzy," I said, "you'll never read it. It's 381 pages." She begged and begged, however, and I finally relented—not, however, before taking precautions. Between two lines on page twenty-four, I wrote, "Dear Suzy, if you get this far, call me up. Otherwise I'll know you didn't." I took great care. Flipping the pages, she could not see the line; but reading page twenty-four, she could not miss it.

All of Suzy's friends were in on the gag and sworn to secrecy. After a week or so, I met Suzy. I asked her how she liked the book. "I love it," she said. "I'm really enjoying it. But I warn you, I'm a slow reader." A full month went by. Again Suzy protested how much she liked it. I asked her how far along she was. "About halfway," she said. "But," she repeated, "I'm a slow reader." After three full months, virtually the same conversation took place—and again at six months. Finally at eight months to the day came a telephone call. It was Suzy. "Cleveland Amory," she said sweetly, "you are a —— —— ———!"

Having written my share of criticism of other people, I have also had a good deal of criticism directed at me. Only a few weeks ago Jack Paar took a fair amount of network time to declare me such a "Society snob" that I would "never, never," as he put it, get on his program. Somehow it was very reassuring to know that he had at least *one* standard. I had listened to him for years in the hope that something might happen on the program—like, for instance, his leaving permanently.

As for Mr. Paar's female counterpart, Miss Elsa Maxwell—I first encountered this lady at a luncheon party given by William Nichols. It was not an entirely auspicious meeting, inasmuch as I had just reviewed for *The New York Times* one of Miss Maxwell's annual autobiographies. "Admirers of Miss Maxwell," I had written, "feel that whatever you say about her, you have to admit that she never pretends to be anything she isn't. People who do not admire her, on the other hand, feel that such a decision on her part was not necessarily the wisest one."

In any case, we were seated beside each other, and she immediately swung into action, first taking the precaution to get the attention of the entire table. "You," she said, from the depths of her incredible voice, "seem to have absolutely no idea how important I am." There was a silence. "No," I replied as politely as I could. "I don't. But I guess I'm going to, all right." Immediately she fished into a large bag and began producing clippings. Through the rest of the meal Miss Maxwell read us letter after letter from important people, or quoted from laudatory newspaper columns. Finally she was finished. "Well," she said, "what have you got to say to those?"

I told her that I had nothing at all to say—that somehow I had stupidly left my clippings at home.

There is one charge—and only one—which is frequently leveled at me which I resent. That is the false charge that I quote people ruthlessly. From the very first article I ever wrote—an article on Groton School, by the way, for *The Saturday Evening Post*—right up to this article, I have made it crystal clear to everybody exactly what I am writing. Usually I have even given the title. Once I have made clear what I am working on, however, I feel free to use what I can get.

I am also occasionally—say two or three times a day—accused of inaccuracy. To this I can only plead that there is a sort of Gresham's Law of quoting people—one which states that if a person doesn't like the quote, he was, of course, misquoted. (I don't blame them. I would, in their position, deny some of those quotes too.)

Do I, despite the aforementioned hazards, enjoy my chosen profession? The frank answer is both "yes" and "no." For the no part, even though American Society operates these days on a broad base—take, for example, Elsa Maxwell—the field doesn't seem to be something that a grown man would want to devote a lifetime to. I have a saying for that. The New England conscience doesn't stop you from doing what you shouldn't—it just stops you from enjoying it.

I have, however, had some satisfaction in trying to make sense out of a field that probably still doesn't make much—but at least to a large number of readers, seems to make more than it ever has before. And I have a saying for that too. In the words of a Proper Bostonian in my own family, "When I can do a good deed and at the same time make money, I feel all of my powers moving in harmonious co-operation." THE END

With his wife Martha at a party at New York's Stork Club.

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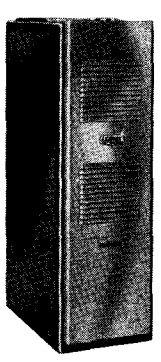
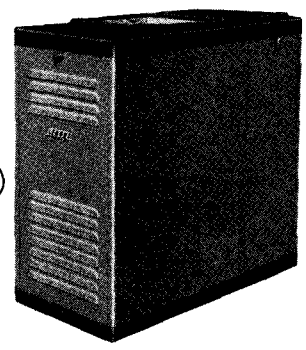
The strange penalty of having the reputation
of making fine heating and air conditioning equipment

Some people think they can't afford the luxury of Lennox heating-cooling units

when actually you can save $500 or more!

If you are in the market for heating and/or air conditioning equipment for your home, business, church or whatever, this information may help you save hundreds of dollars and add greatly to your comfort for years to come. We will use non-technical terms.





The penalty of dependability

We have wondered sometimes, but only momentarily, if Lennox' reputation for dependability and comfort might be too good. Our company happens to be number one in the air comfort business. More people buy Lennox warm air furnaces than our next 2 largest competitors combined. Yet some people never go near a Lennox dealer because somehow they have the impression that a Lennox heating-cooling unit would be a luxury beyond their budgets!

One place "luxury" is cheapest

You are going to spend far more to operate your heating-cooling unit than to buy it. And unlike other things we buy where luxury features do add to the cost, in Lennox equipment the so-called luxury features have the very practical purpose of reducing operating and maintenance costs and increasing comfort greatly. They don't add cost. They *save* costs.

There is a big difference in operating costs

Most of us can spot a gas-wasting automobile quickly. But we put a heating-cooling unit in a corner and sort of forget it. If it runs it is assumed to be satisfactory. The fact that it may be costing far too much to operate, or is delivering far less than desirable comfort, often is not laid at the door of the guilty party—which could be the unit itself, or the way it was installed. Yet there can be a tremendous difference in the operating cost (efficiency) of various heating-cooling units.

A heating-cooling unit built to meet a price and "slam-bang" installed can cost as much as *50% more* to operate. By comparison, we have seen thousands of Lennox installations where operating economies of *20%* or more were experienced over the lifetime of the unit. This can easily add up to savings of $500 or more in a moderate size home. And in a large home or a big building it can be many times more.

Lennox installed prices are low

There aren't enough rich people in the nation to buy all the Lennox units sold. Lennox installed prices are low—usually as low as any others—but not always. There are limits beyond which we will not go because we cannot assure lasting economy of operation or that service calls will be held to a minimum. Be sure to check Lennox prices. We think you will find the difference, if any, in installed prices, is only pennies a day over a period of years.

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Keep your sights high. Expect a great deal of your modern air comfort system. Please do not compare what you can have today with anything your parents may have had to put up with. Today's Lennox system will do about everything to your air but breathe it for you.

Lennox offers (1) complete heating and air conditioning units; (2) heating units to which air conditioning can be added later at very low cost; (3) furnaces alone; and (4) central air conditioners alone. Gas, oil and electric. All designed to save you money.

For further information, write 205 S. 12th Ave., Marshalltown, Iowa, and ask for free booklet, "How to Select Your Heating and Air Conditioning System." Or call your local dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "Air Conditioning" and/or "Furnaces."

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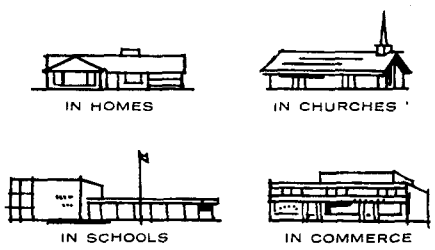
2. **Draft-free comfort . . . no hot or cold zones.**
3. **Gentle, continuous air circulation.**
4. **Economical, dependable operation.**
5. **Freedom from noise disturbance . . . whisper-quiet.**
6. **Automatic, safe and carefree comfort.**
7. **You'll feel better . . . eat better . . . sleep better.**
8. **Your house will be easier to keep clean.**
9. **Your furniture and furnishings will last longer.**
10. **You'll gain extra space—for more modern living.**
11. **You'll heat and cool at lower cost—save money.**
12. **Your property will actually increase in value.**



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continued from page 37

The police will soon be looking for you. Go back at once. Mr. Goodwin's shoes can wait till Wednesday."

Pete got out the polish. "Cops," he said. "They're all right, I like cops. But if I tell a cop I saw someone ——"

Wolfe said, "You saw someone?"

"I didn't say I saw someone. I only said what if I told a cop I did. Did they have cops in Athens in 403 B.C.?"

While Pete finished with Wolfe and then shined me, ignoring Wolfe's advice, I practiced on him. The idea that a detective should stick strictly to facts is the bunk. One good opinion can sometimes get you further than a hundred assorted facts. So I practiced on Pete Vassos for that ten minutes. Had he killed a man half an hour ago? If the facts, now being gathered by cops, made it possible but left it open, would I vote? I ended by not voting, ..use I would have had to know about motive. For money, no, Pete wouldn't. For vengeance, that would depend on what for. For fear, sure, if the fear was hot enough. So I couldn't vote.

An hour later, when I walked cross-town returning from an errand to the bank, I stopped at the corner at 8th Avenue for a look. The smashed-up Mr. Ashby had been removed, but the sidewalk in front of the building was roped off to keep the crowd of volunteer criminologists from interfering with the research of a couple of homicide scientists.

The afternoon *Gazette* is delivered a little after five o'clock at the old brownstone on West 35th Street, which is owned and lived in and worked in—when he works—by Nero Wolfe. From the *Gazette* I learned all it knew about the death of Mr. Dennis Ashby. He had hit the sidewalk at 10:35 A.M. and had died on ar-..l. No one had been found who had him come out of the window of his ..e on the tenth floor, but it was assumed that that was where he had come from, since the receptionist, Miss Frances Cox, had spoken with him on the phone at 10:28, and no other nearby window had been open.

If the police had decided whether to call it accident or suicide or murder, they weren't saying. If anyone had been with Ashby in the room when he left by the window, he wasn't bragging about it. No one had gone to the room after 10:35, when Ashby had hit the sidewalk, for some fifteen minutes, when a bootblack named Peter Vassos had entered, expecting to give Ashby a shine. A few minutes later, when a cop who had got Ashby's name from papers in his pocket had arrived on the tenth floor, Vassos had departed. Found subsequently at his home on Graham Street in the lower East Side, Manhattan, he had been taken to the district attorney's office for questioning.

Dennis Ashby, thirty-nine, married, no children, had been vice president of ..r's Bobbins Inc., in charge of sales ..omotion. According to his business associates and his widow, he had been in good health, and his affairs had been in order, and he had had no reason to kill himself. The widow, Joan, was grief-stricken and wouldn't see reporters.

At six o'clock came the sound of the elevator groaning its way down, and Wolfe entered. I waited until he had crossed to his desk and got his seventh of a ton lowered into the oversized chair to say, "They've got Pete down at the D.A.'s office. Apparently he didn't go back to the building at all, and they ——"

The doorbell rang. I got up and stepped to the hall, switched on the stoop light, saw a familiar brawny figure through the one-way glass and said, "Cramer."

"What does he want?" Wolfe growled. That meant let him in. When Inspector Cramer of Homicide West is not to be admitted, with or without reason, Wolfe merely snaps, "No!" When he is to be admitted but is first to be riled, again with or without reason, Wolfe says, "I'm busy." As for Cramer, he has moods too. When I open the door he may cross the sill and march down the hall without a grunt of greeting, or he may hello me man to man. That day he let me take his

NEXT WEEK

that hot new singing combo

The LIME-LITERS

hat and coat, and when I got to the office he was seated near Wolfe's desk. He told Wolfe this wouldn't take long.

"That man that came today to shine your shoes," Cramer said. "Peter Vassos. What time did he get here?"

Wolfe shook his head. "You should know better, Mr. Cramer. I answer questions only when you have established their relevance to your duty and to my obligation, and then at my discretion."

"Yeah," Cramer said. "Yeah. Never make it simple no matter how simple it is, that's you. I'm investigating what may have been a murder, and Peter Vassos may have done it. If he did, he came straight to you afterward. I know he's been coming more than three years, three times a week, to shine your shoes, but today he came early. I want to know what he said. I don't have to remind you that you're a licensed private detective and communications to you are not privileged. What time did Vassos come this morning, and what did he say?"

Wolfe's brows were up. "Not established. 'May have' isn't enough. A man can get through a window unaided."

"This one didn't. There was a thing on his desk, a big hunk of polished petrified wood, and it had been wiped clean. And at the back of his head, at the base of his skull, something smooth and round had hit him hard. Nothing he hit when he landed could have done that, and nothing on the way down."

Wolfe made a face. "Then your second 'may have.' Supposing that someone hit him with that thing and then pushed him out the window, it couldn't have been Mr. Vassos, by his account. A woman, a Miss Cox, saw him enter Mr. Ashby's room; and within seconds after entering, finding no one there, he looked out the window and saw a crowd gathered below. If Miss Cox can set the time within ——"

"She can. She does. But Vassos might have been in there before that. He could have entered by the other door, direct from the outer hall. That door was kept locked, but he could have knocked, and Ashby let him in. He hit Ashby with that thing, killed him or stunned him, dragged or carried him to the window and pushed him out, left by that door, went down the hall and entered the anteroom and spoke to Miss Cox, went to Mercer's room and gave him a shine, went to Busch's room and gave *him* a shine, went to Ashby's room by the inner hall, speaking to Miss Cox again, looked out of the window or didn't, left by the door to the outer hall he had used before, decided he had better come and see you and came. What did he say?"

Wolfe said, "Very well. I won't pretend that I'm not concerned. . . . Archie. Report to Mr. Cramer in full. Verbatim."

When I came to the end, Pete's departure, Cramer looked at Wolfe. "You advised him to go back there at once?"

"Yes. Mr. Goodwin's memory is incomparable."

"I know it is. He's good at forgetting too. Vassos didn't go back. He went home, and we found him there. His account agrees with Goodwin's, only he left something out or Goodwin put something in. Vassos says nothing about telling you he saw someone."

"He didn't. You heard it. It was an if—what if he told a cop he saw someone."

"Yeah. Like for instance, if he told a cop he saw someone going into Ashby's room by the hall door, would that be a good idea, or not? Like that?"

"Pfui. You're welcome to your conjectures, but don't expect me to rate them. I'm concerned; I have said so; it would be a serious inconvenience to lose Mr. Vassos. If he killed that man, a jury would wonder why. So would I."

"We're not ready for a jury." Cramer stood up. "But we've got a pretty good guess at why. Granting that Goodwin has reported everything Vassos said today, what about other days? What has Vassos ever said about Ashby?"

"Nothing."

"He has never mentioned his name?"

"No."

"What has he ever said about his daughter?"

"Nothing," Wolfe said.

"Correction," I said. "What Pete talked about wasn't up to him. Mr. Wolfe kept him on the ancient glories of Greece. But one day more than two years ago, in June, 1958, when Mr. Wolfe was upstairs in bed with the flu, Pete told me his daughter had just graduated from high school and showed me a picture of her."

Cramer said, "You know what I think? I think this: If you knew Vassos killed Ashby, and you knew why, on account of his daughter, and you can help nail him for it, you won't. If you can help him wriggle out of it, you will. Just because you can count on him to come and shine your shoes, and you like to spout to him about people nobody ever heard of." He turned and tramped out.

It was exactly twenty-eight hours later, Tuesday evening at half past ten, that I went to answer the doorbell and saw, through the one-way glass of the front door, a scared but determined little face bounded at the sides by the turned-up collar of a brown wool coat and on top by a fuzzy brown thing that lopped to the right. When I opened the door, she told me with a single rush of breath, "You're Archie Goodwin I'm Elma Vassos."

The Amazing Potentialities of Memory

I LITTLE thought when I arrived at my friend Borg's house that I was about to see something truly extraordinary, and to increase my mental powers tenfold.

He had asked me to come to Stockholm to lecture to the Swedes about Lister and other British scientists. On the evening of my arrival, after the champagne, our conversation turned naturally to the problems of public speaking and to the great labour imposed on us lecturers by the need to be word perfect in our lectures. Borg then told me that his power of memory would probably amaze me—and I had known him, while we were studying law together in Paris, to have the most deplorable memory!

So he went to the end of the dining-room and asked me to write down a hundred three-figure numbers, calling each one out in a clear voice. When I had filled the edge of an old newspaper with figures, *Borg repeated them to me in the order in which I had written them down and then in reverse order, that is beginning with the last number. He also allowed me to ask him the relative position of different numbers: for example, which was the 24th, the 72nd, and the 38th, and I noticed that he replied to all my questions at once and without effort, as if the figures which I had written on the paper had been also written in his brain.*

I was dumbfounded by such a feat and sought in vain for the trick which enabled him to achieve it. My friend then said: "The thing you have just seen and which seems so remarkable is, in fact, quite simple. Everybody has a memory good enough to do the same, but few indeed can use this wonderful faculty." *He then revealed to me how I could achieve a similar feat of memory, and I at once mastered the secret—without mistakes and without effort—as you, too, will master it tomorrow.*

But I did not stop at these amusing experiments. I applied the principles I had learned in my daily work. I could now remember, with unbelievable facility, the lectures I heard and those which I gave myself, the names of people I met—even if it was only once—as well as their addresses, and a thousand other details which were most useful to me. *Finally, I discovered after a while, that not only had my memory improved, but that I had also acquired greater powers of concentration; a surer judgment—which is by no means surprising since the keenness of our intellect is primarily dependent on the number and variety of the things we remember.*

If you would like to share this experience and to possess those mental powers which are still our best chance of success in life, ask D. L. Borg to send you his interesting booklet *The Eternal Laws of Success*—he will send it free to anyone who wants to improve his memory. Here is the address:

D. L. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Highfield Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6, Ireland.

Write now—while copies of this booklet are still available. Postage is 5c for a postcard, surface mail, to Ireland.

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KILL NOW

According to the papers, the police had tagged Ashby's death as murder, but no one had been charged. Around one o'clock Sgt. Purley Stebbins had phoned to ask if we knew where Peter Vassos was, and when I said no and started to ask a question he hung up on me. A little after four Lon Cohen of the *Gazette* had phoned to offer a grand for a 1000-word piece on Peter Vassos, and another grand if I would tell him where Vassos was. I declined with thanks.

I usually stick to the rule that no one is to be ushered to the office when Wolfe is there without asking him. But I invited her in, took her coat and put it on a hanger, escorted her to the office and said, "Miss Elma Vassos. Pete's daughter." Wolfe closed his book on a finger and glared at me. She put a hand on the back of the red-leather chair to steady herself. It looked as if she might crack, and I took her arm and eased her into the chair. I asked her if she wanted a drink, and she said no.

She looked at Wolfe and said, "You're Nero Wolfe. Do you know my father is dead?" She needed more breath.

Wolfe shook his head. His lips parted and closed again. He turned to me. "Confound it, get something! Brandy. Whisky."

"I couldn't swallow it," she said. "You didn't know?"

"No." He was gruff. "When? How? Can you talk?"

"I guess so. I have to. Some boys found him at the bottom of a cliff. I went and looked at him—not there, at the morgue." She set her teeth on her lip, hard. She made the teeth let go. "They think he killed himself, that he jumped off, but he didn't. I know he didn't."

Wolfe pushed his chair back. "I offer my profound sympathy, Miss Vassos." He arose. "I'll leave you with Mr. Goodwin. You will give him the details."

But she caught his sleeve and stopped him. "You," she said. "I must tell you. To my father you were a great man, the greatest man in the world. I must tell *you*."

Wolfe sat down, scowled at her and demanded, "When did you eat?"

"A little this morning. My father hadn't come home, and I ——"

He swiveled to push a button, leaned back, closed his eyes and opened them when he heard a step at the door. "Tea with honey, Fritz. Toast, pot cheese and Bar-le-Duc. For Miss Vassos."

"I really can't," she said.

"You will if you want me to listen. Where is the cliff?"

It took her a second to go back. "It's in the country somewhere. I guess they told me, but I don't ——"

"When was he found?"

"Sometime this afternoon."

"You saw him at the morgue. Where, in the country?"

"No, they brought him—it's not far from here. When I had—when I could, I came here from there."

"Who was with you?"

"Two men, detectives. They told me their names, but I don't remember."

"I mean *with* you. Brother, sister, mother?"

"I have no brother or sister. My mother died ten years ago."

"When did you last see your father alive?" Wolfe asked her.

"Yesterday. When I got home from work he wasn't there, and it was nearly six o'clock when he came, and he said he had been at the district attorney's office for three hours; they had been asking him questions about Mr. Ashby. You know about Mr. Ashby; he said he told you about him when he came here. Of course, I already knew about him because I work there. I *did* work there."

"Where?"

"At that office. Mercer's Bobbins."

"Indeed. In what capacity?"

"I'm a stenographer. Not anybody's secretary, just a stenographer. My father got me the job through Mr. Mercer."

"How long ago?"

"Two years ago. After I graduated from high school."

"Then you knew Mr. Ashby."

"Yes. I knew him a little, yes."

"About last evening. Your father came home around six. Then?"

"I had dinner nearly ready, and we talked, and we ate, and then we talked some more. He said there was something he hadn't told the police and he hadn't told you, and he was going to go and tell you in the morning and ask you what he ought to do. He wouldn't tell me what it was. Then a friend of mine came—I was going to a movie with her—and we went. When I got home father wasn't there, and there was a note on the table. It said he was going out and might be late. One of the detectives tried to take the note, but I wouldn't let him. I have it here in my bag if you want to see it."

Wolfe shook his head. "Not necessary. Had your father mentioned before you left that he intended to go out?"

"No."

"Had he given you no hint? . . . Very well, Fritz."

Fritz crossed to the red-leather chair, put the tray on the little table that is always there for people to write checks on and proffered her a napkin. She didn't lift a hand to take it. Wolfe spoke. "I'll listen to more, Miss Vassos, only after you eat." Fritz went. I got up and went to the kitchen for a glass of milk.

When I returned, she was saying something. I entered and crossed to my desk.

". . . and he had never done that before," she was telling Wolfe. "I thought he might have gone back to the district attorney's office, so I phoned there, but he hadn't. I phoned two of his friends, but they hadn't seen him. I went to work as usual—he goes to that building every morning—and I told Mr. Busch, and he tried to find out if he was in the building, but no one had seen him. Then a detective came and asked me a lot of questions, and later, after lunch, another one came and took me to the district attorney's office, and I ——"

"Miss Vassos." Wolfe was curt. "If you please. I would not be uncivil to your father's daughter, but these details are not essential. Give me brief answers to some questions. You said that they think your father killed himself, that he jumped off. Who are 'they'?"

"The police. The detectives. They think he killed Mr. Ashby and he knew they were finding out about it."

"So they think they know why he killed Mr. Ashby?"

"Yes. Because he had found out that Mr. Ashby had seduced me."

He asked, "How do you know that?"

"What they said this afternoon at the district attorney's office. They used that word, 'seduced.'"

"Did you know that your father had found out that he had seduced you?"

"Of course not, because he hadn't. My father wouldn't have believed that even if Mr. Ashby had told him, or even if I had gone crazy and told him, because he would have known it wasn't so. My father knew me."

Wolfe was frowning. "You mean he thought he knew you?"

"He did know me. And he knew if I ever was seduced, it wouldn't be Mr. Ashby, or anyone like him. My father knew me."

"Let's make it clear. Are you saying that Mr. Ashby had not seduced you?"

"Yes. Of course."

"Had he tried to?"

She hesitated. "No." She considered. "He took me to dinner and a show three times. The last time was nearly a year ago. He asked me to go out several times since, but I didn't go; I had found out what he was like, and I didn't like him."

Wolfe's frown had gone. "Then why do the police think he had seduced you?"

"I don't know, but someone must have told them. Someone must have told them lies about Mr. Ashby and me."

"Who? Did they name anyone?"

"No."

"Do you know who?"

"No."

Wolfe's eyes came to me. "Archie—you believe her?"

"Yes. Make it twenty to one."

She turned her head slowly to look straight at me. "Thank you, Mr. Goodwin," she said and turned back to Wolfe.

His eyes narrowed at her. "Well. Assuming you have been candid, what then?

The trouble with the average beatnik is that his pad doesn't launch him.

Dave Murray

You said you must tell me, and I have listened. Your father is dead. I esteemed him, and I would spare no pains to resurrect him if that were possible. But what can you expect me to tender beyond my sympathy, which you have?"

"Why ——" She was surprised. "I thought —— Isn't it obvious what they're going to do? I mean that they're not going to do anything. If they think my father killed Mr. Ashby on account of me and then killed himself, what *can* they do? That will end it. It's already ended for them. So I'll have to do something, and I don't know what, so I had to come to you, because my father said ——" She stopped and covered her mouth with her spread fingers. It was the first quick strong movement she had made. "Oh!" she said through the fingers. Her hand dropped. "Of course. You must forgive me." She opened her bag, a big brown-leather one, stuck her hand in and took something out. "I should have done this before. My father never spent any of the money you paid him. This is it, all dollar bills, the bills you gave him. He said he would do something special with it some day, but he never said what. But he said ——" She stopped.

"Don't do that," Wolfe snapped.

She nodded. "I know. I won't. I haven't counted it, but it must be nearly $500." She got up and put it on Wolfe's desk and returned to the chair. "Of course it's nothing to you, so I'm really asking for charity, but it's for my father, not for me."

Wolfe looked at me. I had let her in, I admit that, but from his look you might have thought I had killed Ashby and Pete and had seduced her into the bargain. I cocked my head at him. He looked at her. "Miss Vassos. You are asking me to establish your father's innocence and your chastity. Is that it?"

"My chastity doesn't matter."

"But your father's innocence does?"

"Yes. Yes!"

Wolfe wiggled a finger at the stack of dollar bills, held by rubber bands. "Your money. Take it. It is, as you say, nothin for a job like this, and if I am quixotic enough to undertake it I don't want a tip. I make no commitment. If I said yes or no now, it would be no; it's midnight, bedtime, and I'm tired. I'll tell you in the morning. You will sleep here. There's a spare bedroom, adequate and comfortable." He pushed his chair back and rose.

"But I have no things."

"You have your skin." He frowned down at her. "Suppose this. Suppose the assumptions of the police are correct: that Mr. Ashby had in fact seduced you, that your father learned about it and killed him and that, fearing exposure, he then killed himself; and suppose that under that burden of knowledge you go home to face the night alone. What would you do?"

"But it's not true! He didn't!"

"I told you to suppose. Suppose it were true. What would you do?"

"Why, I would kill myself. Of course."

Wolfe nodded. "I assume you would. And if you die tonight or tomorrow in circumstances which make it plausible that you committed suicide, others, including the police, will make that assumption. The murderer knows that, and since his attempt to have Ashby's death taken for suicide might have succeeded, and his attempt to have your father's death taken for suicide apparently *has* succeeded, he will probably try again. He knows you will be a mortal threat to him as long as you live. You will sleep here. I shall not be available before eleven in the morning, but Mr. Goodwin will, and you will tell him everything you know that may be useful. If I decide to help you, as a service to your father, I'll need all the information I can get. Don't try withholding anything from Mr. Goodwin; his understanding of attractive young women is extremely acute. Good night." He turned to me. "You'll see that the south room is in order. Good night." He went.

At a quarter to eleven Wednesday morning I was at my desk typing. When I had knocked on the door of the south room, which is on the third floor, directly above Wolfe's room, at 7:45, Elma had been up and dressed. She said she had slept pretty well, but she didn't look it. Fritz served us in the dining room, and she did all right—all her orange juice, two griddlecakes, two slices of bacon, two shirred eggs with chives and two cups of coffee. Then to the office, and for nearly an hour, from 8:40 to 9:30, I had asked questions, and she had answered them.

Since she had started to work for Mercer's Bobbins Inc. two years back, their office space had doubled and their office staff had tripled. It was understood by everybody that the increase had been due to the ability and effort of one man, Dennis Ashby, who had been put in charge of sales and promotion three years ago. He had boosted more than bobbins, the firm now made more than twenty items used in the garment industry.

Of the dozen members of the staff she described, here are some samples:

John Mercer, president. There had been an office party, with cake and punch, on his sixty-first birthday in September. He had inherited the business

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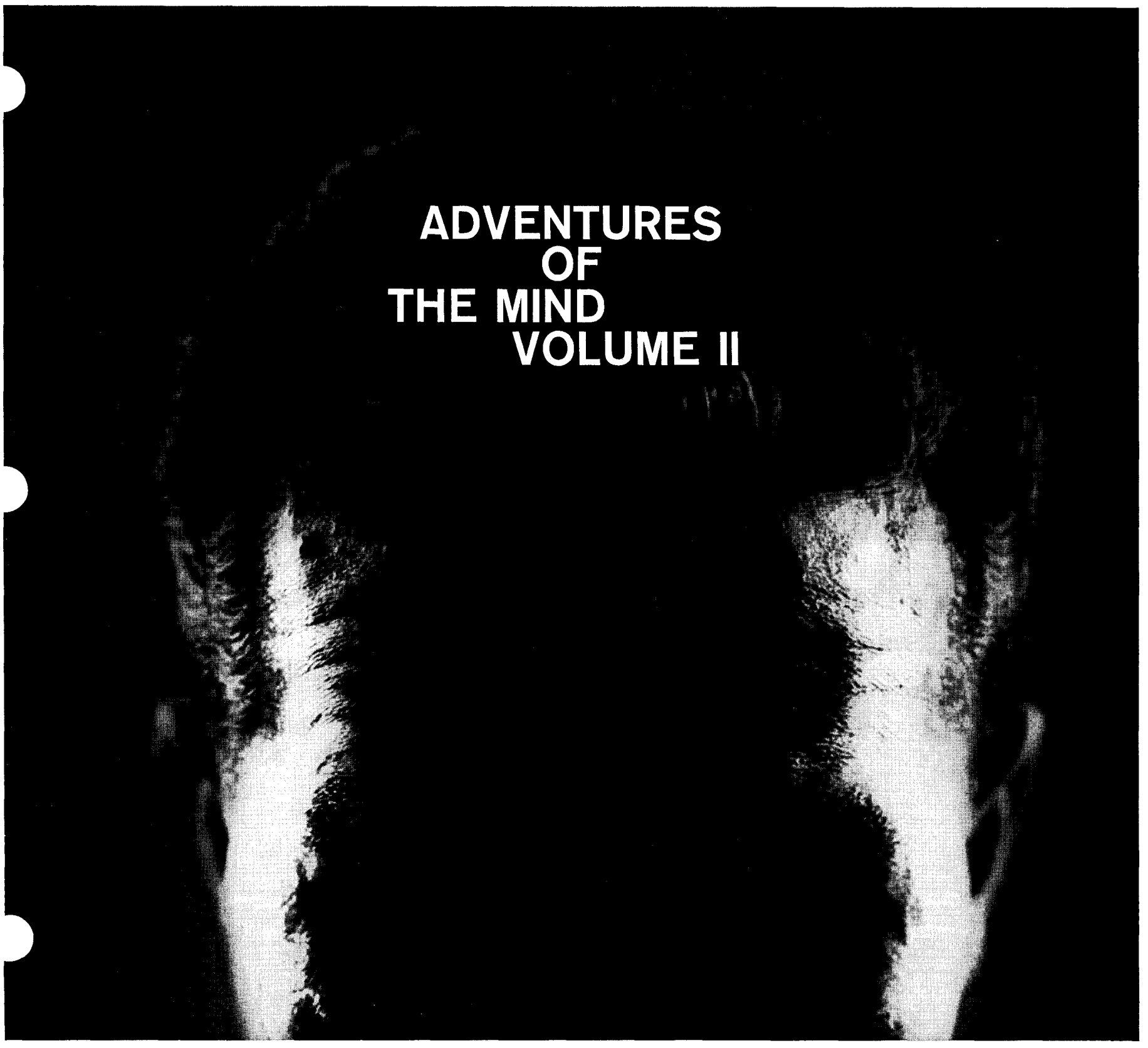

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KILL NOW

from his father; it was generally understood that he owned most of the stock of the corporation. He spent most of his time at the factory in New Jersey and was at the New York office only two days a week. The firm had been about to go under when he had made Ashby vice president and put him in charge of sales and promotion. He called the employees by their first names, and they all liked him. They called him, not to his face, the Big M.

Andrew Busch, secretary of the corporation and office manager, was in his early thirties, not married. He had a room of his own, but three or four times a day he would appear in the rumpus and make the rounds of the desks. The rumpus was the big room where twenty-eight girls did the work. One of them had called it the rumpus room, and it had been shortened to rumpus. He had instructed the stenographers that when Ashby sent for one of them she was to stop at his room and tell him where she was going, so they called him, not to his face, Paladin.

Phillip Horan, salesman, in his middle thirties, married, two or three children. I include him because: he was seldom at the office before four in the afternoon, but had been seen there Monday morning by one of the girls; he had expected to get the vice presidency that Mercer had given Ashby and was known to be sore about it; and he had asked one of the girls, an old-timer who had been with the firm as long as he had, to find out what had happened and was happening between Ashby and Elma Vassos and had kept after her about it.

Frances Cox, receptionist. Elma said she was thirty, so she was probably twenty-seven or twenty-eight. I include her because, if she had seen Pete entering Ashby's room, she might have seen someone else on the move, and that might be useful.

Dennis Ashby, dead. He had told Elma a year back that he was thirty-eight. Had started with Mercer's Bobbins long ago—Elma didn't know how long—as a stock clerk. Small and not handsome. He had spent about half of his time out of the office, out promoting. He had had no secretary; when he had wanted a stenographer, he had called one in from the rumpus, and he had handled his appointments himself, with the assistance of Frances Cox, the receptionist. He had kept a battery of files in his own room. The girls had called him the Menace, naturally, with his name Dennis, but also because they meant it. Elma had no knowledge of any seduction he had actually achieved, but there had been much talk.

Joan Ashby, the widow. I include her because the widow of a murdered man must always be included. She had once worked at Mercer's Bobbins, but had quit when she married Ashby, before Elma had got her job there. Elma had never seen her and knew next to nothing about her. Ashby had told Elma across a restaurant table that his marriage had been a mistake, and he was trying to get his wife to agree to a divorce.

Elma Vassos. One point: when I asked her why she had gone to dinners and shows with a married man, she said, "I told my father he had asked me, and he told me to go. He said every girl is so curious about married men that she wants to be with one somewhere, and she does, and I might as well go ahead and have it over with. Of course, my father knew me."

As for Monday morning, Elma had been in Busch's room from 9:40 to 10:15, taking dictation from him, and then in the rumpus with the crew. About half past eleven John Mercer had entered with a man, a stranger, and called them together, and the man had asked if any of them had been in Ashby's room that morning, or had seen anyone entering or leaving it, and had got a unanimous no; and then Mercer had told them what had happened.

Even with my extremely acute understanding of attractive young women, I didn't suspect that she was holding out on me, except maybe on one detail, near the end, when I asked who she thought had lied to the cops about her and Ashby. She wouldn't name anyone even as a wild guess. If any of them had it in for her, she didn't know it, except Ashby, and he was dead.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"Was he born with this talent?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At a quarter of eleven I was at my desk typing that part, nearly finished, when the house phone buzzed, and I turned and got it. Wolfe rarely interrupts himself in the plant rooms to buzz me. Since he eats breakfast in his room and goes straight up to the roof, I hadn't seen him, so I said good morning.

"Good morning. What are you doing?"

"Typing my conference with Miss Vassos."

"Well?"

"Nothing startling. Some facts that might help. As for believing her, it's now fifty to one."

He grunted. "Or better. What could conceivably have led her to come to me with her story if it weren't true? Confound it. Where is she?"

"In her room. Of course she isn't going to work."

"Has she eaten? A guest, welcome or not, must not starve."

"She won't. She ate. She phoned the D.A.'s office to ask when she can have the body. She'll do."

"The account in the *Times* supports her conclusion that the police assume that her father killed Ashby and committed suicide—not, of course, explicitly. You have read it?"

"Yes. So has she."

"But the *Times* may be wrong, and certainly she may be. It's possible that Mr. Cramer is finessing, and if so we can leave it to him. You'll have to find out. It will take dexterity. Your intelligence guided by experience."

"Yeah. That's me. I'll go as soon as I finish typing this—five minutes. You'll find it in your drawer." I hung up.

It took only three minutes. I put the original in his desk drawer and the carbon in mine, went to the kitchen to tell Fritz I was leaving, got my coat from the hall rack and departed. It's a good distance from the old brownstone to Homicide West on 20th Street, so I went to 9th Avenue and flagged a taxi.

The dick at the desk, who was not my favorite city employee, said Cramer was busy, but Lieutenant Rowcliff might spare me a minute, and I said no thank you and sat down to wait. It was close to noon when I was escorted down the hall to Cramer's room and found him standing at the end of his desk. As I entered, he rasped, "So your client bought a one-way ticket. Want to see him?"

It seldom pays to prepare an approach. It depends on the approachee. The frame of mind he was in, it was hopeless to try smoothing him, so I switched, "Nuts," I said offensively. "If you mean Vassos, he wasn't a client, he was just a bootblack. You owe Mr. Wolfe something, and he wants it. Elma Vassos, the daughter, slept in his house last night."

"The hell she did! In your room?"

"No. I snore. She came and fed him a line that her life was in danger. Whoever killed Ashby and her father—she didn't know who—was going to kill her. Then the morning paper has it different. Not spelled out, but it's there, that Vassos killed Ashby, and when you started breathing down his neck he found a cliff and jumped off. So you knew about it when you came to see Mr. Wolfe Monday; you knew then about Ashby and Elma Vassos. Why didn't you say so? If you had, when she came last night she wouldn't have got in. So you owe him something. When he turns her out he wants to make a little speech to her, and he wants to know who gave you the dope on her and Ashby. Off the record, a' you won't be quoted."

He threw his head back and laughed. Not an all-out laugh. He stretched an arm to touch my chest with a forefinger. "Slept in his house, huh? Wonderful! I'd like to hear his speech. What will he call her? Not trollop or floozy; he'll have some fancy word for it. And he has the nerve —— On out, Goodwin."

"He wants to know ——"

"Nuts. Beat it."

"But dammit ——"

"Out."

I went and walked back to 35th Street. Wolfe was at his desk with the book he was on, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, by Shirer. A tray on his desk held a beer bottle and a glass, and beside it was the report I had typed of my talk with Elma. I went to my desk and sat and waited until he finished a paragraph and looked up.

"We'll have to bounce her," I said. "You will. I would prefer to marry h and reform her, but Cramer would ta. my license away. Do you want it in full?"

He said yes, and I gave it to him. At the end I said, "As you see, it didn't take any dexterity. The first thing he said, 'So your client bought a one-way ticket,' was enough. He is not finessing. You can't blame him for laughing, since he honestly believes that you have a floozy for a house guest. As for his refusing to name ——"

"Shut up."

I leaned back and crossed my legs. He glowered at me for five seconds, then closed his eyes. In a moment he opened them. "It's hopeless," he said through his teeth.

"Yes, sir," I agreed. "I suppose I could disguise myself as a bootblack and take Pete's box and try to ——"

"Shut up! I mean it's intolerable. Mr. Cramer cannot be permitted to flout ——" He put the book down without markin his place, which he never did. "Ther no way out. I could have shined m shoes myself. I considered this possibility after reading your report, and here it is. Get Mr. Parker." I didn't have to look at the book for the number of Nathaniel Parker, the lawyer. I turned to the phone and dialed it and got him, and Wolfe lifted his receiver.

"Good morning, sir. Afternoon. I need you. I am going to advise a young woman who has consulted me to bring actions against a corporation and five or six individuals, asking for damages, say a million dollars from each of them, on account of defamatory statements they have made. Slander, not libel, since as far as I know the statements have been made orally and not published. She is here in my house. Can you come to my office?. . . No, after lunch will do. Three o'clock? . . . Very well, I'll expect you."

He hung up and turned to me. "We'll have to keep her. You will go with her to her home to get whatever she needs—not now, later. Mr. Cramer expects me to turn her out, does he? Pfui. She wo be dead within twenty-four hours, a that would clean the slate for him. Tell Fritz to take her lunch to her room. I will not be rude to a guest at my table, and the effort to control myself would spoil the meal."

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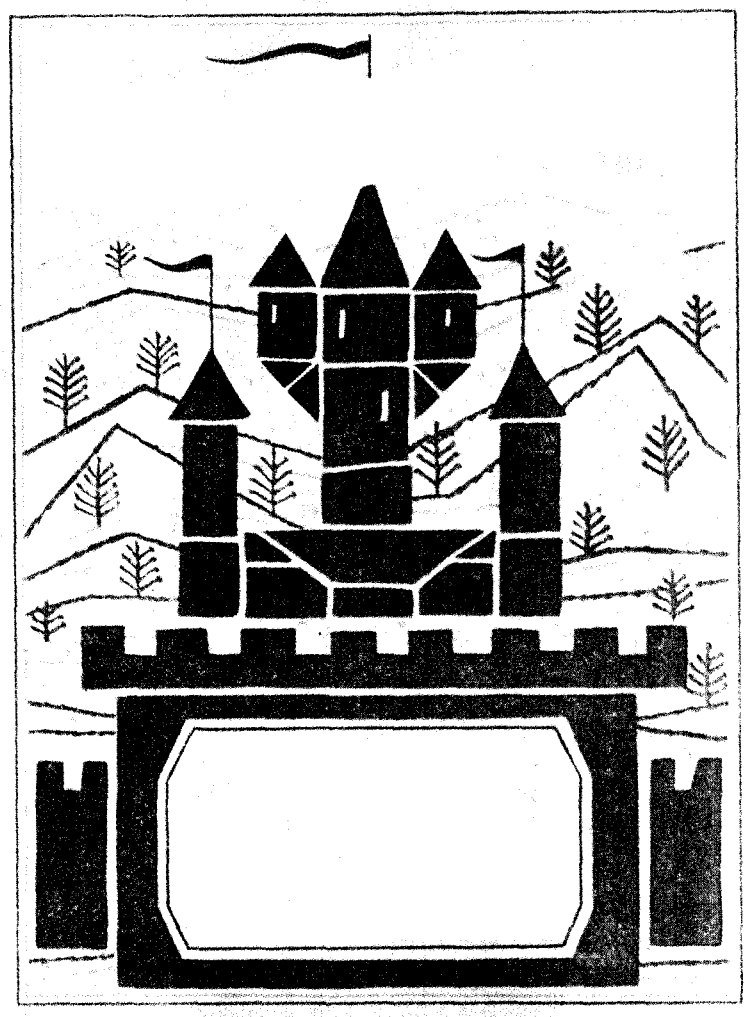

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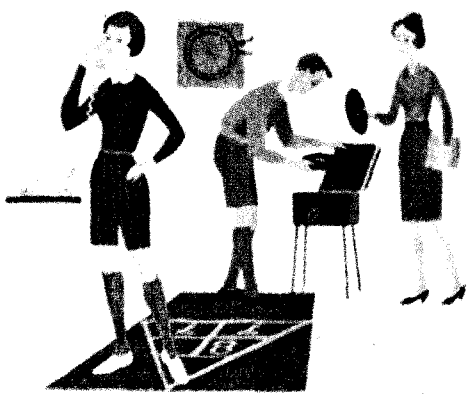

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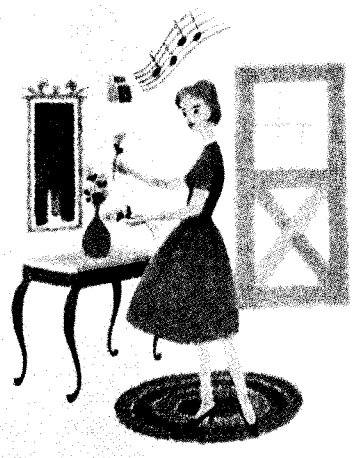

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THE FIGHT FOR RULE OF LABOR

By A. H. Raskin

This week's AFL-CIO convention in Miami Beach will chart the future course of American unionism.

Three iron-willed men are edging toward a power battle that has crucial implications for the future of our industrial society. The stake is mastery of the American labor movement, and the struggle has all the bitterness of the twenty-year war between the old American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

One of the belligerents is George Meany, chief architect of the AFL-CIO merger in 1955, and president since then of the not-too-united house of labor. An explosive, sandpaper-tongued ex-plumber, two years past the conventional retirement age of sixty-five, Meany has no intention of quitting or letting himself be pushed into oblivion.

The two men most eager to oust him are Walter P. Reuther, the ascetic crusader who heads the giant United Auto Workers, and James R. Hoffa, the free-wheeling president of the outcast International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the country's biggest, strongest and most investigated union.

No pair could be more dissimilar than Reuther and Hoffa. In their associations, their ways of operating, their concepts of union morality and their philosophy of what unions are for, they vary widely; yet the antagonism both feel for Meany gives them a common purpose, which Hoffa hopes will be the foundation of an eventual alliance—a bizarre marriage of convenience.

Reuther, who headed the CIO before the merger, regrets that he ever moved over to let Meany take the driver's seat. He is increasingly impatient to show what he could do at the steering wheel. But much as he needs allies in this endeavor, Reuther's concept of union idealism rules out any acceptance of Hoffa as a partner.

Hoffa, the dead-end kid of American labor, is on the outside looking in. His immediate aim is to force Meany to allow the Teamsters back into the federation. But Meany has made it quite plain that the organization is not large enough to hold them both, and not just because Meany weighs 240 pounds.

Hoffa does not intend to wait forever to push Meany out of the way. His 1,500,000-member union, with its strangle hold on the lifelines of commerce, represents the make-or-break element in most other unions' strikes and organizing campaigns. Hoffa has served notice that the federation must take him and his union back by the end of next year—or fall apart.

Even if the AFL-CIO did put out the welcome mat for the Teamsters, the strife would continue. The Hoffa who slugged his way up from the loading dock of a Detroit warehouse would not be content very long as just one of 133 international-union presidents. Once past the gate, he would fight for Meany's job with the same cyclonic drive that enabled him to override the enmity of two Presidents, a Senate investigating committee, most of the rest of Congress, the Justice Department and a now-defunct board of court-appointed watchdogs.

The first real hint of the relative strength of these contenders will come at the federation's biennial convention, this week at the opulent Americana Hotel in Miami Beach. What happens there is likely to help determine the political and economic directions, the organizational robustness and the ethical character of unionism in the age of automation.

The three-way feud might never have become a war if it had not been snowing on the fifth of December, 1957, two AFL-CIO conventions ago.

Despite the weather, things were hot inside the Atlantic City Convention Hall. The federation's Ethical Practices Committee—on the basis of a catalogue of sins compiled by its counsel, Arthur J. Goldberg, now President Kennedy's Secretary of Labor—had pronounced the Teamster leadership a disgrace to organized labor. The committee had accused Hoffa himself of promoting the interests of a "rogues' gallery" of mobsters, whose arrest records covered every crime from extortion to murder. The findings were made public long before the convention, and for a month certain unions had made frantic efforts to avert the ouster of the Teamsters by arranging a stay-in deal acceptable to Meany. The unions felt expulsion would weaken the federation, without contributing anything to a cleanup of the polluted truck union.

Hoffa, newly elected to succeed Dave Beck the Teamsters' No. 1 man, was in double trouble in the courts. He could not take office because of a rank-and-file suit alleging that he had won election at a rigged convention, and he was facing a jury in New York City on a Federal indictment accusing him of illegally planting a microphone in his Detroit union offices so that he could spy on his aides.

Before the convention, Meany told the would-be peacemakers that if Hoffa was determined to hold onto the Teamster presidency, expulsion was inevitable. But Meany did not forbid Hoffa's staying on in a lesser post. The upshot was a series of cloak-and-dagger maneuvers. Finally there was a tense midnight meeting of the Teamster executive board on the balcony of the Hotel Dennis in Atlantic City. William Lee of Chicago, a former Teamster vice president who had run against Hoffa as an antiracket candidate, and who was closest to Meany of the whole Teamster crowd, reported to the meeting that he was sure an arrangement could be made allowing Hoffa to keep his old job as chairman of the Central Sta[illegible] Conference of Teamsters, the jumping-off po[illegible] for his surge of power.

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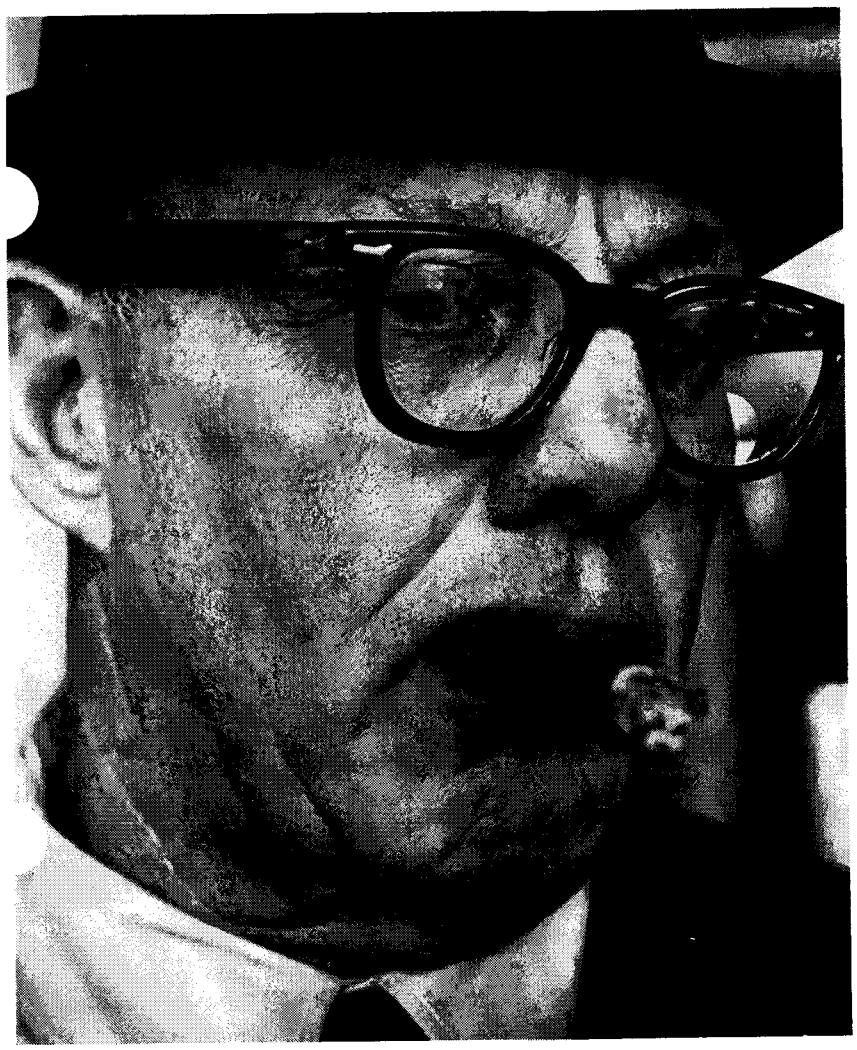
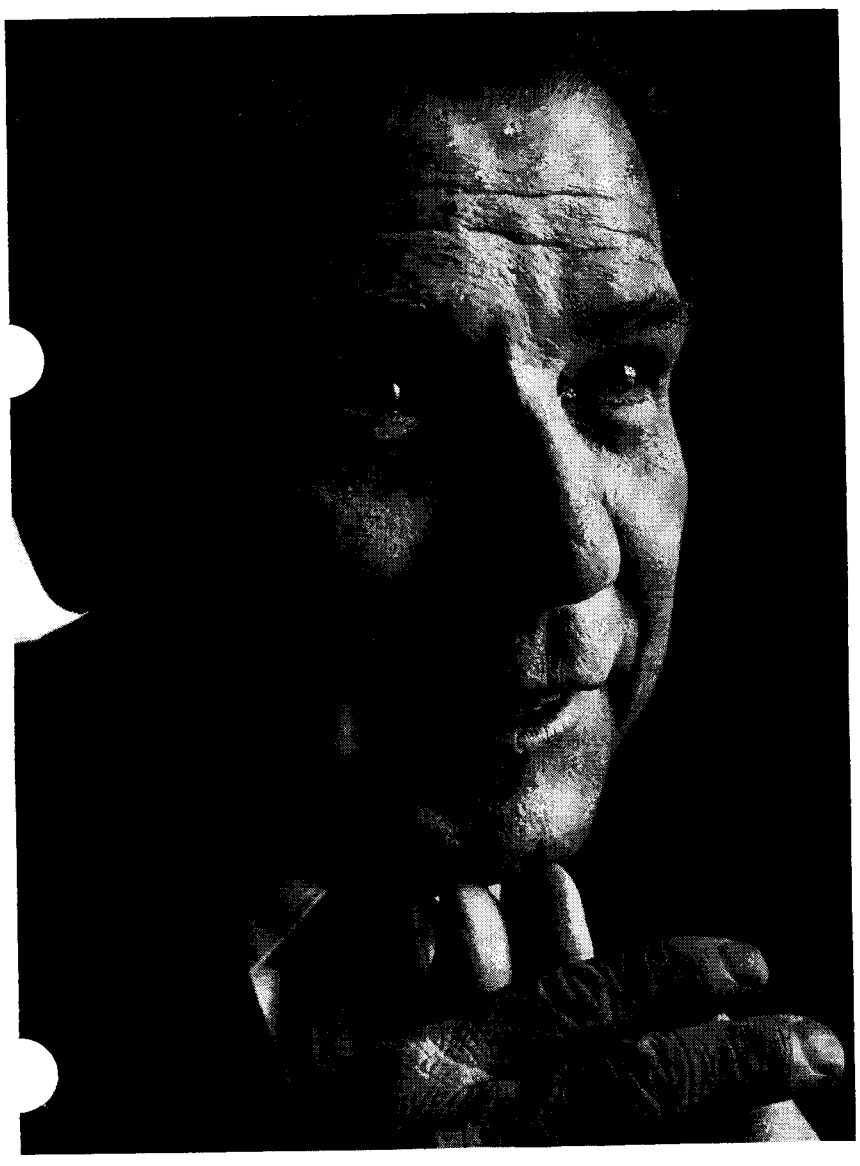


George Meany, AFL-CIO

Walter Reuther, United Auto Workers



Jimmy Hoffa, Teamsters

TRINITY OF WARRING POWERS: George Meany, steel-willed veteran president of the house of labor, masterminded the AFL-CIO merger in 1955. Now sixty-seven, he is being challenged by brash Jimmy Hoffa, boss of the solidly entrenched International Brotherhood of Teamsters, and Walter Reuther, head of the United Auto Workers.

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"Meany and Reuther have never really liked each other, but now they find it difficult even to shake hands."

That was all the assurance the Teamster board needed. Every one at the session took the view that the union was bigger than anyone in it, and that Hoffa should surrender the presidency to keep the Teamsters from being cut adrift. One crucial vote was missing, however—Hoffa's. He was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in Manhattan, waiting for his trial to continue in the morning.

John J. O'Rourke of New York, a Teamster official, got Hoffa on the phone and broke the news that the board felt he ought to step down. When O'Rourke added that the pull-out would not affect Hoffa's right to hang on to the Central States post, Hoffa replied, "If that's the commitment, it's O.K. with me." Hoffa offered to get dressed—it was then 1:20 A.M.—and drive over the snowy roads to make the arrangement directly with Meany.

O'Rourke relayed the news to Lee, and Lee passed it to Meany; but by this time the AFL-CIO chief had been through so many frustrating go-arounds with the Hoffa camp that he had lost confidence in any promise from the Teamster boss. Meany told Lee to tell Hoffa to stay in New York. The treacherous snow-covered highways, Meany said, would keep Hoffa from reaching Atlantic City before 6:30 A.M. He would be late for his trial, even if he turned around and started back to New York at once.

In a last try at staving off expulsion, the Teamsters asked Meany to delay the Friday-morning vote until Monday, so Hoffa could come down over the weekend while both the court and the convention were in recess. According to the Teamsters, Meany's response was a curt refusal. His version helps explain why he was so curt: "I told 'em, 'Sure, I'll recommend putting off the vote if every member of the executive board will sign a statement I can read to the convention saying that Hoffa is prepared to quit and wants time to come here to confer about it.' The reply I got back was that I couldn't get that kind of a statement because they didn't trust the promise he made and were afraid he would repudiate it."

A few hours after Meany slammed down the phone, he presided over the session that expelled the Teamsters brotherhood. As the orphaned Teamsters stalked out onto the bleak, windswept boardwalk, they warned that the federation would find it needed them more than they needed it.

One Meany stalwart, watching them go, muttered a comment that reflected the convention majority's mixed mood of pride and apprehension: "This is the federation's shining hour. We had the guts to cut off our right arm because we knew it was diseased. The question now is how well we can live without it."

Four years have not provided a clear answer to that question. Hoffa, under more concentrated assault than any other union leader in history, has entrenched himself more securely than ever. The federation, beset by the complex new problems of automation, unemployment, foreign competition and a changing labor force, is burning up in family fights the energy it once planned to use in vast organizing campaigns.

Hoffa has emerged unscratched from so many collisions with the law that he brags of being immune to prosecution. Senator McClellan's Select Committee Probe of Improper Practices in the Labor or Management Field grilled him eighteen times and filled 20,432 pages with testimony about scandals in the Teamsters and other unions.

The committee charged that the union had become a hoodlum empire, in which a criminal background was a passport to advancement. The result of the investigation was the passage—with a vigorous assist from President Eisenhower—of the Landrum-Griffin Labor-Reform Act, a law aimed primarily at curbing Hoffa and his henchmen. It has been on the books for two years without hampering Hoffa, but it has made it tougher for weaker unions of unchallenged moral character to organize or win strikes.

The Justice Department has lost in its attempts to have Hoffa sent to jail on charges of bribery, perjury and illegal wire tapping, even though in one case Robert F. Kennedy, then chief counsel to the McClellan committee and now Attorney General, was so sure a jury would find Hoffa guilty that he volunteered to jump off the Capitol dome if the unionist were acquitted. There was no conviction and no jump. Now Hoffa is up for trial again on a Federal indictment accusing him of misusing $500,000 in union funds in a Florida land deal. The indictment was thrown out once on a technicality, and Hoffa's army of lawyers is trying to kill it for good this time.

The rank-and-file suit to upset his original election resulted in an unorthodox consent decree, under which Hoffa was allowed to move back as provisional president on condition that he would share authority with three monitors appointed by a Federal judge. When the monitors became convinced that the only way to get rid of abuses was to get rid of Hoffa, *he* got rid of *them*. He enshrouded the board with so much hampering litigation that the chairman finally quit in disgust, and the supervising judge called off what had become a costly legal circus.

That cleared things for Hoffa's coronation as absolute ruler at a new Teamster convention in Miami Beach last July. The lone delegate with the temerity to run against him pulled out halfway through a hopelessly one-sided roll call, and apologized publicly for having got in Hoffa's way. Hoffa bestowed forgiveness by delivering a slightly incoherent homily on democracy and the freedom to differ.

He could afford this obeisance. His dutiful flock had just approved a constitution giving him more authority than any other union leader possesses, a free hand to invade the jurisdiction of every other union, and a charter to expand the Teamsters into a federation rivaling the AFL-CIO. Not only was Hoffa's personal salary raised from $50,000 a year to $75,000, making it the highest in labor; but his organizational war chest of $40,000,000 was reinforced by an annual increase of $12,000,000 in membership taxes to the international union.

With three dozen lawyers in attendance to make sure that the power grab was executed in a manner that would make it less vulnerable to challenge under the Landrum-Griffin Act, Hoffa clicked off changes that will lock all locals into regional and national bargaining combines. These changes are the key to one-man control of the union. At one time the heads of big locals and joint councils could tell their international president to "get lost" if he interfered in their affairs. No longer.

In only one area did Hoffa show a conspicuous lack of interest in adding to his arsenal of powers—and that was in getting rid of corrupt elements. A clause in the old constitution requiring that members be of "good moral character" was

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scrapped, along with another that prescribed expulsion for members found guilty of racketeering or other misdeeds that brought dishonor on the union. Hoffa's explanation was that the Landrum-Griffin Act already outlawed the holding of union office by persons convicted of specific felonies; it would simply embroil the Teamsters in endless difficulties if they tried to enforce "vague" standards of their own.

That explanation may or may not impress his union audiences, but there is no question that the physical phenomenon of Hoffa has impact. His voice is flat, bare of oratorical adornment, yet it suggests relentless, elemental strength. At forty-eight, Hoffa exudes power. The thrust of his heavily muscled shoulders tugs his sleeves halfway up his arms. Years of good living have left no marks of softness.

Hoffa's drive for a larger role in labor is built on the same ability to deliver "more and better" that carried him to the top of the Teamsters and kept that union rolling in high gear through all its troubles. Hoffa mocks the federation's aging leaders as men more interested in honors than in accomplishment. "They've given up the ghost; they've forgot how to fight; they're fat and don't want to move," he grumbles. His call is for a united front of all unions to battle restrictive legislation and protect workers against technological displacement.

The Hoffa challenge might not cause the federation much distress if it were not in difficulty already. The great power blocs—industrial unions versus craft unions—are still throwing bricks at each other, just as they were in 1935 when industrial unionist John L. Lewis punched the jaw of the chief spokesman for the craft faction. That blow dramatized a split in the labor movement that lasted two decades.

The truth is that the 1955 AFL-CIO merger compact did not even pretend to iron out conflicts over jurisdiction between the two blocs; it merely put the fights back under one roof, with a hope that the merged organization's no-raiding machinery could hold tension below the explosion point. The alternative would have been to delay a general accord until formulas had been drawn uniting all the unions with overlapping jurisdictional lines; everyone recognized that the negotiating teams would die of old age before that task could be finished.

Unfortunately, the rows did not stay neatly tucked under the rug. Nagging disputes over which union is entitled to which workers have multiplied; willingness to comply with the federation's settlement orders has dwindled. So many major unions defy the federation that the jurisdictional field is in anarchy.

The cost of all this feuding—in time, money and good will—is enormous. The odd thing is that the arguments often involve handfuls of organized workers in industries where 100,000 workers are still outside any union. The hope was that the merger would spark mass recruiting drives of the sort that brought millions of workers into union ranks in the New Deal years. That hope was abandoned long ago. Even in fields such as textiles and chemicals, where there is room for large-scale organizing, the federation has been immobilized. Its affiliates refuse to surrender paper claims to workers whom they not even trying to enroll.

The twilight of amity within the federation is especially apparent in the icy relations of its Big Two—Meany, the "Mister AFL" of pre-merger days, and Reuther, "Mister CIO." They have never really liked each other, but now they find it difficult even to shake hands.

Meany complains publicly that Reuther is spearheading a campaign to depict the merger as a flop and to blame Meany for everything that is wrong. Meany is convinced that the marriage of the AFL and CIO, for all its lapses from bliss, has been good for labor and the country. He is equally convinced that the merger would have come unstuck without him and that there is no one else who can keep it from crumbling—including Reuther.

Reuther disclaims personal ambitions, but his calls for more militant and imaginative leadership to hold the federation together have made associates wonder how long he will stay in with Meany at the helm. At fifty-four, Reuther is thirteen years Meany's junior, springy of step, nimble of mind and brimming over with complaints about the merger. He tosses off "Reuther Plans" for the solution of the world's ills with the profusion of an open-hearth furnace spewing sparks. Yet the amount of union support on which he could count in a test with Meany appears to be shrinking. And the day is approaching when Reuther himself will be an elder statesman, too old to provide the dynamism he feels the federation needs.

Reuther's own union, hard hit by automation, has dwindled by more than a quarter million members since the merger. The other unions of the old CIO, which once formed a cohesive unit under his lead, now tend to operate independently. Each union chief acts on his own, with only fleeting concern for what Reuther thinks. The old-line construction crafts accuse him of raids and bad faith just as regularly as he accuses them.

This is a situation made to order for Hoffa, an old hand at capitalizing on other people's frustrations. He has already made the federation's ostracism a mockery. The freedom his convention gave him to bulldoze through every other union's jurisdiction gives him an additional weapon to use against those in the federation who are reluctant to line up as his allies.

He will exploit, too, the fact that few in the federation are as zealous about self-policing as they once were. The federation's Ethical Practices Committee has not had a meeting in more than two years. It never appointed a counsel to replace Secretary Goldberg. One of the five ethics watchdogs, Joseph Curran of the National Maritime Union, is now a prime mover in the effort to bring back the Teamsters. And dozens of other union heads would be ready to line up behind the Teamsters if they did not fear Meany's scorn more than Hoffa's muscle.

Meany served notice that the KEEP OUT sign was still up when the federation's Executive Council met in New York in October to consider a Teamster reinstatement plea. The request for reinstatement came from the Transport Workers Union, headed by Michael J. Quill, the windy hobgoblin of the municipal subway system. Quill had described Hoffa as "the cleanest man in America" and stuck to his words, even after Secretary Goldberg told Quill's convention he was as sure as he had been in 1957 that the Hoffa-led Teamsters did not belong in the federation.

The Quill resolution was put first on the council's agenda. Meany started slowly, reading the text and adding that he wanted to say "a few words." A stack of Ethical Practices Committee reports and other data on the Teamsters was piled so high on the table in front of him that the top of his bulldog head, with its vanishing fringe of snowy hair, was scarcely visible. Meany never opened a book or glanced at a note, but for forty-five minutes he laid out the case against Hoffa and his janissaries with the care he once used in laying out his plumber's tools.

The essence of his report was that Jimmy Hoffa had had a trial before a jury of his peers in organized labor.

"We found him guilty and we pronounced sentence," Meany declared. "We didn't wait for any courts, and we don't have to wait for any courts. It is the job of the labor movement to keep its own house clean."

He stressed his belief that the Hoffa convention had provided stronger reasons than ever for keeping the exile in force, and he warned that the federation would have to junk its ethics codes and forfeit all claim to public respect if it reversed its 1957 edict.

That killed the reinstatement pressure for that meeting, and Meany, giving every evidence of enjoying his job for the first time in months, addressed himself to the problem of providing a haven for those Teamsters who wanted to escape Hoffa's rule.

Reuther was not there to watch the performance. His marathon negotiations with the Big Three auto manufacturers kept him from taking any position on the Teamster application. However, he has made it perfectly clear that he opposes any appeasement of Hoffa or any immediate return of the Teamsters to the federation. In fact, he feels that the federation ought to act to expel some of the tainted officials in charge of unions that remain in good standing. Despite this, Hoffa has refused to abandon hope that eventually he can change Reuther's mind.

Four years ago the prospect that Reuther might be kinder than Meany in judging the Teamsters would not have occurred to Hoffa. Reuther is the high priest of austerity in American labor, so publicly outspoken in demanding union purity that one unadmiring colleague has accused him of "wearing a neon lining on his hair shirt." The Teamster line in 1957 was that Meany decreed expulsion at the behest of Reuther and his fellow zealots of the CIO.

But Hoffa is nothing if not resilient. If Reuther will sponsor a plan under which Hoffa can get back into the federation, he will cheerfully give Reuther a hand up. Hoffa used to talk of the auto unionist as a "socialistic windbag." Now he refers to him as a labor leader representing a million workers and deserving of united labor support in his strikes and negotiating drives. Meany he casts into outer darkness as a "hired hand, a puppet for McClellan" or as "that dopey, thick-headed Irishman."

Behind all the maneuvering is a question larger than any of the three men. It is whether labor will intensify its efforts to live up to the codes, which are its spiritual armor, or whether it will slip toward the philosophy that anything goes as long as the union continues to deliver fatter pay envelopes, bigger pensions and better conditions to its members. As Hoffa put it in one of his wire-tapped conversations with racketeer Johnny Dio: "Treat 'em right, and you don't have to worry." THE END

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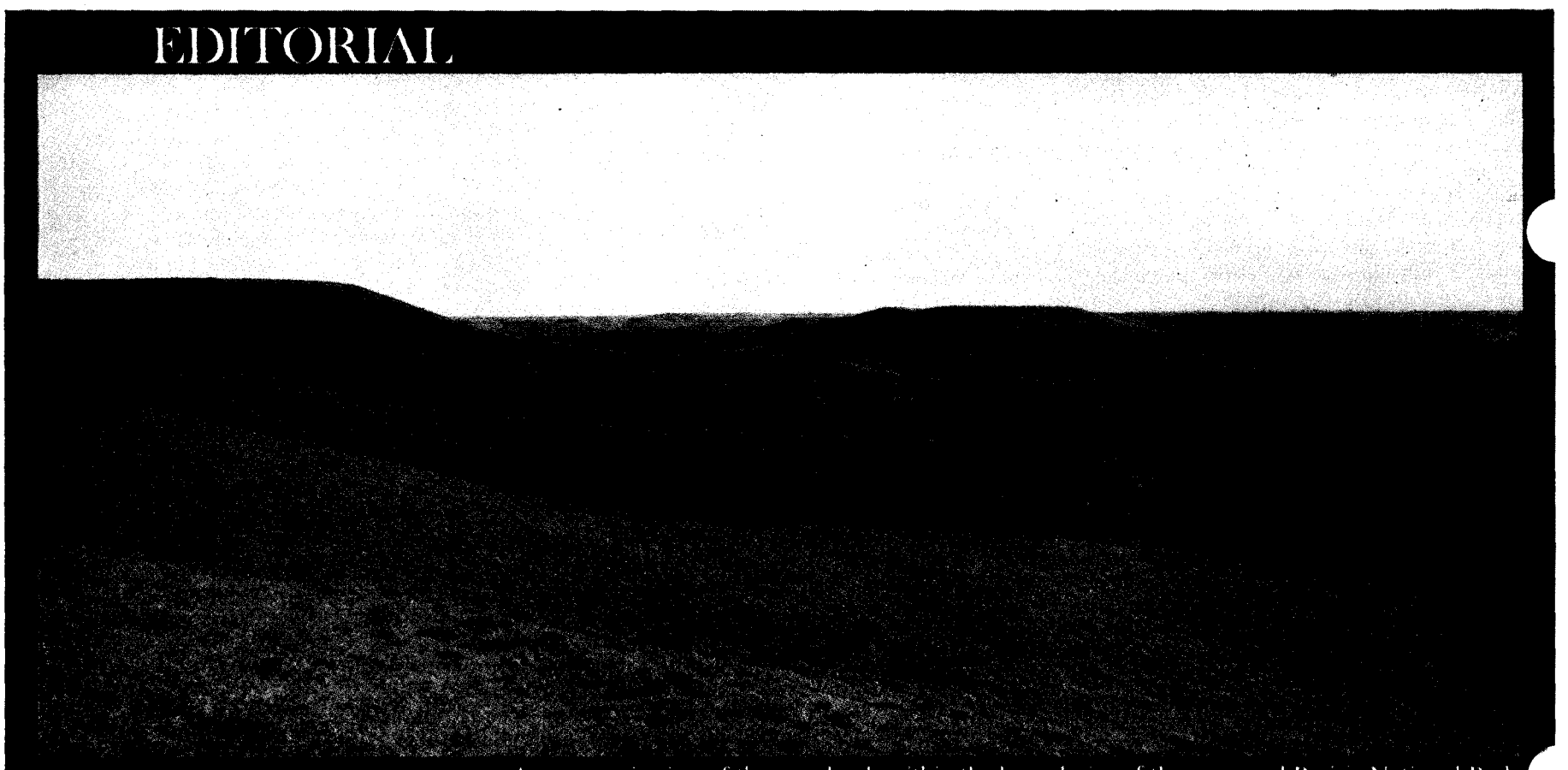
EDITORIAL



A panoramic view of the grasslands within the boundaries of the proposed Prairie National Park.

A PRAIRIE NATIONAL PARK FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS

Less than a century ago the prairie country which lies between the wooded hills of Eastern Kansas and the sagebrush plains of Eastern Colorado was a vast grassland, wild and beautiful in its own stark way. As the traveler left the valley of the Kaw and rode westward along the wagon trails where so much history was made, he came soon to the uplift of the prairies and then to the tall grass of the Flint Hills, a low range extending north and south through Kansas. And beyond this were the rolling plains, where the low-growing mat of buffalo grass stretched endlessly away to the west. Herds of buffalo and elk and antelope roamed these prairies. Fresh, clean winds blew across the grasslands, and overhead was the limitless blue dome of heaven.

After the Civil War the surge of settlement lapped out into the prairies, and within two short generations the grasslands, as the explorers and the wagon-train "emigrants" had known them, were largely gone. Wheat fields and barbed-wire fences, railroads and towns and highways had come. Cattle had replaced the wild ruminants. Today some native prairie remains, tamed and fenced and often overgrazed, but except for a few scattered areas the exciting and lonely sweep of the great grass country is gone.

For a long time some of us who grew up on these prairies and learned to love them, as other men love the mountains and the forests and the sea, have yearned for the day when some remnant of the immense grasslands of the West would be set aside in a national park, so that this generation and the generations to come could see what they once were. And now at last a movement to do just that has been started. Two bills, backed by the National Park Service, have been introduced in the United States Senate and the House of Representatives, to establish what would be called the Prairie National Park in a 57,000-acre area of the Flint Hills in Northern Kansas.

The Flint Hills country is a lovely region of grassy green hills, rolling away to the horizon. Low, rocky escarpments break the flow of the grassland here and there. Little wooded streams run clear and fresh down the gentle valleys. Because of the nutritious grasses and an underlayer of limestone near the surface, which has discouraged the plowman, the Flint Hills have always been used largely for grazing. Fat cattle, many of them shipped in from Texas for pasturing, range the slopes and the flatter meadows in between.

During the past fifteen years the National Park Service has been investigating possible sites for a prairie park. Areas in ten states have been surveyed and ranked as to suitability, and in the final report the three sites which top the list are all in the Kansas Flint Hills. The first choice—the area now designated in the two bills in Congress—is a region in the southern part of Pottawatomie County, which lies just northeast of the town of Manhattan. The site covers an area extending approximately thirteen miles north and south and seven miles east and west. It is bounded on the west by the new Tuttle Creek Reservoir, which probably will become a state recreation area. Good transcontinental highways run close by. The old Oregon Trail of history passed within a few miles of the northeastern boundary of the proposed park.

If and when the land is obtained and the National Park Service takes over, the work of restoration will begin. Some of the grassland has been overgrazed, but with proper treatment by the experts it can be brought back. Gradually the park would be stocked with the wild grazing animals which once populated the Flint Hills and the plains country beyond. Eventually there would be a herd of several thousand bison. There would be elk and antelope and deer in large numbers. The birds, which have never left, would be there in even greater numbers, and the park would be a paradise for ornithologists.

A good road of national-park standards would wind its way through the park, permitting visitors to see and take pictures of the wild creatures roaming the grasslands as they did a century ago. In time the animals doubtless would become as much of an attraction as the bears in Yellowstone. It is believed that a million visitors a year would visit Prairie National Park.

The land in the designated area is now held by some 200 private owners, and it undoubtedly would take some doing to acquire title to all these parcels of hill and prairie. Historically the Federal Government does not take the initiative in the establishment of a new national park. It waits until interested citizens have assembled at least half the land area in question and have indicated their willingness to donate it to the Government for a park. At that point, if the project has been approved, the gift is accepted and the Park Service proceeds with development work and the acquisition of the remaining areas.

Obviously what is needed now is an angel, or several angels—men with money who possess also a love of the prairies and a determination to see that Prairie National Park becomes a reality. Dollars, several million dollars, and a dedicated purpose—both are essential if this handsome piece of virgin prairie is to be saved for all of us.

Moreover, time is running out. Some years ago a bill was introduced in the legislature of Illinois to find within that state a tall-grass area and preserve it forever as a state park. The bill was actually passed by the lower house before it was discovered that no large area of virgin grassland remained in Illinois. Except for bits and pieces of pasture here and there, the great prairies of Abe Lincoln's day were gone. It could happen in the Flint Hills of Kansas. Even now there is the imminent threat of new highway construction which would disfigure the most beautiful ridges within the area of the proposed national park.

Prairie National Park would be something different. Except for the facilities to house and handle visitors, it would be quite unlike any of the other national parks. We need it to help save and remember the panorama the Old West. The synthetic cowboys of television are not enough.

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
The Saturday Evening Post

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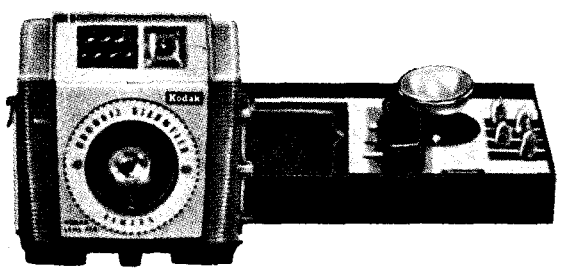

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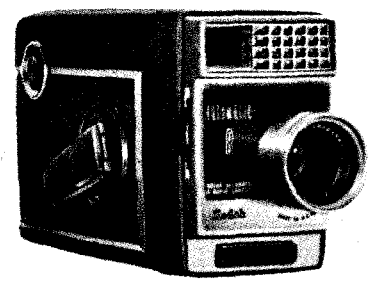

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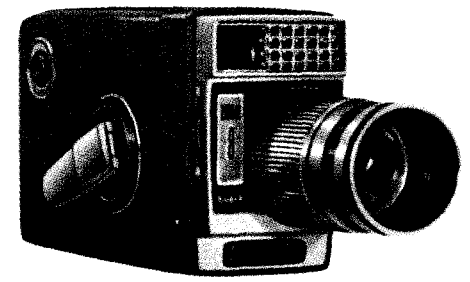

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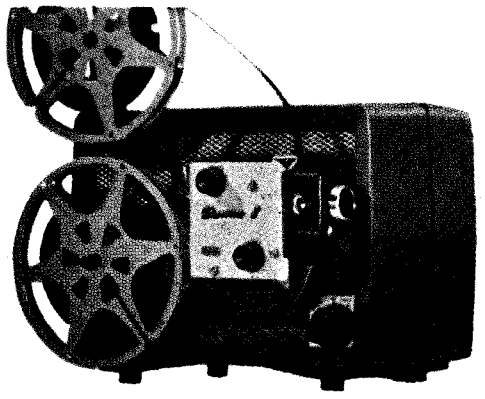

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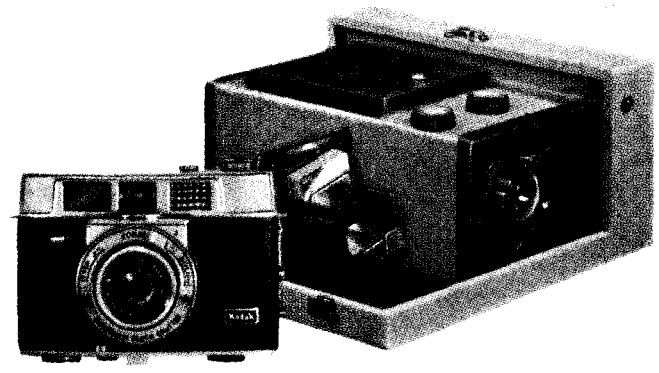

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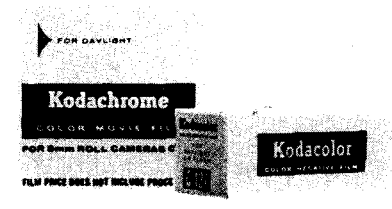

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